NOVEMBER 1972

Saturday Review

ONE DOLLAR

THE SOCIETY

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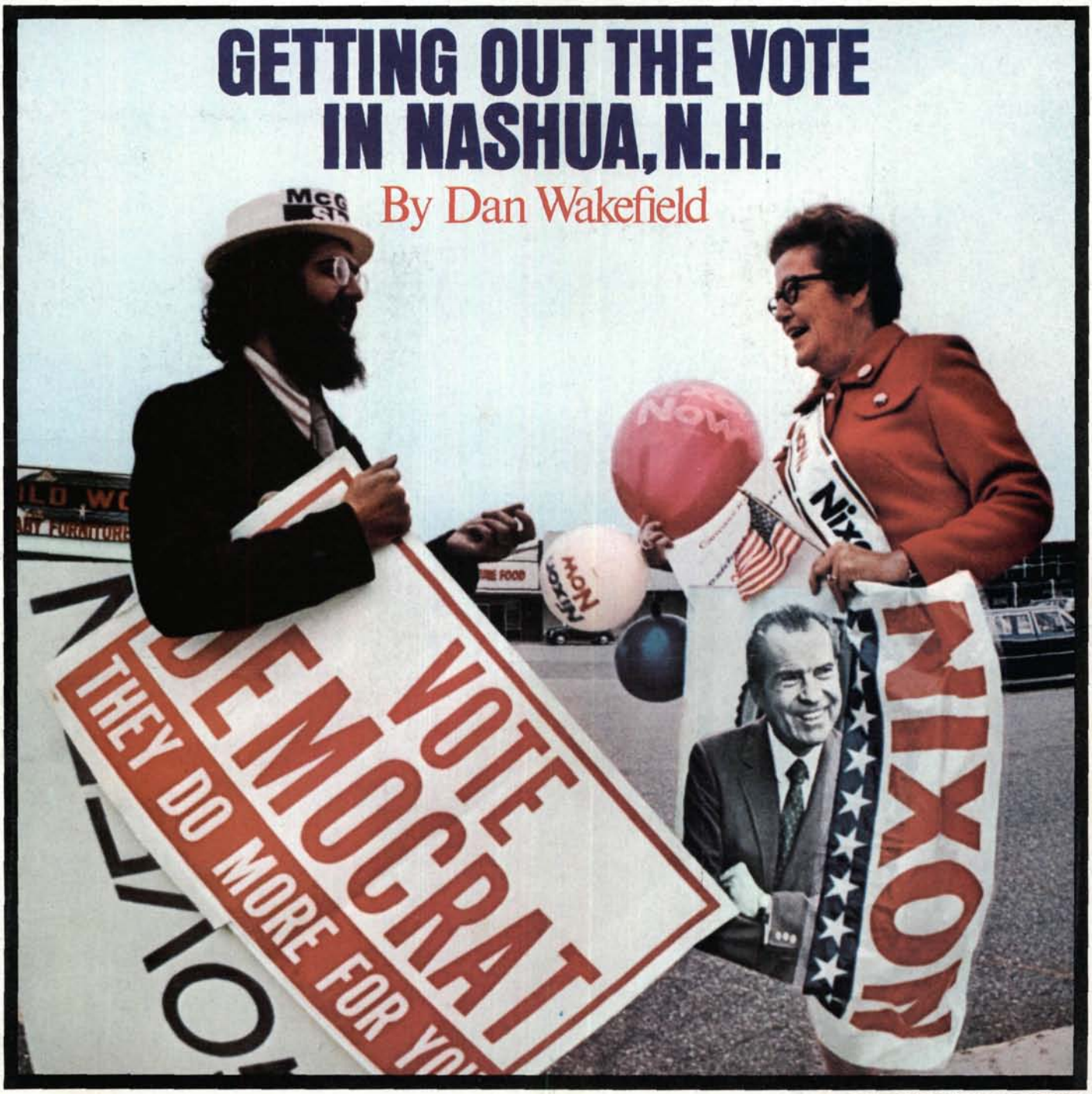
Al Capp · Robert Nisbet · Ayn Rand · Michael Harrington

GETTING OUT THE VOTE IN NASHUA, N.H.

By Dan Wakefield



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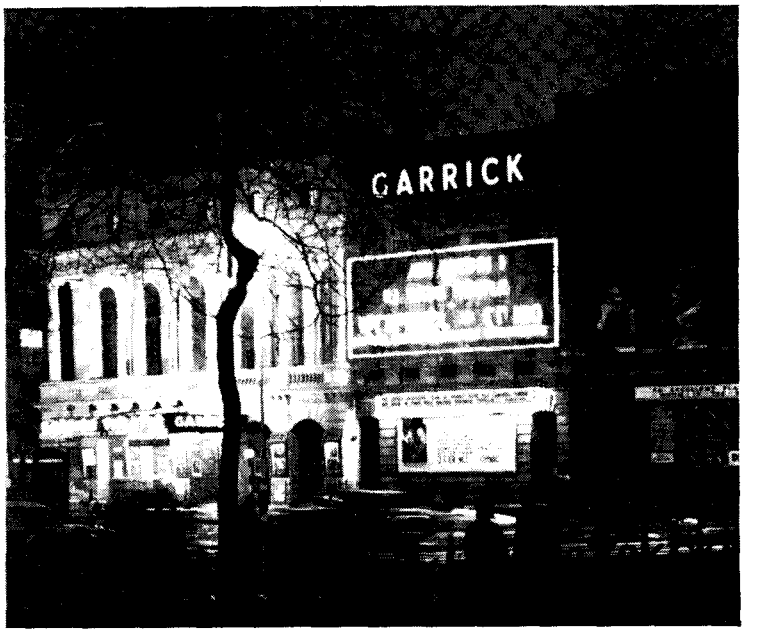

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Saturday Review of the Society

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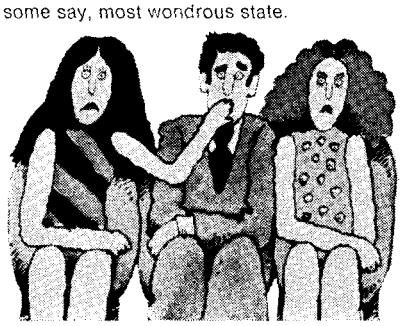

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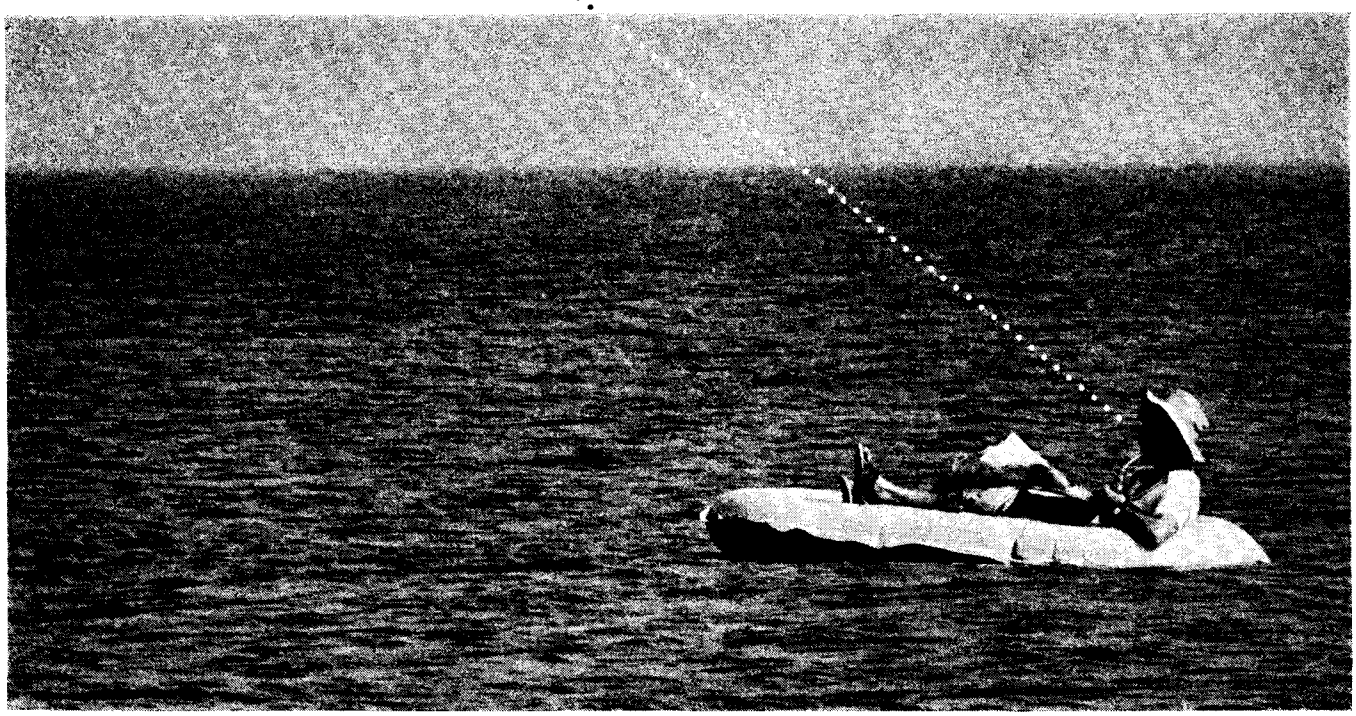

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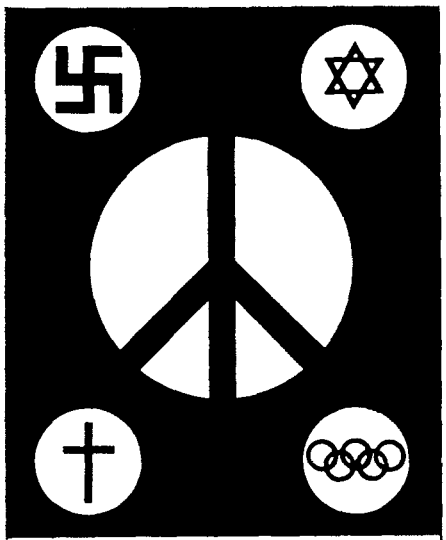

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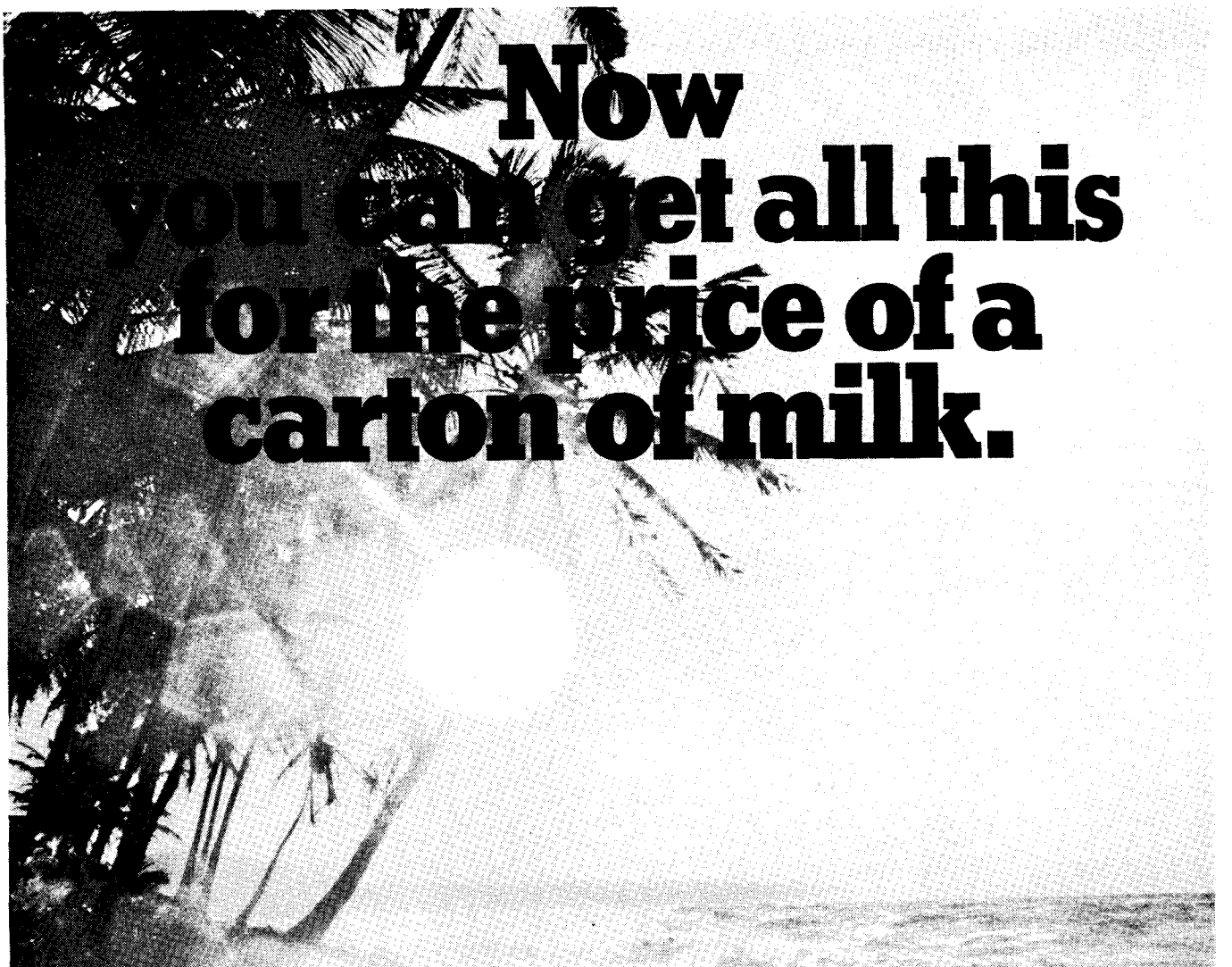

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SR UP FRONT

OCTOBER 21, 1972

Don Coran's Disaster Area

BY JACK STAR

CHICAGO, Ill.—The Englewood district office of the Cook County Department of Public Aid, on the South Side of Chicago, doesn't open for business until 8:30 a.m., but at 7:30 Don Coran is already sitting at his paper-heaped desk in a huge office, its walls a peeling bile-green, that looks like a shabby newspaper city room. A sign atop a pile of file folders on the desk reads "Caseload No. 13."

"I have to get here early or I won't survive the day," Coran says wryly. His caseload consists of 366 families, most of them mothers and children who qualify for the county's Aid to Dependent Children (ADC) program. But that isn't all Coran does. Because of economy measures, his unit is shy two of its five caseworkers, so he must handle his share of some 800 "uncovered" cases—giving him a true caseload of about 630. What is more, when the other caseworkers are absent from the desks directly in front of and behind his, Coran is required to answer their emergency calls, too.

"This isn't social work, this is first aid," says Coran, a plump man of twenty-six with reddish-blond hair, who comes to work in tennis shoes and a denim fatigue jacket. "We can't do anything about the problems that keep people on welfare for four, five, six generations. All we can do is react, with stopgap solutions, when a family has just been evicted, or the mother has been stabbed to death, or their tenement has burned down."

The "poor boy's college" Coran attended—Roosevelt University in Chicago—didn't prepare him for his job as a welfare worker in a public agency. Graduate schools of social work don't prepare their students for the public agencies either; they channel them into private agencies, in which a caseload of twenty-five is considered full. The public welfare departments, therefore, must recruit untrained college graduates such as Coran, who gets $715 a month, whereas the private agencies pay their caseworkers almost twice that much.

Coran shows me what he has already spent five hours working on—a request from one of his "uncovered" clients, a mother of six children, who wants winter clothing for them so they can go to school. She made the request about three months ago, but Coran couldn't get around to making a home visit, as required by regulations, until two months ago. "This particular family has real ratty clothing," says Coran, "but they won't be a super emergency until it gets really cold in December. So they've had to wait for me to write up my report.

"I can devote only four or five half-days a month to home visits. I manage to visit twelve families in a half-day—six times the maximum set by the state—so you can see I don't have much time at each stop for high-class social work."

Pressing down hard with a ball-point pen, he carefully prints the findings of his visit.

"Can't you speed this up by dictating your report?" I ask.

Coran laughs. "There's no one to dictate to." Methodically figuring out how much money the family needs, he computes seven sets of multiplication. Then he strides fifty feet to an adding machine to verify his computations and, as required by regulations, staples the tapes to his worksheet.

"Why does it take you five or six hours to do a single report like this?" I ask.

Coran shakes his head. "Because I've never been able to perform a single task without being interrupted," he answers. "As a matter of fact, my interruptions get interrupted."

I watch as he stops work to answer the telephone to his left. (There is no phone on his desk, so he uses the phones on the desks beside his.) "Hello, can I help you?" he asks, using his standard greeting. The caller wants

Jack Star, who lives in Chicago and was a Look *reporter for twenty years, has often written about his home city.*

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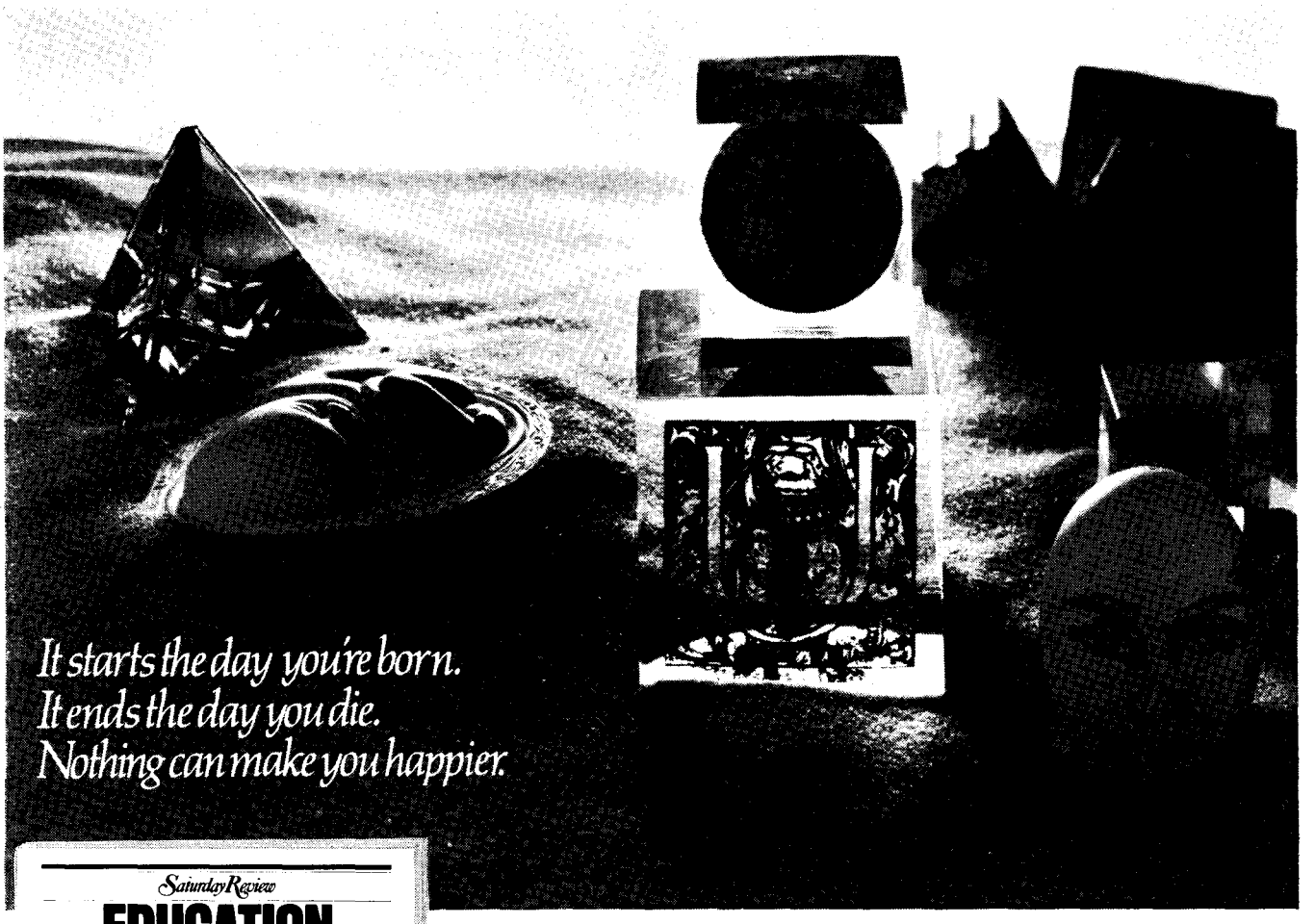

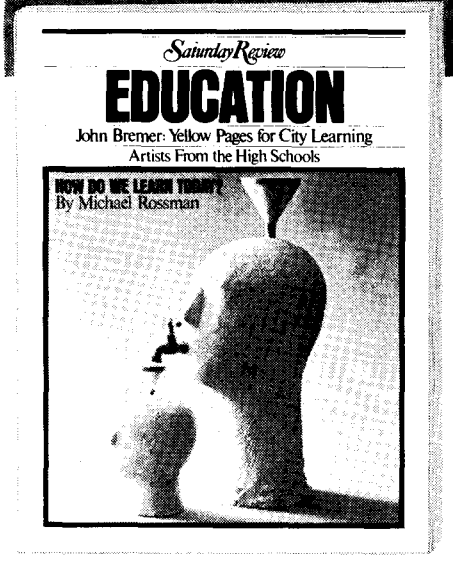

At least that's the way it should be.

But, all too often, our love of learning is "educated" out of us by the time we get to Junior High.

An authoritarian teacher or two. A boring, irrelevant "classic." An overemphasis on grades. They all take their toll.

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In short, the new Saturday Review/EDUCATION is going to be a forum where the foremost educators and experts of our day can tell *you* all the exciting things they're discovering. Together, we'll see to it that everyone—child and adult alike—has the opportunity to explore every one of his capabilities.

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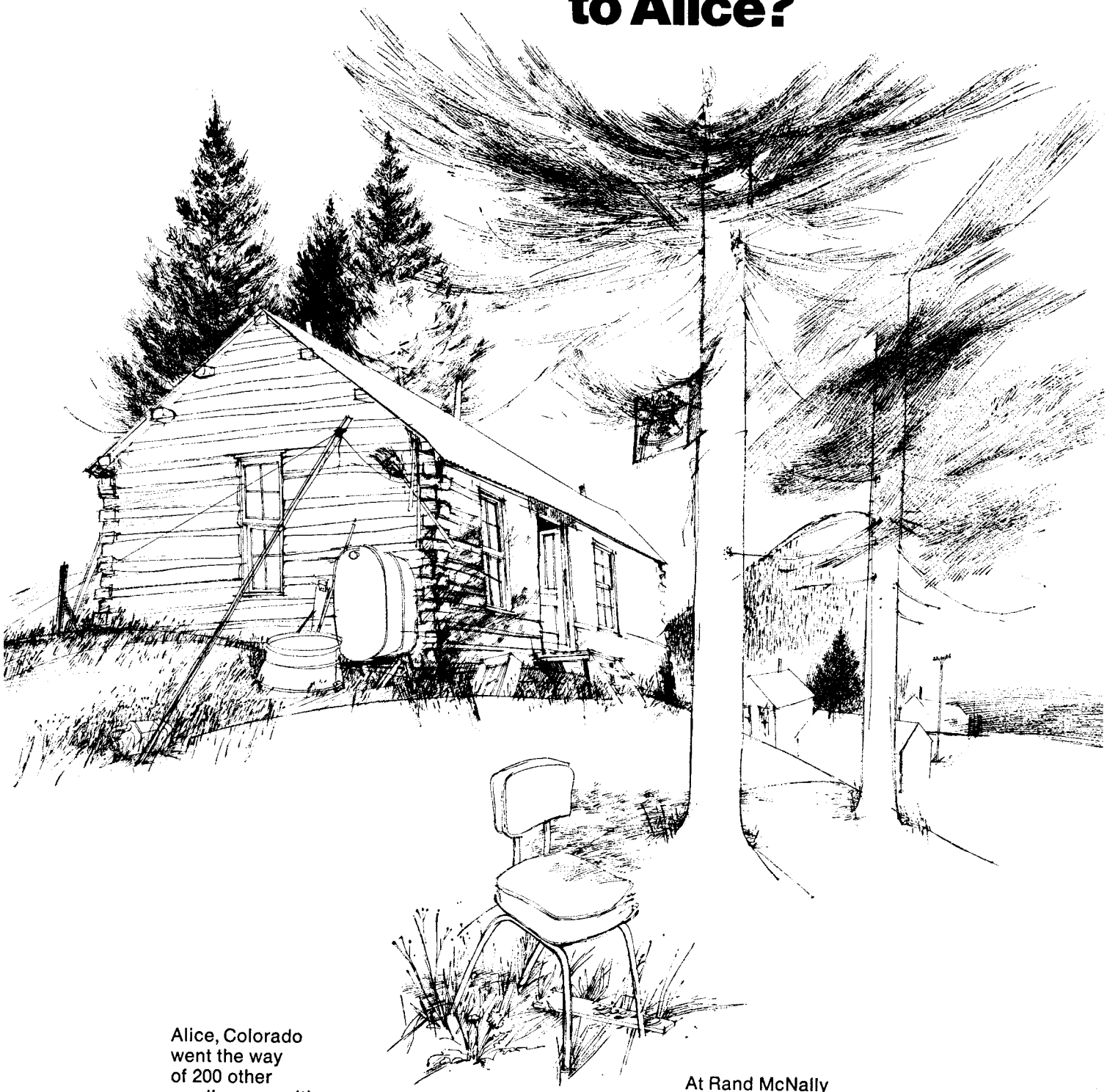
Whatever happened to Alice?



Alice, Colorado went the way of 200 other small communities in the past ten years—gone from the face of Rand McNally maps.

A turnpike gobbled up Bills Place, Pennsylvania while De Soto Beach, Florida is now part of the missile base at Cape Kennedy.

The post office at Fairylawn, Idaho has closed because the only time the ranchers are there is when they run their cattle up in the junipers.

At Rand McNally we're used to changes. In fact, there were over 40,000 made in our city and state maps last year.

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school-lunch tickets for her six children. "I'd better fill out some paper on this right now before I forget about it," he says when he has hung up. He puts aside the clothing request and starts to print the children's names, ages, and grades in a memo to the office manager.

But the phone rings again. It is another ADC mother, also with six children, who reports that the electric company has just shut off her electricity because she owes $93. "I'll put you on hold," he explains patiently, "and, while you wait, I'll call our utilities unit downtown and see what they can do." He dials the utilities unit. After a minute's conversation he gets back to the waiting woman: "They'll have the lights back on late today or, more probably, tomorrow morning. . . . You're welcome.

"The utilities unit will settle the bill for fifty dollars," Coran explains to me, "but, if she ever gets off ADC, she'll have to pay the rest to the electric company." As he turns back to the memo for free school lunches, he is interrupted again. A clerk says one of his clients wants to see him in person.

Every one of about a hundred seats in the waiting room is taken. There are men, women, and children sitting there, and a dozen or so more, clutching hand-printed numbers, overflow onto the street. Almost all are black, for the Englewood district is mostly a black ghetto. I see nobody reading a newspaper or a magazine.

From the row of cubicles in which the caseworkers meet with their clients comes a drone of distressingly similar problems: "I lost my check"; "I was robbed"; "I need a medical card"; "I never got my food-stamps card"; "I got to get out of the rattrap where I'm living"; "My refrigerator ain't working."

Coran calls out: "Jimmy Jefferson!" His client, who has been leaning against a wall for several hours, hustles over. He is a tall, good-looking, neatly dressed man in his late twenties, unsmiling but not dour. Since no cubicle is empty, they hold their conference in the aisle. After receiving general assistance for several months, Jefferson has found a job with a janitorial service. The only trouble is that he won't get paid by his new employer for two weeks, so he needs bus fare.

"I'll see if I can get you an emergency check," Coran tells the young man. "Call me back at three-thirty when you get to work." Jefferson leaves, and I follow Coran up to the second floor to the financial section.

"This is a disaster area," Coran tells me, pointing to overflowing metal file cabinets. Atop each cabinet is a stack of "temporary" cardboard file boxes that Coran can reach only by clambering atop a rickety stool. But he can't find Jefferson's record there.

As he walks past a row of desks piled high with unfiled papers, Coran explains that there is a shortage of clerks. Then, rooting around in one of the empty desks, he finally produces Jefferson's papers from a bottom drawer. "It was waiting to be filed," he explains.

Downstairs again, Coran finds that his right-hand telephone, which a repairman had been working on, is dead. In a short, quiet interlude he is able to complete Jefferson's application for a check for $14.60 and then gets his supervisor, a pleasant, short, black woman named Mrs. Washington, to sign it.

"Now, maybe I can finish that request for school clothing I've been working on," Coran says hopefully. He shows me what has to be done to get the emergency check for $156.71. "First I fill out this route slip—you can see this goes to four people. Then I attach the special request form. And after that I attach the adding-machine tapes and a form 552 computer flowsheet, which will result in a check being issued in Springfield."

Triumphant, Coran celebrates his paper victory by allowing himself a visit to the men's room, his first since arriving four hours and fifteen minutes earlier. Back at his desk, he tells me: "We've got just too much paper work. We have to keep both the state and the federal government happy, and that results in duplication." He shows me two computer forms, one for federally funded programs and one for locally funded programs, that are almost identical.

"But things are getting better," Coran says. "When I started with the agency three years ago they still had form 646, the paternity form, which asked: 'Under what conditions did conception occur?' and, 'How many times a week did you have sexual relations?' "

The phone at his left rings, and Coran answers: "You say we authorized a check two weeks ago for your rent and it still hasn't arrived? Well, we've had a slowdown in financial. If you still haven't received it by the end of this week, I'll try to find out where it went astray. Nothing else to do." Coran shakes his head and hangs up. "You know," he tells me, "people on welfare walk a very tight financial line. They're not like you and me. One lost check, and it's a catastrophe."

He pulls out a chart. "People think folks on welfare get rich. As a matter of fact it's hard to give them a fair shake, the allowances are so low. They're made up by the Legislative Advisory Committee, and I wonder if they know what the cost of living is. Look at this: monthly food allowance for a head of a family—$27.03—less than a dollar a day. And each of the kids doesn't get much more. Here's a month's rent for an adult with a couple of kids—$115.27. *You* try to find a decent place for $115."

Coran doodles nervously on the chart. "All us caseworkers are in the used-furniture business," he goes on. "The state allows a maximum of seventy-five dollars for a client needing a refrigerator. *You* try getting an ice box at that price."

The right-hand phone suddenly comes to life. The caller is a very angry Mrs. Johnson, mother of eight children, whose emergency application for furniture was approved nearly three months ago. "Where is my check?" she screams. I'm sitting three feet from the phone, and I can hear her. "I don't know, Mrs. Johnson," Coran answers. "But I'll find out. Don't hang up. It will take about ten minutes. I'll go to financial."

Upstairs he discovers that the clerk who should have typed up the order for the check is out sick. Coran looks around helplessly. "Can I have some help, girls?" he asks two young clerks. They attempt to send him to their supervisor, but Coran pleads: "This is a personal favor." Then the three of them search the desk and the files for the missing order. No luck. "I may join the French Foreign Legion," Coran mutters as we leave.

Downstairs again, Coran picks up the phone. Mrs. Johnson has been waiting fifteen minutes. "I'll tell you the truth, Mrs. Johnson," says Coran, "I don't know what else to tell you. I can't find any trace of the emergency order." Surprisingly, Mrs. Johnson takes the answer calmly. The young caseworker looks relieved. "She told me she guessed she'll try get the money some other way," he says after he hangs up.

"They're not *all* that polite," he adds. "I've been called a white m. f., and one lady said she wanted to kick my white ass all the way to the North Side. But it's good for them to get it out of their system. They've got no one else to kick around."

Despite such overt hostility, Coran says he feels safe while walking around the high-crime slum neighborhoods when he makes his home visits. "Everybody on the street knows that I'm a caseworker and that if something happens to me it'll be a long, long time before a new one comes around," he explains.

Now another angry woman is on the phone, a drunk whose four children were taken away to a foster home after Coran found she was neglecting them. "Yes, Mrs. Jones," he tells her firmly. "You're going off welfare. Do you know

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what ADC means? It means you got to have children in the house. And you don't have children in the house any more."

He sighs, hanging up. "Maybe we're doing something for her kids, taking them out of that environment, but what can I do for her? You can see how much time I have. Her house has rats, roaches, and peeling paint. The relocation people have been coming around for seven-and-a-half months to talk about getting her a new place, but they never find her a home."

Coran looks momentarily depressed. "A number of us get together and have a beer after work and talk about things like this," he tells me. "The young ones get impatient because they want to save the world *today*. I ask them what they intend to do *tomorrow*. They don't understand that, if the purpose of welfare is to help people get back into society, obviously we're failing. Welfare is a self-perpetuating bastard. We make social vegetables of our clients. I have seen fifth-generation welfare families where it was a social status thing to have your own case number and to get your own welfare check."

Later that day, in downtown Chicago, I visit David L. Daniel, Cook County's public aid director, a soft-spoken black man who has worked in welfare since 1938. Daniel seems stunned by the shambles around him. Conditions were never hunky-dory, he explains; yet at least the ratio of caseworkers and clerks to welfare recipients permitted some sort of service. But in the past two or three years, with the high rate of unemployment, the situation suddenly worsened. Each of those years saw a 30 to 35 per cent increase in the number of cases. But the state and federal governments, which pay caseworkers' salaries, had no interest in increasing manpower. They were more interested in economy.

"It's very discouraging," says Daniel. "For nearly four years we've written memos, held conferences, and communicated via TV and the press, and we still can't convince anybody we need more help. We just can't do our job. If it weren't so terrible, it would be funny. We can't handle evictions, deaths, and fires—and the people who need something *today*, who've run out of food. We look like fools to our clients and to the business people we deal with."

Silently, he slides across the table a list of 144 names of dead persons who are still getting relief checks. "By the sheerest accident," he says, "we uncovered these cases this week because of a new requirement that our clients get I. D. cards so their stolen checks can't be cashed by thieves. Somebody was guilty of plain fraud, and we weren't able to discover it before now."

Back at the Englewood office the next day I wait for Jimmy Jefferson, the young man who needed the $14.60 emergency check for bus fare so he could get to his new job. When he arrives, Coran greets him in the waiting room and presses a sealed envelope in his hand. "I'm afraid it's going to take a week for Springfield to issue you the check. Meanwhile this will help."

After Jefferson leaves, I ask Coran what was in the envelope. "All I could get for him was two bus tokens, so I put in two dollars of my own money. It was either that or let him walk to work." □

Bumpy Course for the Denver Olympics

BY MILTON VIORST

WASHINGTON, D.C.—As any downhill racer knows, it's not the first hard bump on the course that throws you. It's when they come two, three, or four in a row. For Denver, Colorado, a city trying to remain erect through the planning stages of the 1976 Winter Olympic Games that it is scheduled to host, the bumps are coming hard on each other. And the trickiest stretches lie ahead:

- This summer an anti-Establishment taxpayer-ecologist group called Citizens for Colorado's Future collected, with remarkable ease, 77,000 signatures—half again as much as the minimum needed to put on the ballot in November a requirement that the state government provide no more subsidies for the Denver winter Olympics.
- Having succeeded on this front, Citizens for Colorado's Future began circulating petitions to give the voters a chance to pass a similar restriction on spending by the Denver city government. Though only 8,500 signatures were needed, almost 10,000 were collected, and that question, too, is on the ballot.
- Here in Washington both the Senate and the house were remarkably slow in responding to Colorado's call for federal subsidy, despite the tradition of federal help for this kind of undertaking. Finally, under pressure from Colorado Sen. Gordon Allott, the Senate approved a $15-million subsidy. The House Interior Committee, however, bottled up the legislation, and the committee is unlikely to take action before the November referendum.
- The Department of Housing and Urban Development has pledged only a fraction of the $31.3 million Colorado has requested for housing. The state contends that the facilities it will build to accommodate the games and its participants can later be transformed into low- and medium-income housing.
- The Environmental Protection Agency, which is required by law to assess the environmental impact of federally financed programs, has just announced that the Olympics should be recycled to such previous sites as Squaw Valley, California, or Lake Placid, New York, and asked Congress to consider these sites before approving of federal funding for the 1976 winter games.
- Finally, the people of Denver—like others around the world—were discernibly affected by the events at the summer Olympics in Munich. Not only did the murder of eleven Israelis cast a pall over the Olympic spirit, but the constant quarrels over judging and scoring raised serious questions about Olympic sportsmanship. Citizens for Colorado's Future has said that it does not want to win its referendum battles on the issue of Munich, but its campaign clearly acquired new momentum from the tragedy there.

The Denver Olympic Committee (DOC) sees the bumps down the mountain ahead—and insists it will master them. Both in Washington and in Denver, however, most objective observers remain skeptical about the committee's ability to complete the course, and with reason.

The whole notion of the Colorado winter Olympics was sketchily conceived and, to this day, is being executed more by improvisation than by master plan. The booklet of retouched color pictures that accompanied the original bid for the games said that the alpine events would be held on Mount Sniktau, an undeveloped slope about an hour or so from the city, while the Nordic competitors would race across the countryside in the Denver suburbs, despite the 4 per cent probability of natural snow—a critical factor not mentioned in the proposal. Since then, however, Mount Sniktau has been scrapped in favor of Vail-Beaver Creek, a two-hour trip by car, while the Nordic events have been transferred to Steam-

Milton Viorst is a syndicated columnist for the Washington Star–News *and an avid skier.*

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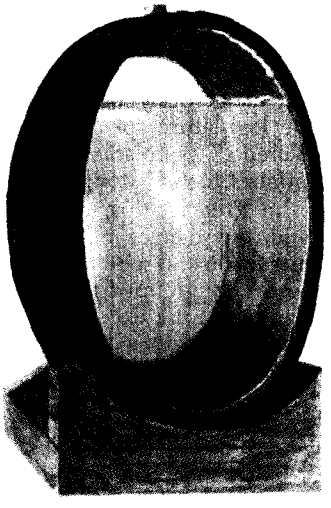

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The Sherry grape

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White oak from Tennessee

The best wood for aging Sherry is white oak from Tennessee; even the Spaniards haven't found another oak as good. So we arranged to have white oak cut down and shipped regularly to Spain; there, with skilled hands, Spanish coopers shape it into butts or casks. These are returned to Almadén where they hold the wine in two important stages. The first is in what the Spaniards call a *Criadera* (literally, a nursery) where the dry, young Palomino wine takes on the *Flor* flavor. Next is the *Solera.*

The Solera System —2000 years old.

A vast, dim room holds tier over tier of small oak barrels—some 20,000 in all. The young wine is poured into the topmost tier. What is drawn off for Sherry comes from the bottom tier—and never more than a third of a barrel at a time; this is replenished from the barrel above, and that barrel from a still higher barrel. This is the Solera System: through the years, the young Palomino wine blends with the older wines, moving slowly, from barrel to barrel, until it takes on the richness and quality of its ancestors. It's easily the most expensive but definitely the best way to make Sherry. There are three Almadén Sherries, all made in this painstaking way, for you to try: *Cocktail Sherry*—as a dry aperitif to be served before dinner chilled or over the rocks; *Golden Sherry*—not quite so dry, to be served chilled on the rocks with walnuts; and *Cream Sherry*—for those who prefer a sweeter Sherry as a before or after dinner drink (or anytime for that matter).

The Port grape

The best Port grape of Portugal, the Tinta Madeira, is used for Almadén Port. Notice it on the label...you will find it on few, very few, American Port labels...it is always an indication of superior quality, of a true, varietal Port wine. Matured in oak, in the same Solera process as the Sherries, Almadén Ports achieve their maximum softness and flavor. They are made just as Port is made in Portugal. Try them: *Tinta Ruby Port* and *Tinta Tawny Port.*

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boat Springs, four hours away on the other face of the Rockies. Meanwhile, no suitable plan has ever been devised for a bobsled run, and, after serious thought was given to placing the competition—believe it or not—at Lake Placid, the event was scrapped.

Everything about Denver's pitch, in fact, smacked of exaggeration and lively imagination—and the bid surely would not have been accepted had not the International Olympics Committee decided that the United States should get preference in its bicentennial year. Then, too, Denver was the only American site that seriously solicited the honor. The Denver Olympic Committee had good reason to want the games. Its membership is composed of representatives of the industries that stand to gain most by the extravaganza—the airlines, the hotels and restaurants, the telephone company, the real-estate dealers, the Rocky Mountain ski resorts. Unofficially, the DOC's closest ties are with the Colorado Association of Commerce and Industry, which represents an amalgam of the state's wealthiest business interests.

Both Gov. John Love and Mayor William McNichols of Denver, where more than half the state's two million people live, had for some years been caught up in the momentum of their own "Sell Colorado" program, a kind of modern boosterism that attempts to attract population and investment, whether the region needs them or not. By the time the two men came to recognize the disadvantages and the unpopularity of the Olympics, they were overcommitted. As a result, they went right on trying to persuade everyday Coloradans that the Olympics were good for them.

But are they? The precedents are hardly promising. France spent $240 million for the winter Olympics at Grenoble in 1968. Japan ran up an incredible bill of $1.3-billion for the winter games at Sapporo last January. Much of this outlay, of course, was repaid in revenue, but no Olympic games in history ever came close to paying their own way. While no final loss was accurately established for America's last experience with the winter games—in 1960 at Squaw Valley—California taxpayers were stuck with a $13-million deficit. And, although skiers continue to pay $9 a day for the use of the lifts there, Californians still pay an annual subsidy to keep Squaw Valley from bankruptcy.

At the moment the projected expense of the Colorado games, which the DOC first estimated at $14 million, has reached almost $100 million, and even if the figure were to go no higher, which seems unlikely, the income from all sources would not come near to meeting it. And, if Coloradans wind up paying off the debts, it should be remembered that their state's population is only about one-tenth that of California. Sen. Fred Harris, the chief congressional foe of the Olympics subsidy, raised two very relevant questions at the legislative hearings: "Who pays? Who profits?" The answers seem to be that the profits will go to a handful of businessmen, while the payments will be made by the bulk of Colorado's citizens.

But even more fuss these days is being raised by the issue of the damage the games are likely to do to the state's environment. Denver, despite the vision of clean air and unspoiled greenery that its name seems to evoke, has in fact been in environmental trouble for some time. A city that once beckoned eastward for new inhabitants, Denver now suffers the agonies of overcrowding common to older American urban areas. Moreover, because Denver has both a unique topography (located at the foot of the Rockies, the city experiences frequent thermal inversions) and the highest per-capita auto registration in the nation, it ranks first among American cities in the carbon-monoxide content of its atmosphere. The problem is aggravated by Denver's altitude and is particularly acute for athletes. Normally the air is at its worst during the winter weather—and it would surely become worse yet with thousands of cars and buses zooming from one athletic event to another.

Yet the real problem, over the long run, could be the devastation the games would bring to a state whose growth already is dangerously out of control. While the legislature spends money to "Sell Colorado," population soars and land continues to be eaten up. In contrast to the French Alps, where steep slopes and the danger of avalanches limit construction and require that buildings be carefully grouped into preplanned communities, the Colorado Rockies are a land speculator's paradise. The high tree line protects the mountainsides. The gentle slopes make wide valleys. A builder can construct a house or an inn almost anywhere, without paying attention to such trivia as slides or sewers. The only disadvantage is that the land, because it is so accessible, is expensive—but that's a handicap only to the poor. The rich, for their part, can ignore the price only at everyone else's expense. For if the DOC and the Olympics "sell" Colorado to more outsiders, the ecological chaos will be compounded and solutions to the state's problems will be even more elusive than they are now.

Richard Lamm, assistant minority leader of the Colorado House of Representatives and a legislator who has grown increasingly critical of the DOC, said: "I joined a unanimous Colorado legislature in 1967 in voting to invite the Olympic Games to be held in Colorado. But the Colorado public

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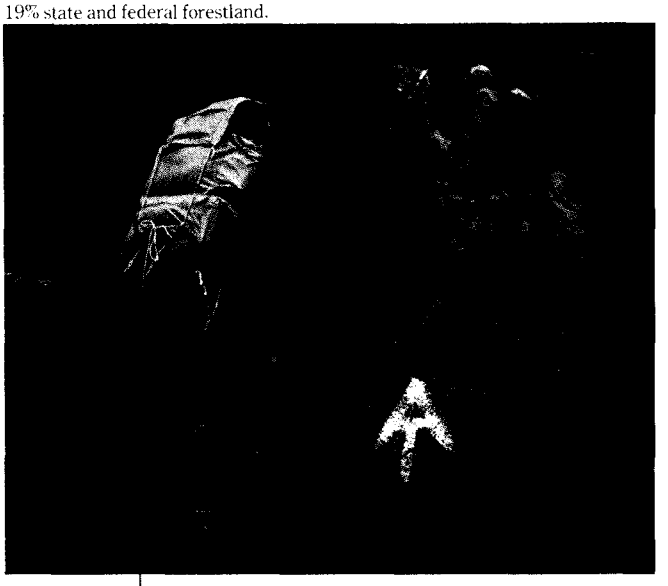

And to a *lot* of people.

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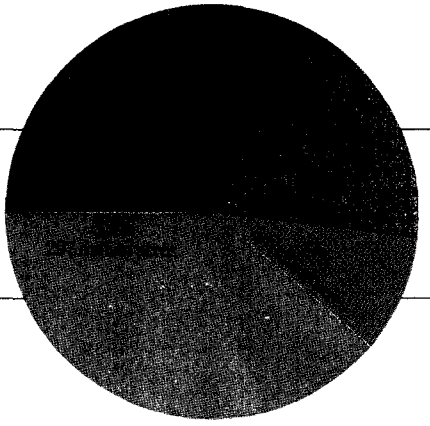

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and legislature have lost confidence in the Denver Olympic Committee. Every time I ask a question about ecology, the Olympic people tell me, 'Don't worry, we are going to take care of that.' But a state that has never taken down as much as a single billboard to improve the environment is not going to run an Olympics that the ecologists would like."

Curiously, it seems apparent that the International Olympics Committee—or, at least, some of its most influential members—would not be grievously disappointed if circumstances forced the cancellation of the winter games altogether. Certainly, Avery Brundage, the recently retired chairman of the IOC, never concealed his distaste for the way the winter Olympics have evolved. It was not just their commercialism that bothered him, though surely the Denver games would be as commercial as the games have ever been. Brundage also confessed to a nostalgia for the old days when the games were small and the competitors lived next to one another in a single Olympic village. In those days, which may be gone forever, the intimacy of the experience genuinely created the spirit of international amity.

At Denver the participants would probably not even get to know one another. Housing would be spread all over the Colorado Rockies, and the events would take place without any relation to one another. Spectators and participants alike would spend hours in cars or in chartered aircraft. Intimate these games would not be.

Late last spring members of the Denver Olympic Committee met with the IOC in Lausanne, Switzerland, to present a progress report on the winter games. DOC spokesmen said that the meeting was a grand success and that the international body had only praise for Denver's achievements to date. Less partial observers left with the impression that the IOC was, in fact, rather reserved about what it had heard. Brundage said, as he had on a previous occasion, that he was disturbed by increasing indications of faltering community support for the games. What he seemed to be saying was that from here on the IOC's endorsement—like the federal government's—probably depends upon how the people of Colorado vote in the November referendum.

The *Denver Post's* most recent poll indicates that opposition to the public funding of the games runs about two to one. State officials, the Denver Olympic Committee, and other like-minded groups insist that they will educate a majority of Coloradans to the virtues of the games by election day. Right now that seems unlikely. □

The Flower-Club House-Tour Caper

BY GENE SMITH

PINE PLAINS, N.Y.—The ladies of the Flower Club came to my house last week. They brought roses, ferns, geraniums, and dried artichokes spread out to look like enormous blossoms. They carried in pots and bowls and a big bucket to hang from the crane in the kitchen fireplace.

It was all for the Historical Society and Flower Club house tour. This sort of fund-raising operation is very big out here in the sticks. Three weeks ago Millbrook, just south of us, had a tour to benefit the Dutchess School. Of course, matching us against Millbrook would be like sending your typical Flower Club lady into the ring against Joe Frazier. Millbrook has mansions in which live names attached to great American fortunes. A lot of Hyde Park neighbor Franklin D. Roosevelt's "economic royalists" and "malefactors of great wealth" resided in the Millbrook area.

It had rained hard on the day of the Millbrook tour, and the remembrance of tires chewing up wet lawns and hordes of umbrellas dripping on polished drawing-room floors was still fresh when a Historical Society lady called to ask if I would open my home to the public for a day. But I consented, of course. "It's an honor," I told my wife. "It's the apex of our social career. We're up there with Mary Lasker and people like that who do things for charity, see. Look upon us as the poor man's Carter and Amanda."

"They broke up," my wife said. But naturally she was pleased.

A couple of days later, the Flower Club ladies arrived to look our house over. Each took responsibility for the arrangement of a particular room. The Historical Society lady stopped by, too, to discuss a brochure that would be handed out in the tour homes. Could we tell her about our home's past? This was our strong point, for our colonial is known to have been standing in 1791, when it was sold to a man from whose descendants we purchased it four years ago. Our house has doors and windows that were opened by hands and peered through with eyes that served and saw George Washington—the son of the first purchaser was an officer of the Dutchess County volunteers—and it has wide-board floors and six original fireplaces.

For a week before the tour my wife and her housekeeper cleaned as never before. Every known speck of dust was routed. Out on the lawns our hired high-schooler circled endlessly on our little tractor, cutting and recutting each blade of grass. The legions of the Flower Club poured through our home, adding to and subtracting from the floral displays and arrangements. All this went on until about an hour before the tour was due to begin: two o'clock on a beautifully cloudless Saturday. Then our housekeeper left, the flower women fled, and our high school boy knocked on the back patio door. Curled around his arm, reaching up past his elbow—was a snake. "What should I do with him?" he asked. "I found him on the patio."

Horror numbed me, frightful visions came: The tourists go into the patio; snake's mate and children slither up to greet them; the tourists panic, stumble, break bones, institute lawsuits. "Out! Out! Get rid of it! Into the brook!" I yelled. The lad went off with the snake, leaving a sly grin hanging in the air. Moments later his mother came to drive him home.

Our club and society hostesses arrived. "Someone must be in every room at every minute," the Historical Society lady emphasized. "Otherwise. . . . Well, souvenir hunters, you know." I greeted the hostesses, some of whose faces were vaguely familiar. Everything is lovely, they said.

It was five minutes to two when I discovered that I was starving. I had to eat then or wait until six, when the tour ended. It would be impossible to do so during the tour, as one of the Millbrook people had found out. We had seen him weaving through the tourists, a liverwurst in one hand, a slice of bread and a beer in the other, hopelessly seeking an empty corner. I was not going to be trapped like that, so I threw together a salad and, standing up—for we had put our kitchen table down in the cellar to open up the room—I spooned on some mayonnaise and started eating. Where was my wife? Upstairs, combing her hair or something.

Hark! Voices in the hall. The hostesses greeted the voices. I wolfed down the last of my salad and yanked open

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Gene Smith, the author of When the Cheering Stopped, *has just completed an account of Napolean III's ill-fated Mexican venture.*

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I have never been quite sure as to whether an anniversary is an occasion for rejoicing or for sadness. When I was younger, a personal anniversary was just another milestone on an increasingly shortening path to an inevitable end. Now that I have attained a certain degree of maturity, I am more convinced that each new anniversary signals another victory over ever-menacing forces in a continuously confused and angry world.

I am inspired to these elegiac reflections by the fact that this month, I contemplate not one, but two anniversaries. For it was twenty years ago that this column made its first appearance in *Saturday Review*; and it was seventy-five years ago that Doubleday & Company published its first book.

Looking back over the years, I am tempted to single out some of the books and writers who highlight Doubleday's history and my own. And yet to do so would be an act both ungracious and ungrateful. To name the writers I consider my friends, to cite the titles that have affected—in however small a way—my life, and probably your life, too, would be to use more space than is available to me in even this expanded column.

Instead, I would like to reflect for a moment on what this whole business is all about. I think, and I know most of my colleagues would agree with me, that the best part of publishing is trying to bring to one reader something that will make life a little more meaningful.

Whether that reader is a child having a book read to him, a student sharing the knowledge of the ages through a paperback book, a housewife or businessman seeking respite through the pages of a good story or biography, the writer or critic being exposed to new thoughts and techniques from the typewriter of an experimental author, the citizen concerned with new social or political ideas, or the person who simply wants to build something: whoever that person might be, we as publishers have tried over the years to furnish him to the best of our ability with the book that will meet his needs at the time they exist.

"Communications" is an overused word, but communicating is, after all, our business. And no one who wishes to communicate can possibly succeed without someone at the other end. Thanks to the letters I have received from so many of you over the years, I know that there is someone out there, someone who cares and responds to what we have been trying to do.

So, in a real sense, our anniversary is your anniversary, and that's why I'd like to say "Thank You." Drop me a postcard before December 1, and, as a token of our appreciation, I'll send you a copy of the newest edition of *Works in Progress VII*. This is the seventh in the series of original paperbacks from the Literary Guild which previews important forthcoming books. It includes work in progress by Joan Didion, William Hanley, J. P. Donleavy, Marge Piercy, and 14 other exciting writers.

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L. L. Day
Editor-at-Large

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the dishwasher so as to hide all evidence. I could hardly leave a mayonnaise-smeared plate lying around. Then I seized a pipe and stuck it in my mouth. This is very important. Visitors are forbidden to smoke on these tours. Only the owners may smoke. It's like a badge, Edward G. Robinson saying, "I'm the boss; yeah, I'm the boss." I had noticed in Millbrook that all the homeowners, millionaires or not, smoked constantly.

So I had my only available pipe lit—the library, where my others were, was cordoned off with Christmas wrapping ribbon to keep the souvenir-hunters in their place—when a cheery hostess led in four refugees from a Helen Hokinson cartoon. They wore print dresses and white shoes. Two had hats on. "Isn't this a nice big country kitchen!" cried the hostess. The ladies murmured appreciatively and started to look around. No one took the slightest notice of a figure huddled in the corner against the dishwasher with smoke balloons pouring from his mouth. I became the Invisible Man.

One of the ladies looked at the ceiling and noticed that it is covered with the same wallpaper as the walls, the same pattern as the curtains. She drew the attention of her companions to this fact. They expressed approval. "Lovely, lovely," cried the hostess. I was delighted that they liked my wife's decorating, but it was a unique feeling to stand in one's own kitchen and hear it discussed by strangers who have paid to be there and who have every right to say whatever comes into their heads.

The ladies strolled about, examining our fireplace mantle things—plates, a small hanging butcher's scale bought at an auction, a hunting horn, our antique iron pot holders. Across the room, over the rear window, my wife's copper pots hanging on the wall attracted some attention. A lady came over to look at them. Suddenly, the Invisible Man materialized. He loomed up at the woman's elbow. "Do you want to look at the two photographs pasted on the refrigerator?" he gulped out. The four ladies stared. Who was this? What was this? Emitting smoke clouds, I showed them the pictures. One is an enlarged shot of our house as it appeared in 1871. The other, which I took last winter from the same vantage point, shows that virtually nothing has changed in the intervening century. "You see," I said, "everything is the same except the barn. It's new. There's a date on it, 1901." This somehow did not all hang together, but the ladies clustered about, saving how wonderful it was that so little had changed.

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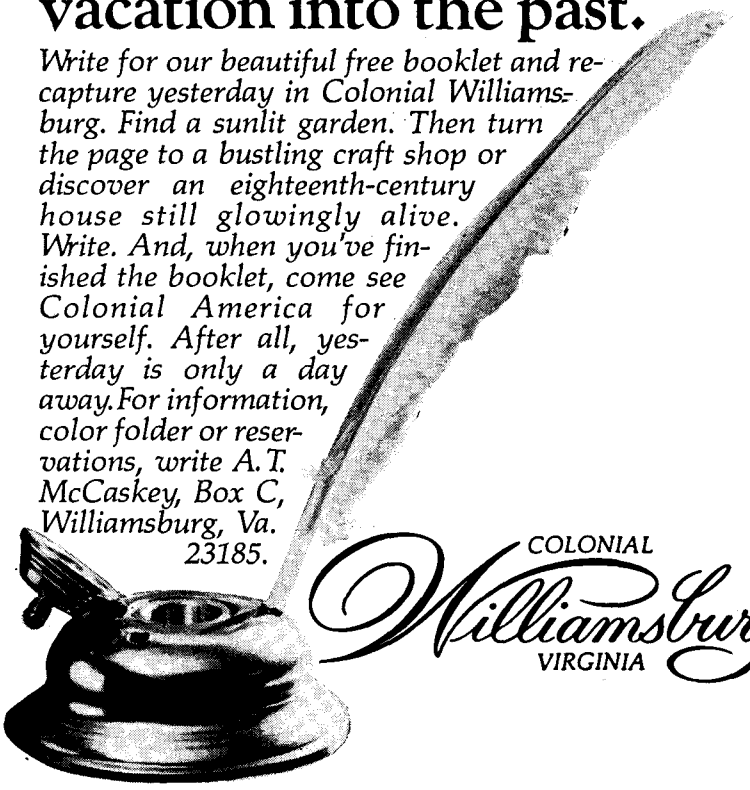

COLONIAL Williamsburg VIRGINIA

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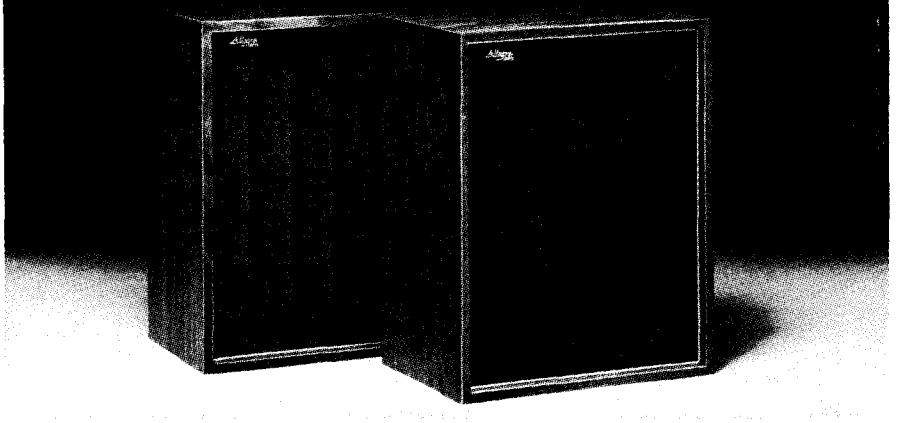

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The legions of the Flower Club poured through our home, adding to and subtracting from the floral displays. All this went on until about an hour before the tour was due to begin.

More Helen Hokinson ladies marched into the kitchen. Trapped, I repeated my spiel about the pictures. The kitchen was full of people. I gibbered on and finally fled toward the dining room. One of the hostesses was pointing to the swags made with great care by an upholsterer who is truly an artist. She was telling her audience how clever my wife was to be able to do such fine work. I made for the living room, where another hostess was pointing to a lavishly embroidered pillow—a gift from my sister that, I now heard, was handmade by my wife. The hostess added, airily indicating a bellpull at least 100 years old, that my wife had made that, too. Meanwhile, this paragon of virtue who can do anything, Renaissance Woman herself, came down the stairs, carrying a lit cigarette. "It's a bummer," I muttered at her.

An hour later, by which time at least seventy-five people had toured our home, a hostess rushed up to me. "There's a man and a woman," she hissed. "I don't like them. . . . I'm worried." I left the kitchen to find a sleazy-looking gent and a sullen woman out in the hall. "Your house?" inquired he. I said it was and followed him into the living room. He looked out the window. "Must be expensive to keep all this up," he said.

"Well, my taxes don't seem to go down," I remarked.

"Your wife do the cleaning?"

"She has a housekeeper."

He and the woman went into the kitchen. I stayed glued to them. He looked around. From his appraising glance he seemed to be estimating what a fence would pay for each item, how big a truck he would need to pull off a heist some fine night.

"Who does the grounds?"

"We have a high school kid who comes in."

"Must be expensive."

I found nothing to offer to this. Together we intently studied each item whose value on the open market conceivably could exceed five dollars. Then his gaze lit on the dog run, to which all of our domestic animals had been banished for the day. A tourist was strolling past it. As the tourist went by, two huge Bouvier des Flandres started barking. "My dogs," I said. "We have to keep them locked up. Guard dogs, vicious. Tear your throat out in a minute. Like Dobermans, maybe worse. They use them in prisons. Texas Rangers have them. During the war, the Coast Guard, on the beaches, to protect against saboteurs from the submarines. . . ." He was gone. I sighed. Who knows who he was? Maybe a Millbrook millionaire. But I wonder.

By five o'clock my face ached from smiling. I went through my various acts with great confidence. So did the hostesses. Through their fantasies Renaissance Woman reached undreamed-of heights. She had won the ribbons displayed on the kitchen wall by being a superb horsewoman (our elder Bouvier des Flandres had won them at various dog shows), plus dozens of other awards she was too modest to display. Those little copper things hanging up there were for the *escargots* upon which she, who had endlessly traversed every European country, dined at least five times a week. One could not imagine the poetry of her taste. On top of all that, she was pregnant. Invisible Man was never mentioned.

By six I was entirely at ease. Three hundred people had come and gone, and, save for the poor wretch the dogs drove away, each visitor had acted in a charming manner. One tourist told me that her family had rented our house in the 1920s. There had been no plumbing, she said. They used a privy near the barn. One of the descendants of the first purchaser came and told the assembled tourists of how she had dressed for her wedding in the house. That was in 1909. We had seen photographs of her taken on that day. "She was a beautiful bride," I said, truthfully. She gave me a smile and a pat on the cheek. A man spoke of coming to see the body of one of our predecessors lying in what is now my library on the afternoon of his funeral. People talked about knowing the florist who put in our hedge of still-blooming peonies. That was forty years ago.

At ten after six the flower women took away their pots and vases, leaving us many of the lovely flowers. Renaissance Woman released the dogs, who came bounding into the house, ignoring the Christmas-wrapping ribbons. Invisible Man mixed drinks. We sat down, changed in some subtle fashion now that it was over. For we were one with the Duke of Bedford opening Woburn Abbey to the public so that he could pay his taxes, we were kin to the ghost of Francis Joseph, whose Hofburg and Schoenbrunn are museums now, to the Sun King and Versailles.

"One has to say that the *canaille* were awfully nice," Prince Philip said to Elizabeth. "But of course it was damned decent of us to open up the castle to them."

"Quite so," said the Queen, and made an omelet, which was eaten on the table dragged up from the basement. The tour was over. □

"If They Can Play Hockey, We Can Make Vodka"

BY MICHAEL J. SMITH

TORONTO, Ontario—When the great eight-game Canada-Russia ice hockey series opened in Canada on September 2, smug fans here smirked at the Russians' beat-up skates and floppy helmets. But in the first four games the slave-wage team of Soviets allowed the world's highest-paid professionals only one win and one tie. Three thousand flag-draped fans took charter flights to Moscow for the second round of four games, which ended on September 28. There, to chants of "*Nyet, Nyet*, Soviet," Canada lost the first game, won

Michael J. Smith, who lives in Toronto, is a former reporter for The Globe and Mail, *Canada's national newspaper.*

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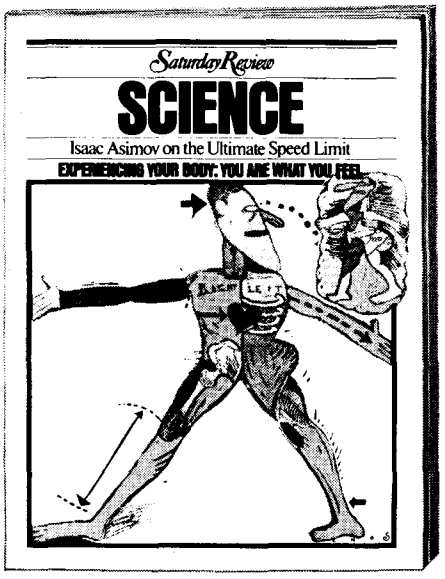
Isn't it about time there was a science magazine for people who are neither geniuses nor dummies?



Discoveries about genetics that could affect your children, their children, and all children.

But no one to tell you the facts about them.

Discoveries about matter and time that could change your whole philosophical outlook.

But no one to explain them clearly to you.

Discoveries about pollution that could get you angry (or hopeful) enough to go out in the street and start passing around circulars.

But no one to point out their significance to you.

Discoveries in everything from psychology to cybernetics that could change the way you live, think, learn, even make love.

And so many are hidden from you in technical magazines you don't have the background to understand.

Or in oversimplified magazines you wouldn't waste your time with.

It's wrong. Today, science is far too important, and too fascinating, to leave so many people out.

That's why we created the new Saturday Review/SCIENCE

As soon as you open up your first issue, you'll wish there'd been a science magazine like it years ago.

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You'll find articles that tell you what you can do when you're disturbed about something that scientists are planning for you.

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- When the self-reproducing computers arrive—where will that leave us?
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Brother Timothy's
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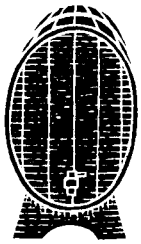

One of the favorite controversies among viticulturists—professional and otherwise seems to be the historical origin of the Zinfandel grape.

There is no doubt that this is one of the most popular grapes in California vineyards. However, the quality of its fruit varies from area to area. Through the years we have experimented with it, we have concluded that the soils and climate in the vineyards around our Napa Valley Monastery and Winery produce a truly superior Zinfandel grape.

The wine it yields in our cellars is quite unlike any other Zinfandel. As with our other premium red table wines, we have aged it in oak for about four years, and further in the bottle before shipping. The result is a fruity, deep red wine with a spicy, berry-like flavor. There is an unexpected softness in the first sip, followed by a rich and satisfying deep aftertaste.

Discovering and serving a new wine is always a pleasure—partly because of the discussion it can start. I think you'll enjoy introducing The Christian Brothers Napa Valley Zinfandel, and find it fits every occasion—from picnics to formal dinners.

And though it doesn't settle the controversy, you can say that the Zinfandel is a grape we love here in the Napa Valley.

Brother Timothy F.S.C.

Brother Timothy, F.S.C., Cellarmaster
The Christian Brothers Winery
Napa Valley, California

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San Francisco, California

the next two, and—by a margin of only one goal, shoveled in with just thirty-four seconds left on the clock—squeaked by to win the last game, thereby clinching the most watched and most hair-raisingly close hockey series in Canadian history. Time and again, though, and especially at the start, it looked as if the national sport was going to turn into a national nightmare.

Canada has been identified with hockey ever since 1875, when a group of students at McGill University in Montreal refined the popular pastime of knocking a ball around a sheet of ice into something resembling a sport. It is hardly surprising, then, that when hockey madness strikes Canada the entire nation goes benignly berserk. The series pushed an imminent federal election off the front pages when National Hockey League stars finally got their chance to take on the Red Menace. Both Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau and Opposition Leader Robert Stanfield postponed campaigning to attend the first two games, despite an October 30 election date.

No one would have seen the candidates anywhere else. Hockey Night has always led the country's television ratings, but record millions walked out of political meetings or skipped night shifts to watch the Canada-Russia series. Legal proceedings halted dead in their tracks. A Toronto judge agreed to postpone sentencing Harold Ballard, president of Maple Leaf Gardens, the country's biggest ice hockey stadium, until after the series had ended. Ballard, convicted of fraud and theft of $200,000, argued that he would have a hard time getting character witnesses during the games. When Team Canada lost the first game, 7-3, Ballard was back at the Gardens, where he offered the Russians' Valery Kharlamov $1 million to defect and play for the Toronto Maple Leafs. Kharlamov refused. On September 22, the day the first game was played in Moscow, trading on the Toronto stock exchange dropped abruptly. (Because of the time difference, games played in the Soviet Union were shown in Toronto in the early afternoon.)

Like almost every other Canadian hockey expert, Toronto sports writer Dick Beddoes predicted that Canada would win all four games played on home ice, as well as the subsequent four in Moscow. After the disastrous series opener, which was played in Montreal, Beddoes publicly ate his column in a bowl of borscht, as a line of grinning Soviet players looked on. The series then moved to Toronto, where Canada won 4-1. David Lewis, leader of the socialist New Democratic party, attributed the win to his presence at the game—the only one he attended. (Aloof from other national politicians, Lewis sat up among the gods with the working men.) His saving presence was sorely missed at the next two games. In Winnipeg the Russians came back with a 4-4 tie. In Vancouver they trounced Canada 5-3.

Throughout the series Soviet players showed a remarkable talent for subtle spearing with stick ends and for kicking Canadian shins. Soviet sports writers, however, maintained that Team Canada players were the real experts at roughing it up on the ice, while discipline was what accounted for Soviet wins. And disciplined they were, too. While the Canadians drilled for a couple of hours and then knocked off, the Russian players—many of them army officers—kept up a grueling regimen of daylong drills.

Although teams in the Moscow League receive state support, they rank technically as amateurs in international competition. Canadians had always faced them with scrub teams of college players, until an agreement was made this year to let the Soviet national team meet professional players selected from the NHL. Montreal Canadiens goalie Ken Dryden, who had played the Russians before he turned professional, now backed a line sparkling with such shooting stars as Frank and Peter Mahovlich of Montreal, Paul Henderson of Toronto, and Phil Esposito of Boston. Coach Harry Sinden had so many stars to choose from that four of them, who got top billing on their NHL teams but were substitutes on Team Canada, quit during the series.

One of the first surprises the Canadians faced was a skinny Russian goalie named Vladislav Tretiak. Professional Canadian scouts in Moscow had rated Tretiak as the Soviets' biggest security risk because he had just gotten married—Canadian pros are discouraged from indulging in romantic dalliance while in training. Yet here he was robbing the chastened Canadians of goal after goal.

Still, Team Canada never really touched bottom, and in Moscow the players regained their edge, almost winning the first game, before the Soviets stormed back to end it 5-4, and topping the Russians by a single goal in each of the last three games. In Canada the final tally—four games to three, with one game tied—banished the national nightmare, restored the country's spirit, and packed bars from coast to coast with celebrating citizens.

A liquor ad remained to remind us all of the dark days preceding victory. It read: "If They Can Play Hockey, We Can Make Vodka." □

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Stopping the Hijacker

BY ROBERT MEYERS

The good news is that by 1973 every one of America's 2,851 airport terminal gates will be equipped with at least one metal detection device. The bad news is that in the following year the federal government will be out of the hijacking-prevention business, except to lend financial aid and support.

At the annual seminar of the International Association of Airline Security Officers, held in San Diego in late September, administration spokesmen told the airlines behind closed doors that they must gear up to handle security on their own. Indicative of the general concern over the hijacking problem was the size of the meeting, with more than 100 people representing sixteen countries, thirty-six airlines, numerous airports, and a dozen federal, state, and local agencies present. It was the biggest IAASO meeting ever held. (The day it opened a hijack attempt on a San Diego–bound plane failed.)

For obvious political reasons the administration's decision apparently will not be formally announced at least until after the election. And for obvious financial reasons airline personnel did everything but melt their wings when they got the news. "We would like to see the federal government handle security," said Richard Neuman, TWA's vice president for security. "We feel this would ensure uniformity, efficiency, and safety. Also, the government is exempt from civil actions that might be brought on the grounds of unreasonable search."

Another airline officer was far less sedate. "What is a twenty-year-old ticket agent supposed to do if he finds a man holding a loaded forty-five? Ask him to please hand it over?"

The ironic fact is that even now federal involvement in the prevention of hijacking is not particularly extensive. Only thirty-five of the nation's 531 airports have any federal marshals on the job, and the total federal expenditure is only $30 million. But 500,000 people travel *each day* by air, and in the first nine months of 1972 there were twenty-nine hijackings—two more than in all of 1971.

"Nobody wants hijackings, but nobody wants to pay to prevent them," said one security man. "The airlines say they can't afford to and don't know much about security anyway. The administration says it will help them learn as much about it as they can. No one wants responsibility." Of all government speakers at the seminar only Secor D. Browne, chairman of the Civil Aeronautics Board, felt that airlines should leave security to trained federal officers.

Most airlines now rely heavily on the "hijacker profile," a method of quick character analysis developed in the late 1960's. (The airlines are understandably reluctant to reveal the details of the method.) "The profile is remarkably effective," said James Murphy, director of security for the FAA. "It can be taught to any ticket agent in thirty seconds and applied to passengers while he is checking their tickets. Eighty-seven per cent of all hijackers were found to have matched it. If the profile had been used correctly, those hijackings could have been prevented." Although other security officers disputed those figures and claimed that the profile is not effective against the new breed of extortionist/terrorist hijackers, it does have one distinct selling point: It's free.

The airlines claim they can't afford additional security personnel and expensive detection devices. One estimate of the manpower they will need runs to $35 million; another, for manpower and machines, is nearly half a billion. The government is helping out, having just spent $2.7 million on 2,000 stationary detection devices and 1,200 hand-held units, which will not be delivered, however, until next year. By then, James Murphy says, the airlines should achieve "100 per cent preflight inspection."

Recent air travelers have already noticed a dramatic increase in preflight searches and inspections, but they still seem to be done haphazardly. A flight I took recently from Amsterdam to New York was not searched; we were warned of a possible search on a connecting flight to Washington, D.C., but it didn't take place. On another flight I was not searched, though friends who took the same flight a week later told me they were.

The bugaboo of the industry right now is that security measures will cause delays that will annoy passengers. But on a recent trip I made on Pacific Southwest Airlines (an intra-California commuter line that sustained two hijackings on two consecutive days last July and now searches all passengers and all carry-on luggage), search of baggage and passengers didn't delay the flight.

What if a male inspector is too embarrassed to search a female passenger? The hand-held metal detection devices are supposed to solve that, but on one flight a man first checked me out with the device, then—blushing—waved my wife ahead. A stewardess said that one man boarding another plane refused to allow the detector near him, claiming it would make him sterile (it would not). Another passenger said he used a pacemaker heart device and feared electrical interference; he was hand-searched. (There apparently is no definite word yet whether pacemakers are affected by detection units.)

At the seminar in San Diego various new devices were displayed: a walk-through detector that retails for $1,900; a box-type X-ray unit that retails for $4,000; and a low-intensity X-ray device for the ticket counter that sells for $20,000. Some of these units already have been used on a trial basis at various airports. (Police reported that, as soon as the detection devices were put into effect in Los Angeles, trash cans filled up with guns, knives, marijuana, and narcotics.)

Individual airlines are developing their own methods of security. Qantas uses male stewards and has gotten some of its security people deputized. China Airways submits each passenger to a full body search.

But these individual efforts apparently are not enough. "Fear of competition keeps the industry apart," one man at the San Diego meeting said. "Recently I had some information relating to a possible hijack attempt. But there wasn't —and isn't—any way I could formally get that information around."

"Even if we get some government subsidies to hire security people and buy machines," said another delegate, "it's still going to cost the traveling passenger more in the long run."

A federal man countered: "To give the airlines everything they're asking for would be to create another FBI-sized agency."

"They're all hoping hijacking is a fad and will go away," said a more objective observer. But a quick end to hijacking doesn't seem to be in anyone's flight plan. □

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Letters

Wrinkles and Wrath

Ms. Sontag's "The Double Standard of Aging" [*SR*, Sept. 23] reads with a crisp clarity that illuminates the devastating elements present in today's society. The long, agonizing process of aging is one factor that she rightly pinpoints as depressing to all people, especially women.

It was an upsetting article that made me stop and think and, most of all, react. It is time for women to take on the responsibility of being intelligent, capable, and happy human beings.

Judi Samilow
Ithaca, N.Y.

As a man who enjoyed married life for many years with a woman somewhat older, and as a former youthful rebel now enjoying a life of Social Security and Medicare, I'd like to laud Sontag's long essay. At the same time I question some of her analyses and conclusions.

Basically, isn't she overlooking the most important and ageless components —personality, spirit, and character? Surely Susan must know (or know of) many women as well as men of advanced years who are ageless. And surely she must know of many women as well as men who age directly from adolescence into senility.

What does it matter how long a woman spends fixing her face, if a face is all she has? And hasn't Women's Liberation already punctured Ms. Sontag's neatly drawn distinctions between traditional masculine and feminine attributes?

Don't worry, Susan. At the age of thirty I wrote a small poem epitomizing my life at what then seemed a critical age of my life—and that was more than thirty-five years ago. I predict confidently that someday you will look back at your essay on aging as a thoroughly written but somewhat immature "poem" epitomizing the first half of your life.

George Garrott
St. Petersburg Beach, Fla.

Susan Sontag has just given my soul a facial.

Susan Huetteman
Cincinnati, Ohio

How does a woman age naturally and still have a long erotic career in a society dominated by the male standard of feminine beauty? Aren't a few million avant-garde females about to be consigned to lives of sexual frustration while they age naturally and wait for the stupid males to catch up with them? And in the meantime aren't the men and the "feminine" women going to be having a ball, as usual?

The goal is laudable, but I remain pessimistic as to the chances of its being realized.

Bethia S. Currie
Cornwall, Conn.

It is pleasing to have Susan Sontag tell us, in something over ten thousand words, that it is true and unfair that older men marry younger women more often than younger men marry older women. May we now ask Ms. Sontag what else is new? I am all in favor of such world-shaking articles as this one, but can't they be a little shorter?

Walter Goldwater
New York, N.Y.

Mobile Homes—A Last Resort

Frank Trippett's article "Mobile Homes: The New Ghettos" [*SR*, Sept. 23] is based on little more than snobbery. Because one woman has to tear herself from afternoon TV and a couple of guys in a gas station belch, readers are supposed to conclude that mobile-home dwellers are mindless, lower-class sheep types, "letting" themselves be "packaged like sausage."

As Trippett pointed out, mobile homes are the only type of housing many low- and middle-income families can afford. We aren't selling our souls just because we buy the sole thing we can afford. Mobile homes are roomier inside than they appear outside. We accept exteriors that look like "shoeboxes," but the next-higher-income group buys from a market of cracker boxes, and the group above that lives in new copies of Tudors and colonials. The fault lies with the building industry.

Gail J. Snible
Jackson, Mich.

I am senior editor and main author of *Housing Crisis and Response*, the Cornell University report quoted by Frank Trippett. Basically, I am in accord with his analysis except for two minor points and one major point of difference. The first point is the cynical way in which Trippett presents the real responses of real people. E.K. is a real person, not the caricature that Trippett seems to see. The second point is his hint that he disagrees with our report. Virtually all the points made in Trippett's article are made somewhere in our report, including 1) an indictment of U.S. housing programs that make us resort to mobile homes and 2) the clear indication that mobile homes are thought of by almost everyone as second-class housing.

My major point of difference with him is that he condemns the problem (lack of inexpensive housing) and condemns the solution (mobile homes). For now, in the early Seventies, the only inexpensive housing we have is either the mobile home or the run-down leftovers of middle-class housing.

Earl W. Morris
Associate Professor
Department of Family Economics
Kansas State University
Manhattan, Kan.

Dangerous Heels

Thank you for Stanley Klein's article "A Product-Injury Surveillance System" [*SR*, Sept. 23].

For years I have been wanting to know whom to complain to about these miserable, hard-plastic shoe heels!

I reported the danger to shoe clerks many times, but they just shrugged it off, telling me that there is nothing else on the market, or that I can spend several dollars to have the heels on new shoes changed at a repair shop! Yesterday I slipped and fell down in a wet, oily parking lot, ruining a pair of stockings. I have fallen half a dozen times, slipping on metal gratings and manhole covers. Fortunately, my reflexes are good enough so that I just skin my knee, but plenty of people my age (seventy-seven) could break a hip.

Marian E. Manly, M.D.
Ashland, Ore.

Mailbag Note

Please address comments about articles that have appeared in *Saturday Review* to: Letters to the Editor. Inquiries should be sent to: Reader Services. Poetry, article suggestions, and manuscripts should be sent to our Contributors Department. The address for all of the above is 450 Pacific Avenue, San Francisco, California 94133. Manuscripts, poetry, and cartoons will not be returned unless accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

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SR-12

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Editorial

The Anemic First Amendment

In its rush to adjourn and get on the campaign trail, Congress has given short shrift to a number of items that should rate high priority on the nation's agenda. Welfare reform, mass transportation, housing, gun control, and the minimum wage are just a few of the items on the list of "unfinished business."

Action was also deferred on an issue that has been less widely noticed but that has vital bearing on the First Amendment, one of the key foundation stones of our liberty as a result of its guarantee that "Congress shall make no law . . . abridging the freedom of speech or of the press." In recent months more than a score of bills have been introduced in the Senate and the House of Representatives to protect newsmen from being compelled to divulge the sources of their information. None have come to a vote, and the outlook for passage of any of them by the next Congress is uncertain.

Such legislative protection is necessary because both the executive and the judicial branches have been bleeding the First Amendment white over the last few years. The Nixon administration entered office with a strong antipathy to the press and made no secret of the fact.

It was not long before the Justice Department began issuing a cloud of subpoenas aimed at prying loose information from reporters on stories involving the activities of Black Panthers, antiwar militants, and other dissenters. The publication of the Pentagon Papers led to an increase in such activities. For example, the small and financially fragile Beacon Press of Boston, which published four volumes of the Papers that Alaska's Mike Gravel had read into the Senate record, has already spent $50,000 in legal fees connected with an expected indictment.

The government's penchant for slapping subpoenas on reporters and publishers—whether to investigate or to intimidate—was chilling enough. What made it worse was a June 29 Supreme Court decision holding that newsmen could not refuse to give a grand jury information about their confidential sources. The vote was 5 to 4.

Justice Byron R. White, who wrote the majority decision, concluded that "the First Amendment interest asserted by the newsman was outweighed by the general obligation of a citizen to appear before a grand jury or at trial . . . and give what information he possesses." If newsmen were granted blanket immunity against such obligations, White asked, what would keep lecturers, political pollsters, novelists, academic researchers, and dramatists from doing the same? "Almost any author may quite accurately assert that he is contributing to the flow of information to the public, that he relies on confidential sources, and that these sources will be silenced if he is forced to make disclosures before a grand jury," he wrote. The majority assured, however, that, if a grand jury investigation were "conducted other than in good faith," a reporter would have a case. Official harassment of the press undertaken not for the purposes of law enforcement but to disrupt a reporter's relationship with his news sources would have no justification," White wrote. In a concurring opinion Justice Lewis F. Powell, Jr., sought to amplify that assurance. "We do not hold that . . . state and federal authorities are free to 'annex' the news media as an investigative arm of government,' " he wrote.

Among the dissenters, only Justice William O. Douglas asserted an absolute privilege for newsmen under the First Amendment. "The function of the press is to explore and investigate events, inform the people what is going on, and to expose the harmful as well as the good influences at work," he wrote in a separate dissent. "If [a newsman] can be summoned to testify in secret before a grand jury, his sources will dry up and the attempted exposure, the effort to enlighten the public will be ended." The accuracy of that statement has already been affirmed by Earl Caldwell, a *New York Times* reporter who refused to answer a subpoena to testify on Black Panther activities. His case was one of those involved in the June 29 Supreme Court decision. In an article in this magazine [*SR*, Aug. 5] Caldwell wrote: "In another month I'll be heading back west . . . for the *Times*. I still have not figured out how I can go back into the black community—or any community, for that matter—and present myself as a journalist. Hell, even the Supreme Court has now said that there is nothing wrong with forcing a reporter to become a spy."

The three other dissenters asserted a less absolute privilege for newsmen. Justice Potter Stewart, who wrote the principal dissenting opinion, conceded that the government has a right to force a reporter to appear before a grand jury if it can show 1) that it is seeking information "clearly relevant to a precisely defined subject of governmental inquiry" and 2) that the reporter is the only available source of such information.

Thus, legislation is the newsman's best recourse. Nineteen states now have "shield" laws that protect reporters from being forced to identify their news sources. Most of the bills before Congress would provide immunity except in cases involving national security or a threat to life. The only measure offering absolute immunity is one introduced by Democratic Sen. Alan Cranston of California, who would prohibit a newsman's being compelled to disclose "any information or the source of information procured for publication or broadcast."

A strong case can be made, however, that granting newsmen absolute immunity has its dangers. In the *Columbia Journalism Review* Fred W. Friendly, former president of CBS News, recalls how in 1937 a subpoena had to be used to pry loose some newsfilm showing that Chicago police were responsible for firing into a crowd of striking steelworkers and their families, killing ten. Until the film was released, the accepted story was that the steelworkers had attacked the police, and public opinion ran strongly against the entire labor unionization movement. Noting that this could happen again, Friendly proposes a limited shield law that would "provide protection for the public's need to know, but not be a sanctuary for those who, because of fear, special interests, or just plain irresponsibility, are seeking a privileged place to hide."

That makes sense, since unlimited immunity could lead to dangerous abuses. The problem is that, unless the Nixon administration shows considerably more restraint in its use of the subpoena and unless the Supreme Court modifies what Justice Stewart calls its "crabbed view of the First Amendment," the government may be guilty of even more dangerous abuses.

Ronald P. Kriss

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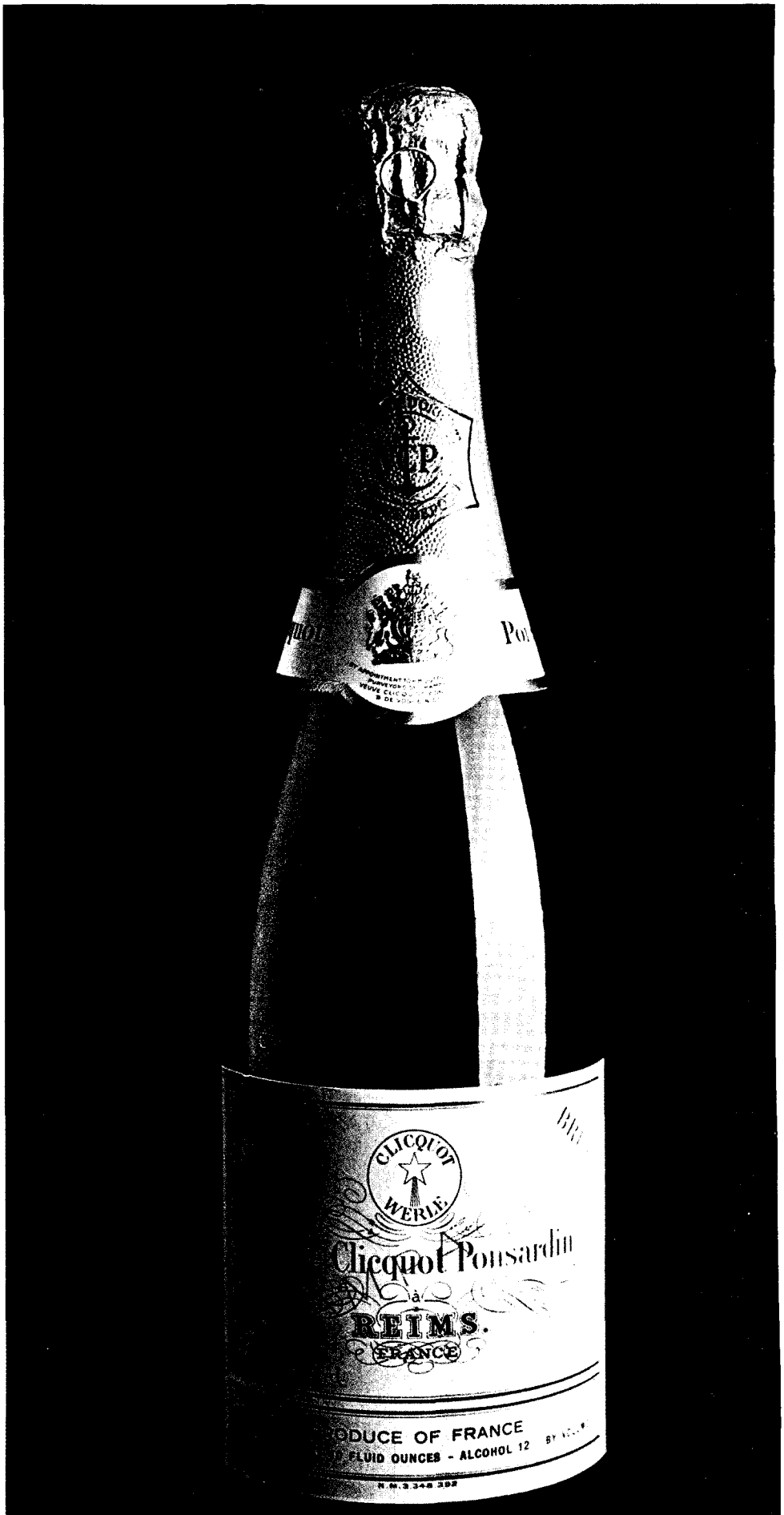

"The Widow"

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Saturday Review of
THE SOCIETY

THE DOOMSDAY SYNDROME

The environmentalists, a leading British scientist charges, may be the most insidious of all plunderers of our planet. Using "a technique of calculated overdramatization," they have deflected attention from the genuine ecological issues we face and blinded us to solutions that exist now.

BY JOHN MADDOX

Prophets of doom have multiplied remarkably in the past few years. It used to be commonplace for men to parade on city streets with sandwich boards proclaiming, "The End of the World is at Hand!" They have been replaced by a throng of sober people—scientists, philosophers, and politicians—proclaiming that there are more subtle calamities just around the corner. The human race, they say, is in danger of suffocating itself by overbreeding, of poisoning itself with pollution, of undermining its essential character by tampering with heredity, and of weakening the basic structure of society through too much prosperity.

The questions that these latter-day doomsayers have raised are complex and interesting; the spirit in which they are asked is usually too jaundiced for intellectual comfort. Too often, reality is oversimplified or even ignored, so that there is a danger that much of this gloomy foreboding about the immediate future will accomplish the opposite of its intention. Instead of alerting people to important problems, the "doomsday syndrome" may be as much a hazard to human survival as any of the environmental conundrums society has created for itself.

Nobody doubts the sincerity of the contemporary prophets of calamity, and nobody would disagree that modern society is confronted with important tasks that must be tackled with a sense of urgency. In advanced societies machinery must be devised for the more equitable treatment of the poor and the disadvantaged. Urban life, although better than it used to be, surely leaves much room for improvement. Even where medical care is excellent, ways of preventing untimely death and unnecessary disease remain to be discovered. And in less-developed societies there are the more basic tasks of providing people with adequate food, housing, and schooling. These are difficult problems, but they are capable of solution in the foreseeable future if enough time and money are spent on them. By contrast, the questions the doomsayers generally raise are rhetorical ones, either because they are based on incorrect premises or because they are unanswerable with the knowledge we possess at the present moment. The risk is that too much preoccupation with the threat of distant calamity will lead to a kind of quietism by diverting our attention from good works that might be accomplished now.

The doomsday cause would be more telling if it were more securely grounded in facts, as well as better informed by a sense of history and an awareness of economics. The major defect in the argument that calamity is just around the corner is its imprecision. Some doomsayers fear that the burning of fuel on the scale to which modern industry is accustomed will wreck the earth's climate, but few meteorologists are able unambiguously to endorse such prophecies. Others fear that the use of pesticides will irrevocably damage the human race, but that is an overdramatic statement of the need to carefully regulate the way in which such chemicals are sprayed on crops. Still others fear that modern biology, with its artificially fertilized eggs and its detailed understanding of genetic processes, will create a race of robots, but such a concern flies in the face of the past five centuries of medical history, for the most part a consistent record of humane endeavor. In short, the weakness of the doomsday prophecies is that they are exaggerations. Many of them are frighteningly irresponsible.

The flavor of these prophecies of disaster is well illustrated by the work of Dr. Paul Ehrlich, whose book *The Population Bomb* startled a good many people when it was published four years ago. "The battle to feed all of humanity is over," Ehrlich wrote. "In the 1970s the world will undergo famines, hundreds of millions of people are going to starve to death in spite of any crash program embarked on now." Ehrlich went on to describe in a somber way the rate at which the population of the world is increasing, the inconveniences that are likely to result therefrom, and some ways of striking a better balance between the population growth and available resources, especially in developing parts of the world.

Nobody will deny that it is important to control, if not the size of a

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population, then its rate of growth. In advanced societies population control is increasingly becoming an accepted function of good government. In developing countries it is generally recognized as a prerequisite to economic progress. Ehrlich's warning of imminent famines on a massive scale is unrealistic. The truth is that the total production of food on the earth is now increasing much faster than the population. For most of the Sixties, the population of the world grew at about 2 per cent a year, while agricultural production in the same period increased by 2.7 per cent annually. And in the past few years there has been especially encouraging progress in the hard-pressed countries of Southeast Asia and India, where food production has increased nearly twice as fast as population, due largely to the introduction of new strains of wheat and rice. Nor is there any reason to believe that the "green revolution" will slow down in the coming years. Population control is therefore desirable, not as a means of avoiding calamity, but because it can accelerate the steady improvement of the human condition.

Famine is only one of several hypothetical catastrophes that are said to flow from population growth. Ehrlich and other doomsayers argue that high population density produces individual disorientation and increased social tension. One common argument for supposing that crowding as such is bad for people starts from experiments that have been carried out with laboratory animals, principally rats. The best-known experiments, performed by Dr. John B. Calhoun, showed that rats kept in unusually crowded conditions developed all kinds of psychological disturbances—mother rats took to infanticide, males became unnaturally aggressive, and the mortality rate rose. So is it not reasonable to suppose that people living in metropolitan areas will be more disturbed than those who live in rural areas? With growing population densities, will not violence within and between countries become that much more prevalent? These are common suspicions. Dr. Ehrlich and his wife, Anne, in their book *Population, Resources, Environment*, write that there are "very high correlations among rates of population growth . . . and involvement in wars."

The trouble is that the analogy between rats and people is at best tenuous—gregariousness of the kind that led to the development of cities thousands of years ago distinguishes the human race from rodents. And the belief that violence and war accompany crowding rests on the most shaky statistical basis. Who, after all, would claim that the Netherlands, the most crowded of all Western European countries, is more given to violence than, say, the United States?

Implicit in these dire warnings of the consequences of population growth is a misleading method of prediction that gives more credit to simple arithmetic than it deserves. If the population of the world is at present doubling every thirty-five years, does it necessarily follow that the population will multiply by a fourfold factor in the next seventy years, so as to reach 14,000 million by the year 2040? In *The Population Bomb* Ehrlich is scornful of those whom he calls "professional optimists . . . who like to greet every sign of dropping birth rate with wild pronouncements about the end of the population explosion." And even in the more soberly written *Population, Resources, Environment*, he chooses to base predictions of the future population of the earth on the most pessimistic calculations appearing in studies funded by the United Nations, which assume that there will be no change in the fertility of women of childbearing age between now and the end of the century. In reality, however, there are already signs that fertility is declining in developing countries in exactly the same way as, but possibly more rapidly than, it declined in Western Europe between fifty and a hundred years ago. One of the strangest features of Ehrlich's description of the population explosion is the bland assumption that the social forces that have brought about stability in the developed countries—the improvement of the quality of education and medical care, for example—are inapplicable elsewhere. Is it any wonder that the predominantly Western preoccupation with the population explosion seems like patronizing neocolonialism to people elsewhere?

> "Alarm does not provide the best atmosphere for finding rational solutions to worrisome problems. Aesop knew what happened to shepherd boys who cried wolf too often."

In much the same way that environmentalists worry about the effects of population growth on our physical and psychological well-being, so, too, they decry its effect on natural resources. In the United States, at least, this is an honorable tradition going back to the end of the nineteenth century, when Gifford Pinchot, head of the U.S. Forest Service, wrung his hands over the prospect that timber in this country would be used up in roughly thirty years, that anthracite coal would last for only fifty years, and that other raw materials such as iron ore and natural gas were being rapidly depleted. Seventy years later the same complaints are heard. The environmentalists have coined the phrase "our plundered planet" to express their anxiety about the probability that petroleum will be much less plentiful a century from now and that the time will soon come when high-grade copper ores are worked out. The fallacy in this reasoning is that society has never been uniquely dependent on the balance of raw materials in common use at a particular time. If copper becomes scarce or merely expensive, more aluminum will have to be used in its place. If natural diamonds are expensive, then we will make them synthetically. In any case, although supplies of such raw materials are known to be limited, the point at which they seem likely to be exhausted tends to recede with the passage of time so as to be always just over the horizon. Indeed, despite what the environmentalists say, the present time appears to be one in which forecasts of scarcity are less valid than ever. Petroleum may be much harder to obtain a century from now, but in the past few years scientists have laid the foundations for wresting energy from hydrogen and minerals such as uranium in large quantities, so that future decades will be much better off than anybody could have expected even a decade ago. And, however strange it may seem, the real economic cost of extracting such metals as lead and copper from the ground is still decreasing as exploration and the techniques of mining and metallurgy become more efficient. In terms of their availability at least, the earth's resources are becoming more and more plentiful.

Ecological catastrophe is also high on the list of public fears for the future. As another leading doomsayer, Dr. Barry Commoner, puts it in *The Closing Circle*, ". . . in our unwitting march toward ecological suicide, we have run out of options." What he and the other environmentalists who echo his opinions wish to imply is that the relation between people and the environment is so delicate, and the dependence of the human race on its surroundings so complete, that many of the effects of our activity on the natural world may destroy the capacity of the earth to support life.

One recipe for ecological disaster, for example, holds that pollution of

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the surface layers of the oceans by insecticides or chemicals may destroy the microscopic plants that turn the energy of sunlight into chemical form, help to support marine life of all kinds, and replenish the oxygen in the atmosphere. Another theorizes that the accumulation of carbon dioxide produced by the burning of fossil fuels may so increase the temperature on the surface of the earth as to transform the present pattern of weather and perhaps even melt the Antarctic ice. Fortunately, these chains of events are by no means inescapable. For one thing, the processes that are supposed to lead to disaster are only imperfectly understood. Moreover, their scale is still puny in relation to the size of the earth's envelope—the ecosphere, as it is called.

Tiny though the earth may appear from the moon, it is in reality an enormous object. The earth's atmosphere alone weighs more than 5,000 million million tons, more than a million tons of air for each human being now alive. The water on the surface of the earth weighs more than 300 times as much—in other words, each living person's share of the water would just about fill a cube half a mile square. So while it is not entirely out of the question that human intervention could at some stage bring about changes in the ecosphere, for the time being the vast scale on which the earth is built should be a great comfort to us all.

But even if the human race is unable to harm the ecosphere significantly, is there not a danger that it may destroy itself more directly? In the past few years the nature of biological research has been repeatedly held up as a potential threat to man's survival. Genetic engineering is a somber phrase, no doubt, conjuring up visions of long rows of test-tube babies bred to governmental specifications. But the concept is less frightening when one recalls that horse breeders and plant growers have been practicing it for centuries. And why should communities that have rejected the eugenic devices already available—forced choice of marriage partners, for example, or selective infanticide—throw their principles to the winds now that molecular biology has come along?

Even the quite real prospect of artificially fertilizing human eggs does not contain the seeds of unwelcome social upheaval that many people suppose. The truth is that the most obvious uses of these new techniques are therapeutic, not subversive. To be sure, biological research has raised novel ethical problems. How, for example, does a doctor decide which of several equally needy patients should have access to an artificial kidney machine or receive a kidney that becomes available for transplant? But the fact that these problems are novel is neither an argument against the new techniques nor a justification for the belief that biological research is full of unmanageable social dangers. What justification can there be for the supposition that the same medical men who have developed antibiotics for the treatment of infectious disease and vaccines for its prevention will seize on the new developments to pursue malevolent objectives?

But what of the possibility that science and technology may undermine the integrity of society in much more subtle ways? This is an old fear, of course, which in its crudest form amounts to unregenerate obscurantism. In the past few years the theme has appeared again in a revised and updated form. In his book *Reason Awake*, Dr. René Dubos writes: "Man has always lived in a precarious state, worried about his place in the order of things. In the past he was threatened chiefly by natural forces that he could not control, and he experienced fear because of ignorance of the cosmos and of his own nature. Now threats and fears derive in large measure from science and its technologies, paradoxically the most characteristic products of human reason." And elsewhere he adds, "Most would agree that science and technology are responsible for some of our worst nightmares and have made our societies so complex as to be almost unmanageable."

The flaw in these protestations is that they label technology, and the science from which it springs, as a subversive force in society. It is true, of course, that technical innovations frequently have unexpected consequences. This has always been the case. Who would have guessed fifty years ago that the motor car would create the suburbs of North America? The fact that ocean beaches are so much more crowded now than half a century ago is also a consequence of the tremendous expansion of the automobile industry. But is it sensible to wish that internal combustion engines had not been invented for the sake of avoiding overcrowding at the beaches? Is it not preferable to enjoy the other benefits of the invention and to regulate the crowding of beaches by other means? And in any case, where such developments are in question, is it not entirely misleading to suggest that the automobile industry has grown to its present size for reasons connected with the character of technology and not because a need for its product became apparent? On issues like this, the doomsday literature is dishonest.

The introduction of the wheel into primitive societies must similarly have been attended by unforeseen developments. Then, as now, the immediate benefits of innovation may be predictable, but the more distant consequences, beneficial or harmful, are harder to foresee. The moral, of course, is that governments have a responsibility to ensure that most of the social consequences of technological progress are positive ones. To pretend with Dr. Dubos that such discrimination is impossible and that all technology is therefore suspect is to suggest that society is powerless to regulate its own affairs. The argument that technology is an all-powerful juggernaut pressing the humanity out of society usually cloaks a pessimistic belief in the impotence of social institutions. The challenge is not to keep science and technology at bay but to control them and, in particular, to make sure that they do not become dehumanizing influences on our lives.

One of the most common misconceptions about technology is that it consists entirely of gigantic, tax-supported programs for sending rockets to the moon. In reality, most technologists work toward much less spectacular objectives—building safer and cheaper bridges, for example, or devising ways of drying coffee without loss of flavor. Those who complain about technology and its effects would be on stronger ground if they concerned themselves with devising ways for society to exploit science and technology. The key question is, *Who* says *which* innovations are worthwhile? Some decisions have to be made by individuals in their role as consumers. Others are left to manufacturers. Still others, which have a political flavor in the most general sense, must be taken by governments acting on behalf of the communities they represent. Governments have all too often been unwilling to shoulder their responsibilities. They have, for example, accepted the introduction of jet planes without taking into proper consideration the extra noise such aircraft cause. They have encouraged industrial development without thinking sufficiently about the unavoidable side effects of industry, pollution being chief among them. They have encouraged urbanization without paying enough attention to city planning.

Were these the complaints of the environmentalists, their cause would be entirely laudable. But by slipping into the pretense that science and technology have between them established such a powerful hold on society's development that the survival of the human race may be undermined, they have side-stepped the real issue, which is to guide, not eliminate, technological progress. There is no reason to think that technology will be less valuable in the future than it has been in the past in liberating men and women from drudgery and so improving the

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quality of their lives. Paradoxically, the environmental message, at least in its crudest form, is self-defeating.

The main reason the message is so often presented so crudely goes back to the origins of the modern environmental movement. The first environmentalists were probably the scientists who, toward the end of World War II, sensed that the development of nuclear weapons posed a grave threat to the human race. In 1945 Dr. J. Robert Oppenheimer, the scientific director of the Los Alamos program that produced the first atomic bomb, made the point with characteristic eloquence: "In some crude sense which no vulgarity, no overstatement can quite extinguish, the physicists have known sin, and this is a knowledge which they cannot lose."

Throughout the Fifties the campaign to ban the testing of nuclear weapons picked up momentum. In the early years of the decade the first test explosions of hydrogen bombs carried the scientists' initial sense of alarm to a far wider spectrum of the population. In 1954, when four Japanese fishermen were killed by radioactive dust from a thermonuclear explosion, the entire world was given a vivid demonstration of the potential destructiveness of nuclear energy. By the late Fifties nuclear weapons tests had become commonplace, and the amount of radioactive fallout was reaching intolerable levels. The discovery of strontium 90 in the skeletons of young children was a powerful assault on the public conscience. With military strategy still dominated by plans for thermonuclear retaliation, it is no wonder that the decade ended with the sense that Doomsday was just around the corner.

At about the same time, ironically, the concern of the early environmentalists with the perils of nuclear explosions to human health began to win wide acceptance, and in 1963 the major powers signed a treaty prohibiting above-ground testing of nuclear weapons. Suddenly, the environmentalists constituted an army that had tasted blood but seemingly had no further battles to fight. The year before, Rachel Carson had published her now-famous study of the misuses of pesticides, *Silent Spring*, thereby launching an entirely new phase of the environmental movement. The problem was that many environmentalists continued to use the same apocalyptic rhetoric they had employed so effectively to express their indignation over the unregulated dissemination of nuclear weaponry —a truly apocalyptic danger—to describe a much more subtle and complex phenomenon.

Many environmentalists talk about the misuses of pesticides in the same apocalyptic terms they once used to describe the horrors of nuclear weapons.

Miss Carson herself was concerned almost entirely with the way in which insecticides were being used in the United States. Many of her complaints were well founded—it is absurd that insecticides should have been employed to clear insects from inland lakes with such abandon as to kill the fish as well as the insects. Another of her many cautionary tales described how the use of an insecticide similar to DDT against the Japanese beetle in the cornfields of the Middle West made life easier for a still more dangerous pest, the corn borer, which normally was preyed upon by the Japanese beetle. In this and other ways she marshaled enough evidence to demonstrate that pesticides should be more carefully regulated. The most seriously misleading part of her narrative involves the relating of horror stories about the misuse of DDT to create the impression that there are no safe uses for pesticides at all.

Rachel Carson thus set the tone of much subsequent environmental literature by employing a technique of calculated overdramatization. The silent spring itself was an apocryphal season in "a town in the heart of America" created by Miss Carson's fertile imagination. Her book begins with what she calls "a fable for tomorrow." Once,

> all life seemed to live in harmony with its surroundings. . . . But then a strange blight crept over the area and everything began to change. Some evil spell had settled on the community: mysterious maladies swept the flocks of chickens; the cattle and sheep sickened and died. Everywhere was a shadow of death. The farmers spoke of much illness among their families. In the town

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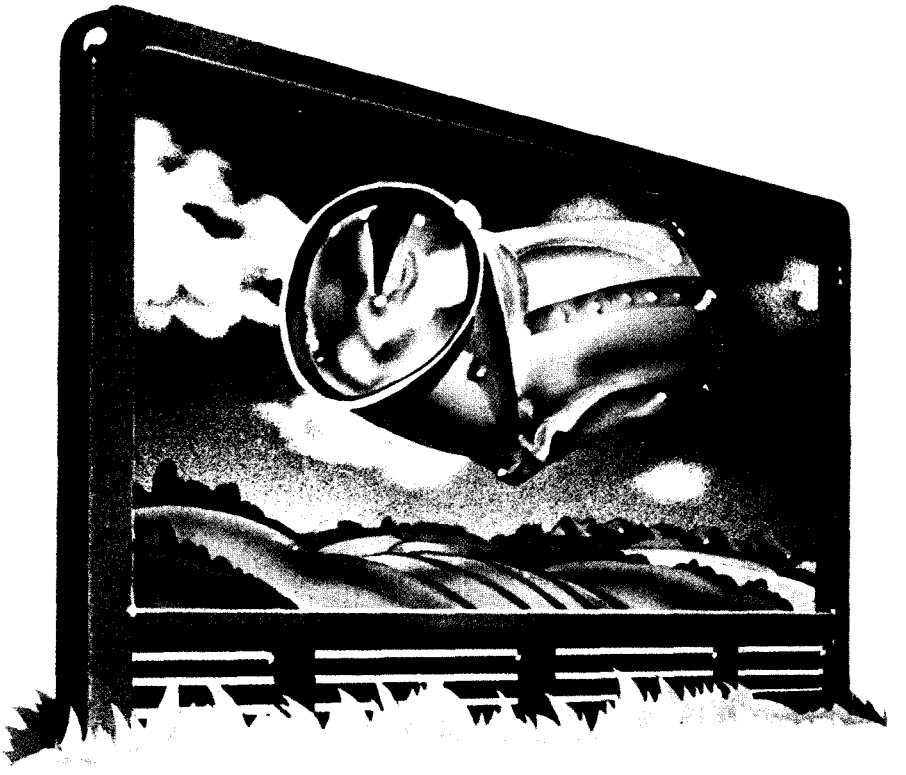
the doctors had become more puzzled by new kinds of sickness appearing among their patients. There had been several sudden and unexplained deaths, not only among adults but even among children, who would be stricken suddenly while at play and die within a few hours.

The calamity, of course, was caused by the use of pesticides. Miss Carson goes on innocently to reveal that "this town does not actually exist, but it might easily have a thousand counterparts in America or elsewhere in the world." By playing this literary trick on her readers, she provided not merely graphic illustration of the fact that excessive amounts of pesticide could kill animals as well as insects but also a sense that excessive use was almost unavoidable.

Paul Ehrlich's *The Population Bomb* is a splendid illustration of how the technique of calculated exaggeration has flourished. After a tautly written account of how "the battle to feed all of humanity" has been lost, sufficiently vivid to have most readers on the edges of their seats, Ehrlich concludes with the smug apology that he, like any scientist, "lives constantly with the possibility that he may be wrong." However, no harm will be done if *his* argument proves false, Ehrlich continues, for "if I am wrong, people will still be better fed, better housed and happier . . . ." The difficulty, of course, is that alarm does not provide the best atmosphere for finding rational solutions to those problems that are truly worrisome. Aesop knew what happened to shepherd boys who cried wolf too often.

Barry Commoner also uses Miss Carson's technique. In his book *Science and Survival*, for example, he writes that "as large a body of water as Lake Erie has already been overwhelmed by pollutants and has in effect died." The truth is now what it was when the book appeared in 1963, namely, that Lake Erie has indeed been seriously afflicted by pollution, for such a shallow body of water could not be expected to remain unchanged under the assault of the vast amount of sewage and industrial effluent that surrounding cities discharge into it. But throughout the 1960s the lake somehow managed to support a thriving fishing industry. In 1970 it yielded 25,000 tons of fish. Nobody can know for certain why the trout have been replaced by other species of fish—is it in fact the sewage or perhaps the influence of the Welland Canal, which, bypassing Niagara, connects Lake Erie to Lake Ontario? By now it seems to have been generally agreed that something must be done to limit the discharge of effluents into Lake Erie, but the proclamation that the lake is already "dead," whatever such a phrase may mean, has probably given Lake Erie more prominence than it deserves. To be fair, in his more recent book, *The Closing Circle*, Commoner does not say the lake is dead but merely that "we have grossly, irreversibly changed the biological character of the lake and have greatly reduced, now and for the foreseeable future, its value to man." But even this more moderate statement of his position is dubious if the assertion of the irreversibility of the damage is taken at face value.



Because the use of aluminum cans indicates a highly developed economy, the extremists have created the false impression that prosperity is the enemy.

Implicit in the pessimistic outlook of many ecologists is a common stand on the nature of living things and their relationship with the environment. In *Science and Survival* Commoner has a chapter entitled "Greater Than the Sum of its Parts," which attempts to demonstrate that the properties of living things cannot be explained solely in terms of the properties of the molecules that make them up.

There is, I believe, a crisis in biology today. The root of the crisis is the conflict between the two approaches to the theory of life. One approach seeks for the unique capabilities of living things in separable chemical reactions; the other holds that this uniqueness is a property of the whole cell and arises out of the complex interactions of the separable events of cellular chemistry. Neither view has, as yet, been supported by decisive experimental proof. The molecular approach has not succeeded in showing by experiment that the subtly integrated complexity and beautiful precision of the cell's chemistry can be created by adding together its separate components. Nor has the opposite approach, as yet, discovered an integrating mechanism in the living cell which achieves the essential coordination of its numerous separate reactions.

In its essence this argument echoes the old nineteenth-century belief in what was then called "life force"—a special quality of living things—whose credibility has steadily diminished ever since the first laboratory synthesis a century and a half ago of substances usually considered by-products of life. The modern equivalent of this neovitalism holds that the "web of life"—as Darwin termed the way in which different species are linked together by their mutual dependence—is so complicated that it cannot be submitted to the methods of mathematical analysis. This is one of Commoner's arguments. In the trivial sense, of course, the point is incontrovertible—who would seriously set out to calculate the weight of a full-grown locust when it would be much simpler, and probably safer as well, simply to put it on a scale? But

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this does not imply that the weight of a locust is in principle incalculable, that there are features of the ecosphere that lie beyond the scope of conventional science. Among the environmentalists there is a temptation to emphasize the unity of the living world in circumstances when it would be more appropriate to consider different parts of it separately. After all, the special character of science is its ability to understand complicated problems by breaking them into their constituent parts.

What happens when scientists attempt to examine the world in its entirety is beautifully illustrated by the controversial Club of Rome study published last spring, entitled *The Limits to Growth*. The study, carried out at MIT under the leadership of Dr. Dennis L. Meadows, is based on a computer simulation of the world and purports to show that many of the more gloomy prophecies of the environmentalists can be upheld by mathematical calculations. The computer is programed with information about the population of the world (for this purpose broken down into three numbers representing the population of children between zero and fifteen, the population of adults of reproductive age, and the population of those whose reproductive life is over), as well as a number indicating the amount of money invested in industrial capital, another indicating the amount of arable land, one that is supposed to stand for the stock of unrenewable resources, and one that is meant to be a measure of pollution. The object of the exercise is to calculate how these and several other interrelated variables will change in the course of time. In my opinion the results fully justify Gunnar Myrdal's description of the study as "pretentious nonsense."

To cite one example, the stock of nonrenewable resources such as minerals will obviously decrease over time at a rate determined in part by the size of the world's population and by the quantity of material consumed each year by a single individual, which is in turn dependent on the amount of industrial output per person and ultimately on the investment in new factories of various kinds. Dr. Meadows and his colleagues calculate that if there is "no major change in the physical, economic, or social relationships that have historically governed the development of the world system," there will come a point in the next century when the diminishing stock of natural resources brings about a decrease of industrial growth, a consequent decrease in the amount of food available per person, and then, in due course, a return to the bad old days of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, when the death rate rose rapidly because of starvation and even an increasing birth rate was unable to prevent a population decline.

The first thing to be said about such a prediction is that even the best possible computer model is no better than the assumptions about the real world with which it is programed. And even very large computer models, such as Dr. Meadows's, are never large enough to take into account all the possible relationships between one thing and another. So it is no wonder that the Club of Rome study has been forced to make drastic simplifications that even the extremists in the environmental movement usually manage to avoid.

The most serious error in the study involves something economists call aggregation—the combining of things that ought not to be considered as one. For example, the authors have been compelled by the limitations of their equipment to represent the totality of pollution on the earth by a single number, based on world industrial production. Having lumped pollution and industrial production together, the authors cannot take into consideration the obvious fact that modern technology can control the first without affecting the second at all.

These simplifications, apparently built into the Club of Rome's computer model, make nonsense of the study. To add another example, *The Limits to Growth* represents the world's stock of nonrenewable resources with a single number. In one particular calculation it was assumed that the amounts of nonrenewable resources in the earth's crust in 1970 were the equivalent of 250 years' supply at the then rate of consumption. On the face of things this was a generous assumption, for the known reserves of a great many common materials such as lead and mercury are unlikely to last nearly so long. But the history of the past few decades has shown clearly enough that relatively scarce materials are constantly being replaced by more common ones —copper, for instance, has been superseded by aluminum in many branches of the electronics industry. Moreover, by representing the present stock of raw materials with a single number, the study has overlooked a cardinal law of economics, which holds that increasing scarcity and, consequently, higher prices would stimulate exploration for new materials and also make it more practical to mine ores of lower quality.

In general, economics is not the strong suit of the environmentalists. And, unfortunately for their case, most of the issues they tend to present as questions of life or death for the human race are essentially questions of economics. Consider urban air pollution. The overriding issue is not whether cleaner air can be provided (we know it can) but how much taxpayers, and in particular the owners of cars and factories, are prepared to pay for that amenity. Exactly the same is true of the noise produced by jets, the overcrowding of beaches, and even the extent to which farmers are allowed to use pesticides. On such issues there is a need for a better understanding of the economics of the communal good.

Because the relationship between communities and their surroundings is often determined by economic considerations, it is not surprising that different communities should have different objectives and that each should strike its own balance between exploitation and conservation. This is another way of saying that only prosperous communities will pay much attention to environmental amenities. One of the more serious dangers of the extremist wing of the environmental movement is that by insisting on the catastrophic implications of present tendencies, it may alienate the countries of the developing world, not yet rich enough to aspire to the kind of pollution-free future on which the more prosperous nations have set their sights. This was plain enough at the United Nations Conference on the Human Environment held in Stockholm last June, where it proved to be extremely difficult to hammer out a common platform, partly because of the inevitable conflict of interest between rich and poor nations.

The extremists have created the false impression that prosperity itself is the enemy. After all, cars are so numerous on the roads of a wealthy nation because its citizens are able to pay for them. And the heaps of aluminum cans that deface a countryside indicate that consumers can afford the added expense of disposable items. But insisting on the relationship between prosperity and pollution obscures the incontrovertible truth that the level of prosperity now common in developed nations has also purchased better health services, educational systems, and a host of other social benefits to which less fortunate nations still aspire. To people in the developing world environmental concerns are simply not of the highest priority.

The political consequences of this tactlessness by people from industrialized societies are serious. The intellectual sins committed by the environmentalists are more serious still. The common justification of their technique of deliberate exaggeration is the claim that it is necessary to stir people up, to get things done. But people are easily anesthetized by overstatement, and there is a danger that the environmental movement will fall flat on its face when it is most needed, simply because it has pitched its tale too strongly. □

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GETTING OUT THE VOTE

You could almost call it a microcosm, what with Nixon headquarters in a Howard Johnson's, the manager of McGovern's office a bearded student half-afraid to visit the Polish-American Club . . . and things like that.

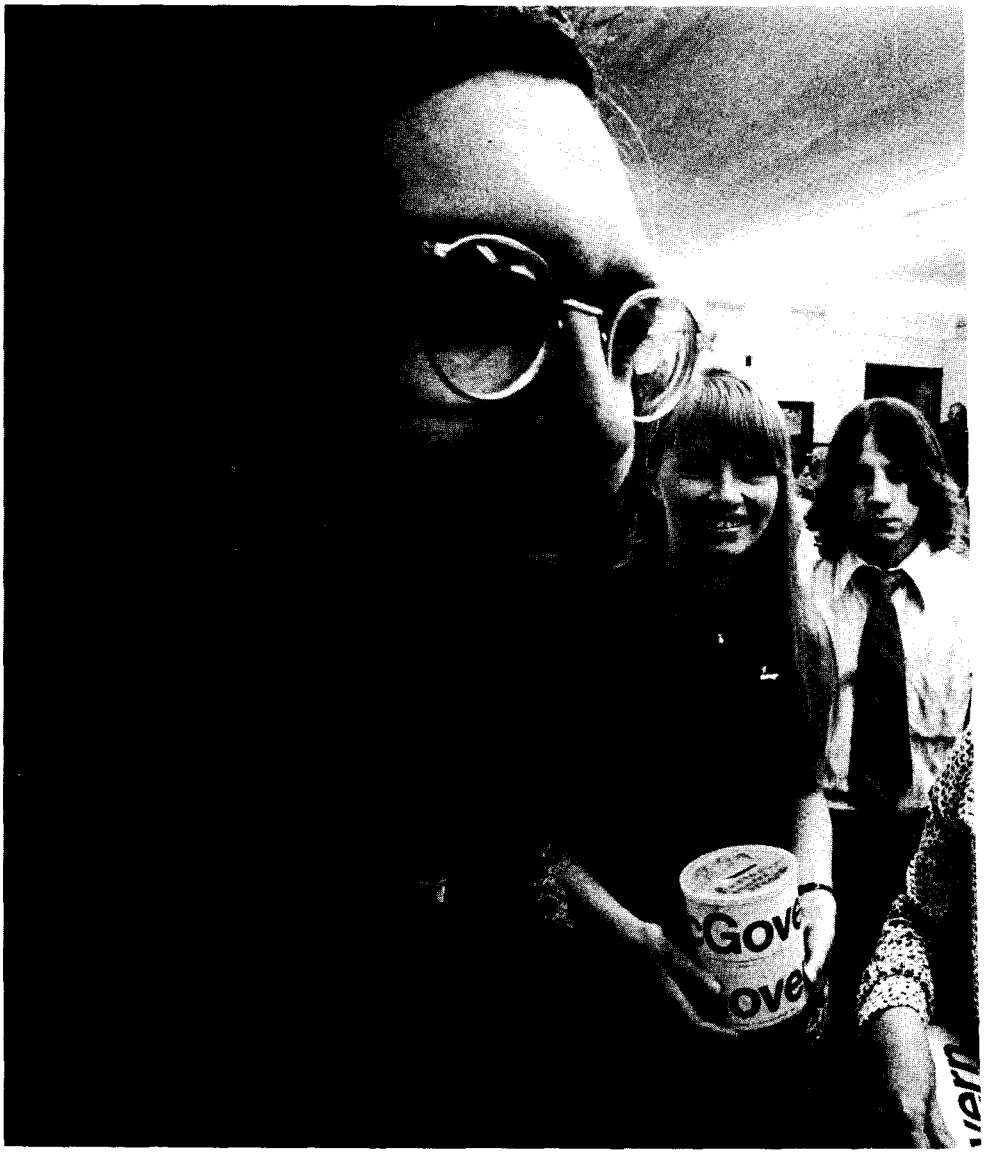
NASHUA, NEW HAMPSHIRE—In the window of the storefront McGovern for President headquarters in downtown Nashua there is a white T-shirt with green lettering that reads "New Hampshire: Where It All Began" and on the other side "McGovern for President." The first legend is true, the second perhaps deceptively hopeful. Though McGovern made his first breakthrough as a serious candidate for the Democratic nomination here last March by winning 37 per cent of the primary vote and cutting neighboring Maine's Ed Muskie to a disappointing 46.4 per cent, McGovern's total vote was a bare 33,000. It took Richard Nixon 154,000 votes over Humphrey's 130,000 to carry the state in 1968. So there are reminders up here in Nashua of the way it all began and portents of how it may end on Election Day.

I have come here a month before the election to take a look at how the presidential campaign is going in one community. I used to live outside Nashua in the rural suburb of Hudson, and I know a few people here and have always liked the quiet, rather old-fashioned pace and atmosphere. Nashua is not perhaps a "typical" American small town, it offers no guarantee of being representative come November 7, but it occurs to me that maybe I can learn more about the forthcoming election here than if I were to follow the candidates and compare and analyze their various statements and programs.

Nashua is not one of your New England post-card towns, but an old mill town whose textile industry and shoe factories drew large migrations of French Canadians in the late nineteenth century, followed by Irish, Greek, Polish, Lithuanian, and other ethnic groups, most of whom have been here now for several generations, though there is still a foreign-born population of 11 per cent. Minority groups coming here for work were not joined by blacks, who number only a little more than 2,000 in the whole state and just .8 per cent of the population of Nashua. When the Nashua *Telegraph* runs an editorial headed "Panthers Prowl Again," it is speaking not of the blacks but of the purple variety, the Nashua High School Purple Panthers football team. Though most workers are employed in some kind of manufacturing, only 50 per cent are unionized (in the state only 20 per cent), and unions are not a powerful factor here, where wages are described as "steady but low" with a weekly average of $91.48 for production workers.

Nashua is hardly in the mainstream of social change, but neither is it a backwater of the past; it boasts a beautiful new $2-million library, a Free School for high school dropouts, a symphony choral society, and a floodlit high school football stadium for the Purple Panthers' night games. It is a place where most people seem to be getting along all right, quietly, and would like to keep it that way.

One of the few optimistic figures the McGovern workers in New Hampshire cite is that in 1968 Nixon won the state by only 24,000 votes, and since then there is a potential of 94,000 new voters. So the McGovern people are pushing hard in registration drives, hoping that in the hunk of new voters, many of whom are young, McGovern can build a majority (a *Boston Globe* poll taken just before I came to New Hampshire showed New England



The day before visiting Nashua to write this article, Dan Wakefield finished his second novel, Starting Over, *which Seymour Lawrence/Delacorte will publish next June.*

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IN NASHUA, N.H.

BY DAN WAKEFIELD

youths eighteen to twenty-five years old favoring McGovern over Nixon 57 to 33 per cent).

But that is getting ahead of the game, for the most immediate problem of the McGovern camp is to win over the regulars in their own party, many of whom are conservative Democrats, for whom Muskie was about as much of a liberal as they could take. The Democrats carried Nashua in 1968, but that was with Humphrey, a candidate acceptable to the regulars.

The doubts and potential defections among regular Democrats that the McGovern workers are facing in Nashua seem very much like the same ones that McGovern troops are encountering throughout the country within their own party.

Donald Fairbrother is co-coordinator of the McGovern campaign in Nashua, and among the volunteers he has the closest ties with the regulars, for he serves on the local Democratic committee and is president of the Young Democrats. While we sit on some folding chairs in the back of the McGovern storefront, he tells me frankly about the problems of wooing regular Democrats now.

"We're stressing that, after all, McGovern *is* a Democrat," he says. "We're making all kinds of approaches to win over our own party, and of course that puts us a little behind."

Nashua's mayor, Dennis Sullivan, is a conservative Democrat, and when Don Fairbrother saw him at the city Democratic picnic this summer after the national convention, he told the mayor he noticed he wasn't wearing a McGovern button.

"The mayor said he'd probably vote for McGovern—but in the meantime we're still trying to get him to wear a button. He has a large following, and one of our hopes is that the regular leaders like him will come out openly for McGovern and influence their own people."

Some of those leaders here will do it out of party loyalty. Miss Celia Winn, who supported Muskie in the primary, managed the campaign in Nashua of

A difference in styles between the two campaigns in Nashua can be seen in the headquarters, below: Nixon backers lodge in a Howard Johnson's; McGovern workers use a storefront. Walter Shyska, Jr., far left, manages the informal McGovern office.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DOUGLAS KIRKLAND

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the victorious conservative Democratic candidate for governor in the statewide primary on September 12, and is known in town as "Miss Democrat," told me on the telephone that she will support McGovern on the grounds that "you don't change your religion because you don't like the pastor."

But Pastor McGovern has a very restless congregation.

Reverend Nixon, to a lesser degree, has some heretics in his flock who don't think he's kept his promise to end the war in spite of his deescalation moves. It was this disillusionment that earned Paul McCloskey 20 per cent of the vote in the Republican primary in New Hampshire last March, and at least a few of the people who voted that way are working for McGovern now.

Julie Guimond, an attractive young Republican housewife, is in charge of the McGovern campaign in Nashua's surrounding small towns and is working for the Democratic candidate because, "after four years of Nixon, we're still bombing."

Julie is in the office to make arrangements for a barbecue to raise money for the campaign and convert some voters in nearby Merrimack. A coworker tells her he has called the grocery store to find out the cost of food for the barbecue, and he wonders whether she wants to get the cheap kind or the better kind, which is 79 cents a pound.

"Get the good kind," she says. "I don't want the hamburgers shrinking on McGovern."

There are enough problems without that.

* * *

Nick Coniaris runs a grocery called the Community Store in Hollis, just outside Nashua, and, although the town is predominantly Republican (Hollis voted for Nixon over Humphrey, 853 to 316, in 1968), Nick has big McGovern posters in his windows, and he wears a blue McGovern button on his sport shirt while he works. "Everyone knows I'm political," he says, and his partisanship doesn't hurt business. In addition to the posters, he has in the window a complicated homemade chart that shows how a broad-based state income tax would help lower-income people and would also result in a reduction of property taxes. But his effort in the recent state primary in support of the tax-reform candidates was in vain.

"The irony is," he tells me, "that the people who support those no-income-tax guys are mostly poor people. They've been brainwashed into being against taxes when they're the ones who'd benefit. It's the same story over and over—the guys making three thousand a year voting for people who won't help them because they think they're radical or are going to tax their money away. McGovern has got to get to those guys, and I don't think he has yet."

Nick is behind the meat counter making up some submarine sandwiches, and I am leaning on the counter taking notes as customers drift in and several of them start kidding him about the tax-reform candidates being beaten in the primary.

A young man who orders a submarine sandwich asks Nick, "How can a businessman like you be for more taxes?"

Nick tries to explain his theory that a broad-based state income tax would mean lower property taxes, but the guy won't buy it. "Look at Massachusetts," he says.

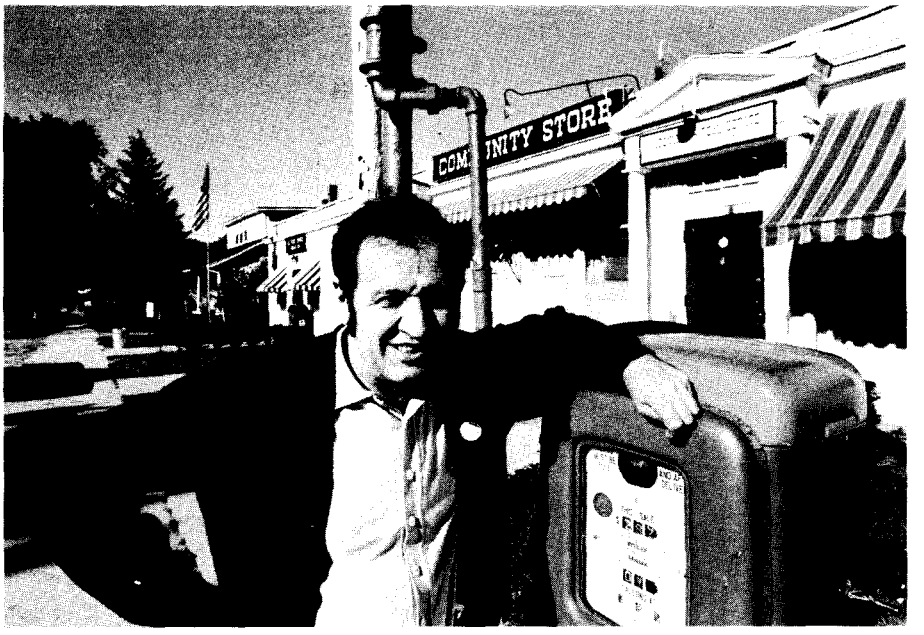
He leaves with a ham sub, and Nick tells me, "I'm thinking of writing a letter to the editor. I'd like to try to explain to people that you can't have a mass of poor people and expect to have law and order. You're affected by poverty even if you don't live in the ghetto. Nixon promised law and order, and in the last two years my brother's been stabbed and had his car stolen and I've been robbed. You can't just have law and order by more police. You've got to improve things for poor people, let them have enough to live on."

It's a good theory, but Nick, like his candidate, is having a hard time selling it to the customers.

* * *

The Nashua Mall Shopping Center is a vast complex of stores and shops just outside of town that is not in any way identifiably New England but rather Contemporary American. It could be anywhere in this country—in Iowa or Southern California, in Georgia or Pennsylvania. It has not yet replaced Main Street, but it's the newer, jazzier, drive-in version of it. The shops and stores here are all under one roof, arrayed along each side and at the end of the long, enclosed mall, with seating areas decorated with tropical-sized plants and bubbling fountains with signs that say "Wishing Well—Coins Will Be Donated to Charity." Quarters and dimes glitter on the bottom in a shopping-center version of Rome's Fontana di Trevi. If you toss in a coin, does it mean you will return to the Nashua Mall? Large lights grow down from the ceiling with colored hoods, like party decorations. Muzak lulls the troubled mind.

"The war is now remote to most people," says a businessman in Nashua. "But everyone is caught up in inflation and taxes."



Nick Coniaris, above, sells both sandwiches and McGovern in his store. "Everyone knows I'm political," he says. Campaign litter-ature, right, has become a bit political, too.

But the Muzak goes off for a while Thursday morning when local radio station WSMN holds its weekly breakfast club meeting here, catered by the Friendly Ice Cream and Sandwich Shop. There are long tables lined up outside of Friendly's, on the mall, and waitresses hurry about. A pretty young girl with long hair and wearing a pants suit is the emcee, and she is trying to get the Breakfast Clubbers to sing along. There is a combo consisting of an electric guitar, drums, and an organ. Most of the Breakfast Clubbers are women, most of whom are senior

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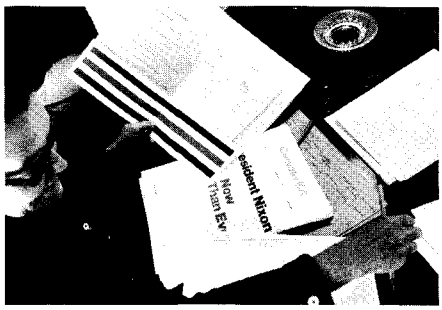
citizens wearing name badges. The young girl is getting them to sing "Take Me Out to the Ball Game" and "Bicycle Built for Two." I feel I may have walked into a Vonnegut-like time warp in which different epochs have been mixed; the old folks croon, "Daisy, Daisy, give me your answer do," and then a young woman asks them to join an ecology drive that is recruiting citizens to pick up paper in the streets. Next week there will be a pie-baking contest.

After the Breakfast Club breaks up, I go to see Jason Elias, the manager of the mall, who has graciously consented to take me around and introduce me to some of the store owners



and managers to get their views on the presidential campaign and to tell his own.

"I can't think of one store manager on the mall who is going to vote for McGovern," he says. "Nixon is still not a lovable man, but he's the lesser of two evils."

As for significant issues, Mr. Elias says, "The war is now remote to most people. But everyone is caught up in inflation and taxes." Mr. Elias's feeling about taxes is echoed by a young man named John Carter, who works in the mall's barber shop.

"People don't want more taxes," he says. "That's the main thing."

I ask him which candidate he thinks will do the better job for the nation's economy.

"Well," Mr. Carter says, "all my bringing-up has taught me that Republicans are for the rich and Democrats for the working man and the low-income people. I was raised that way, and I can't get it out of my mind. But I tell you, this time, frankly, I'm afraid to vote for either one. The word 'Democrat' makes me *want* to vote for McGovern, but I don't know, I feel like he's promising too much. . . ."

After talking with John the barber, I find Jason Elias over in a booth at Friendly's having coffee with several mall businessmen. One is Philip Gordon, an articulate graduate of Dartmouth and a World War II veteran who owns Alexander's Market grocery store on the mall. Mr. Gordon says he thinks economics is the big thing on everyone's mind now.

"I'm a regular Democrat, but I won't vote for McGovern," he tells me. "I feel his campaign has been captured by young people who have high ideals that can't be translated into action. And I think McGovern's 'soak the rich' talk is demagoguery. I voted for FDR, Truman, Stevenson, Kennedy, and Humphrey. McGovern is the first Democratic presidential candidate I won't vote for."

We finish our coffee, and Jason Elias takes me over to meet Mike Littlejohn, a young man who manages the Morse shoe store on the mall. Mr. Littlejohn will not be twenty-one until November; he dresses mod and has longish hair, but he is not one of McGovern's youthful supporters.

Mr. Littlejohn thinks Nixon has done a good job and that "it took a lot of guts for him to go to China." He is bothered by McGovern's campaign because "it seems like a rebellion against our President. I think that's a mistake. I think that will only hurt Senator McGovern."

Before I leave the mall, Elias introduces me to a maintenance worker, a man I'll call "Mac" because he said if he was going to talk politics he didn't want his name used. I ask Mac what is the most important issue of the campaign as far as he is concerned.

"Those pamphlets," he says. "I'm against those pamphlets."

"Whose pamphlets?" I ask.

"All of 'em. They all come campaigning here, and they throw around all these pamphlets. They're all the same. Pamphlets and leaflets and bumper stickers. People throw 'em away, and I have to clean 'em up."

The main issue for Mac on the Nashua Mall is bipartisan.

Litter.

* * *

Walter Shyska, Jr., is the office manager of the McGovern for President storefront and a political science major at the University of New Hampshire in Durham. The storefront headquarters is informal, true to its homemade sign on the door, which says "Visitors Welcome—Come In and Browse Around." It is conducive to sitting around and talking over a cup of coffee, and one day I am doing that when Walter mentions that his grandfather is the janitor of the John Sobieski 3rd Polish-American Citizens Club, and I ask if he could take me there sometime to talk to the members about their views on the election. Walter explains that he doesn't go there often anymore because his bushy black beard is frowned on by many of the members, but he reluctantly agrees to take me over that evening and introduce me to members of the club.

Within a few minutes of my entering the Polish-American club I understand Walter's reluctance. He introduces me to Tony, a past president, who is a foreman at a local furniture manufacturing company. Tony is at a table with two other men who are, like him, impressively big and brawny, with streaks of silver in their hair, dressed in slacks and open-necked sport shirts. Tony stands up and shakes hands with me and asks somewhat suspiciously what it is I want. I say I am writing an article about the presidential campaign and would just like to talk to some of the people about what they think of the candidates and what issues are important to them.

There is a large television set going in one corner of the big, bare room, and Tony stalks over to switch it off so the people will be able to hear me speak. He thinks I want to make a speech, and I hastily explain that's not it, I just want to talk *with* the people, not *to* them. There are just about thirty people in the room, only two of them women, and most are seated at tables along the walls, in groups of twos and threes, and at the long bar at the front of the room. The only decoration is two large blue-and-white signs that say "Crowley," the conservative Democratic candidate for governor who just defeated his liberal opponent in the primary.

Tony leads me to the nearest table, at which a man named Joe in an old khaki jacket is seated by himself. Tony introduces us and says I want to find out something about the election or something, and I try to explain. I ask Joe how he feels about Nixon and McGovern. He has been staring at me, confused, but when I say the name McGovern he stands up and starts talking. He is red in the face and gets redder. He says with growing vehemence he doesn't want McGovern to take his money away, that McGovern says he's going to give everybody a thousand dollars, and that that means he'll have to take money from *him*, Joe, and give it away to those people on welfare who don't want to work. He works hard, and he doesn't want McGovern taking his money away like that.

Walter, who is trailing along behind us, taps me on the shoulder and introduces me to a gray-haired man named John in a button-up green sweater.

John's is the first friendly face I have seen so far in the club. His turns out to be the last one, too.

John says he doesn't like McGovern,

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but he's a Democrat, he's been a Democrat all his life, and the Democrats always do the best they can for the working man. He remembers the Depression and how the Democrats saved the working people, and so he'll vote for the Democratic candidate this year even though it's George McGovern.

John is the only person I meet in the club who is willing to vote for the Democratic candidate out of party loyalty in spite of the fact that it is George McGovern. The two women shake their heads when McGovern is mentioned. Other men tell me that, in spite of voting Democratic all their lives, they *won't* vote for McGovern; they fear he is going to take away their hard-earned money and spread it among the unemployed poor. One man assures me George McGovern can't give people more than $5,000 because the U.S. Constitution forbids the government to give anyone more than $5,000.

We are moving down the length of one wall, and at each table Tony introduces me to one or more men, and I go through my whole spiel all over again, and all over again I get angry comments about McGovern. We have gone to about five tables, and I feel I am running a gantlet. I would like to get out, but I don't want to offend Tony, who is doing what he thinks I want, though I'd just like to sit down and have a beer at one table. I try to angle toward the door, but Tony tows me to a young man named Eddie, who seems to have had a fair amount to drink. I try to explain my mission, but Eddie doesn't understand; I ask if he'll just tell me what he considers the single most important issue in the presidential election this year. Eddie looks up now, eyes narrowing.

"Munich!" he says.

"Munich?"

"Didn't you see the Olympics?" he asks. "Arabs killin' Jews. Then Jews goin' out and killin' Arabs. Everyone's killin' everyone else, all over the world. *That's* the issue. The whole thing's fallin' apart. Just killin'."

Eddie points at me and says, "Now I don't want to fight with *you*."

I assure Eddie I don't want to fight with him, either; I thank him profusely for his views and edge away. I try again for the door, but Tony takes me and Walter over to the table at the head of the room where he had been sitting when we came in, and he pulls out chairs and introduces me to the two other men, who, he says, are brothers. But it is Tony who talks now. He talks with an almost teeth-gritting anger.

"I'll tell you what's wrong with this country today," he says. "The lousy kids. No, those long-haired kids aren't lousy, they're *rotten*. You know what a kid like that would do?"

I say I don't know.

"A kid like that, the rotten kind of kid we have today—if his mother and his girl friend was drowning, *he would save his girl friend first!*"

The other men nod in disgusted agreement. One of them explains he's tired of antiwar talk. "We've got to have wars," he says. "You always have to have a war; otherwise there aren't enough jobs." Tony agrees and explains we have to fight over there because, if this country were attacked, it would collapse because of the rotten kids—they're no good and they'd just collapse.

I finally thank them and push back my chair, and Walter and I get out. Walter says Tony talks exactly as his father does. He says, if I'd have wanted to stay, he could have introduced me to this guy named Cosmo, who's much more violent in his views than the people I heard. I say that I get the idea. I think I have a feel of it.

* * *

Matt Cegelis was "turned on by McGovern" when he heard him speak in Nashua in December 1971 and volunteered to work for the candidate in the primaries. At the time Matt was a senior at Nashua High School, and he was put in charge of recruiting students for the cause. Yes, there was also a Students for Nixon committee at Nashua High, led, Matt says without surprise, "by the cocaptains of the football team." Matt is a short guy with shoulder-length black hair, a chess player rather than a football player. His work in the primaries was so highly valued by the McGovern staff that they gave him responsibilities beyond student organizing, and now he is in charge of canvassing for voter registration.

Canvassing is scheduled for Thursday night, and, when the eight volunteers gather at McGovern headquarters at around 6:30 p.m., it is a cold and rainy evening that doesn't show any promise of improving. Matt explains to them that the bad, rainy weather can be a help to their cause as well as a hindrance. "In the primaries we found that, when we went out in big snowstorms, people were favorably impressed with our dedication. If you don't mind getting wet, I'd appreciate your going out tonight."

Next Pauline Anderson, community service director of the town's new library and co-coordinator of the McGovern campaign in Nashua, explains that it is important to say you're canvassing for the Democratic party, not for McGovern alone; this is one of the efforts for unity with the other Democratic candidates and their followers.

I have asked to go out canvassing with one of the volunteers, and Matt assigns me to Mary Jo Cannarella, a pleasant-looking housewife wearing slacks and a print blouse and glasses. When I get in her car, she brushes some things off the seat and apologizes for "all the McDonald's stuff" left by her children.

Mary Jo studies the map that Matt has provided her with, showing the streets that she is to canvass marked in green. She explains she isn't too familiar with Nashua, having just moved here within the past year, after her husband was transferred from Connecticut. He is the district manager of a pharmaceutical company and a Democrat, but "he can't see McGovern."

As we drive, Mary Jo tells me that she got interested in McGovern around 1969 because of his stand against the Vietnam War, and his opposition to the war is what prompted her to work for McGovern in the primaries. She canvassed and opened her house to young volunteer workers who had come up

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from New York and Boston to work in the campaign.

We turn down a wrong street, perhaps because Mary Jo is talking so fast and so intently about her feelings on Vietnam, another issue on which she disagrees with her husband. He is a major in the air force reserve and believes that the war is an invasion of South Vietnam by North Vietnam and that the issue is a struggle between communism and the Free World.

A problem in getting out the vote: "My daughter's only 21; she's not interested in politics; she's too young to think about that."

Joel Saren, in his print shop, above, hopes that Nixon can meet McGovern "on his own battlefield, with grassroots workers." At left, McGovern workers in a night session.

"I've read everything I can find about Vietnam," Mary Jo says, "and I know it's so much more complicated than that. The whole thing goes back to the 1940s and the Vietnamese struggle to oust the Japanese. Then there was the struggle against the French, in which people like Colonel Ky fought with the French, and he's a North Vietnamese anyway, and yet he's been a leader of the South Vietnam government, as are many others. It's basically a civil war. Also, most people don't understand that the struggle there is a religious one as well as political, with the Catholics versus the Buddhists. And they don't understand that the Vietcong are South Vietnamese even though they may be Communists; they're not invaders because they're South Vietnamese fighting in the south, in their own country, and they were fighting there long before the regular North Vietnamese troops came into the war.

"People talk about how we have to stay there to avoid a 'blood bath' by the Communists in the south, but the 'blood bath' is going on right now. Sometimes I think I can't stand it anymore."

We find the street Mary Jo is to canvass and slowly move along looking for the addresses on her list. It is now getting dark and hard to see the house numbers. When we pull up at the first street address on her list, Mary Jo notices that a red warning light has appeared on her dashboard. She hopes nothing is wrong, but, when she goes up to the door, I notice through the windshield that smoke is pouring out of the engine, and I get out and look. The car is boiling over. We go to a gas station.

The gas station attendant fills the car radiator with water, and we go back to find another address on the list. This time I listen as a man comes to the door and says the person Mary Jo is asking for is his daughter and she isn't home. Mary Jo asks if she can leave some information for her about registering to vote, and the man says, "My daughter's only twenty-one; she's not interested in politics; she's too young to think about that." Mary Jo manages to leave the stuff anyway and writes down on her canvasser's card made out for the daughter, "She should be seen in person!"

It is almost totally dark now, and it is hard to see the house numbers, and Mary Jo is worried about driving the car anymore and wonders whether she should call her husband to ask if it's all right or whether she should just go back to headquarters and ask if she can canvass the rest of the list in the daytime. I say I think that would be a good idea, and she invites me to come have dinner at home with her family if I'm free the next night, and I thank her and wish her well.

* * *

Joel Saren is the New Hampshire state chairman of Community Leaders for the President. I go to see him at his small, crowded, and bustling office at the Atomic Printing Company on Hollis Street. Mr. Saren, in shirtsleeves, shows me to a seat in front of his desk. There is a picture on the wall, showing him shaking hands with Richard Nixon.

"Last night I met with Ed Nixon in Concord," he tells me.

The President's brother was in the state capital as part of the Republican plan of dispatching Nixon relatives throughout the countryside to stir the voters.

Mr. Saren explains that his own committee of Community Leaders for the President is but one of many citizen committees. There are also committees of accountants for the President, lawyers for the President, even hairdressers for the President. Last year Mr. Saren was state president of the Jaycees, so he is well qualified to organize the community leaders. He will soon choose five statewide vice chairmen, and they in turn will name five assistants, and so on, until the committee grows to 625 workers for Nixon.

"We're going to meet McGovern on his own battlefield, with grassroots workers. We're going to beat him on his own ground—organization."

I ask Mr. Saren what he feels to be the most important issue of the campaign, the one he and his workers will be stressing.

"You mean the image?" he asks. "We've had a couple of things thrown at us."

He goes to his file and begins pulling out material from national campaign headquarters.

He reads from one letter, aloud: " 'You are the key to thousands of volunteers who must get out the vote. . . .' "

That doesn't seem to be it.

"Ah!" he says. "Here. 'America needs President Nixon. . . .' And here's another one. 'Nixon now more than ever.' "

I write these down.

"Last night Ed Nixon told us to adopt an attitude of 'cautious optimism.' We're trying to kill complacency."

I ask whether he is recruiting any dissident Democrats to his cause.

"Well, so far there haven't been any Democrats at the type of meetings I've been attending, because you have to have political clearance. But I am now beginning to negotiate with some Democrats for the committee."

He gives me the name of the person in charge of the President's reelection campaign headquarters here, helpfully calls headquarters to tell them I'm

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coming, and gives me directions.

The Nixon headquarters is located in the Howard Johnson Motor Inn and is a perfect contrast with the McGovern storefront. A huge sign across the glass window of the Howard Johnson enclosed swimming pool says:

Pres. Nixon
H D Q T R S

There is no one in the swimming pool. A sign in the hall says, "Nixon HQ, Room 292. Open 9-4."

No all-night vigils necessary. A respectable office operation. Nine to four. The hall smells heavily of chlorine. On the second floor I find the office, a fairly small room, carpeted, with a long table, a desk, and a chair. I ask for Mrs. Bertha Kieley, the chairman of the headquarters. Mr. Saren gave me her name. She is talking on the telephone. A neat, handsome woman, wearing a blue dress with white trim and red shoes. All-American. Mrs. Kieley turns to two other women, fiftyish and largish, who are sorting things on the table; she asks if they would mind going out in the hall and putting up some of the red, white, and blue plastic banners and bunting that have just arrived. They obey.

Mrs. Kieley now turns her attention to me, explains she is a widow who "volunteers wherever they need me." I ask why she has volunteered for this particular job of helping President Nixon win reelection. She speaks in a calm, precise, sure, even tone.

"The reason I'm doing it," Mrs. Kieley says, "is that I've had a wonderful life in this country. I've traveled abroad, and I'm always happy to return home. I've always worked to keep this country the free country that it is. President Nixon is trying to help people all over the world so that we all remember why God put us here and do what He would want us to do."

I ask her views on Vietnam and whether it will be important in the campaign.

"I personally think the war is not an issue."

I ask what her headquarters here plans to do, what type of work the volunteers will be undertaking for the campaign. Mrs. Kieley smiles, benignly.

"We are going to do," she says, "whatever they ask us to."

Mrs. Bertha Kieley, chairman of the Nixon headquarters in Nashua, volunteered for the task because "I've always worked to keep this country the free country that it is."

Whenever I am back in my motel room, I usually turn the television on. It is restful after talking politics with people hour after hour, and I rationalize that it is also relevant because what is shown there is just as much a part, maybe more, of what influences people in Nashua, New Hampshire.

One morning I see Larry O'Brien on the *Today* show, talking about the Watergate scandal, which I've heard mentioned very few times in all my interviews, never with outrage, and once by a Democrat who said, "Look, maybe we'd have done the same thing. I know this sounds cynical, but it's just politics."

On the same program panelist Joe Garagiola interviews Miss America, and she tells how embarrassed she was to have to participate in the swimsuit part of the pageant. She says she'd never have done it if she'd had to wear a two-piece, but even the one-piece is bad enough in front of all those people. She explains, though, that the reason for the swimsuit contest is that it provides a test that puts the girls in an uncomfortable situation so the judges can see how they react under adversity. Miss America is telling us that the swimsuit part of the pageant is not a cheesecake show but a test of character!

I laugh aloud, alone in my room. Is it any wonder the American public is jaded and numbed and unsurprised by politicians twisting the truth? Lies are expected, a commonplace part of our national dialogue.

Joe Garagiola doesn't even blink.

Later that afternoon I return to the room and tune in a soap opera in which one of the characters has just resigned from running for governor of his state because he is a pawn of "The Syndicate" and he can't in good conscience continue following its orders and be its secret puppet candidate. His girl friend is scornful, says she knew about his mob connection all along, and thinks he is crazy to give up his chance to be governor. "You mean after twenty years you're going moral on me?" she asks with contempt.

Corruption is not an issue anymore.

Folk wisdom tells us that the only two sure things in life are death and taxes, and at this point those are the only two real issues in the campaign—the war and the economy.

Death in our marathon war in Southeast Asia is still an issue, but the President has depersonalized it, reduced its threat to "our boys," and made the war seem to disappear magically from the daily lives of most of our citizens, while continuing the heaviest bombardment in the history of the world.

Back in Boston I read an Associated Press report in the *Globe* about McGovern's giving a speech against the bombing, in which "he displayed two types of bombs he said are being used in Southeast Asia." The report fails to mention that the reason he is holding up those particular bombs is that they are bombs of a special type, a type not designed to blow up bridges or factories or armor, but to hurl hundreds of pieces of deadly shrapnel throughout the area in which they explode. Their only purpose is to kill people. The fragments of the more advanced type of bomb are made of a clear, transparent material that cannot be detected by X rays and thus are more difficult to remove from the bodies of victims. The point of that particular speech by McGovern, which I first heard last December in Los Angeles, is that we are using Southeast Asia as a laboratory for our advanced technology of war and that the people there are the guinea pigs. But that didn't get across in the report of the speech I read. It isn't getting across to most people. The death issue has become almost invisible, like the bomb fragments that can't be seen by X rays.

That leaves taxes. □

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Do Our Tax Laws Need a Shake-up?

A Symposium by Ralph Nader and Tom Stanton, Herbert Stein, Al Capp, Michael Harrington, Ayn Rand, Stanley Surrey, and Robert Nisbet

When the first full-fledged income tax proposal was introduced on the floor of the U.S. Senate in 1894, a fiery opponent of the bill scorned it as "an attempt to array the rich against the poor, the poor against the rich . . . socialism, communism, *devilism*."

From that day to this, the tax policy of the federal government has been an issue quick to raise debate—and passions—for few public issues touch citizens more directly and personally. It is therefore not surprising that Sen. George McGovern's recent proposals for tax reform have become one of the major issues of the current presidential campaign. Indeed, it appears that Senator McGovern has stirred a national debate on taxation unequaled since the days of William Jennings Bryan.

Profound questions have been raised by the senator's assertion that "money made by money should be taxed at the same rate as money made by men" and by his proposals to tighten the tax on inheritances, revise some special write-off privileges for business, and eliminate "tax shelters" for the wealthy. One question raised is whether or not our tax laws should be as complex as they are. Does the complexity of the Internal Revenue Code favor the rich, or is it unavoidable in an economy as intricately interwoven as ours? Another question is that of efficacy. We now use the federal system of taxation, not merely to collect revenues, but also to stimulate activity that is believed to be socially or economically desirable. But how well does the tax system—as opposed to direct governmental assistance—serve this purpose? Social justice, too, is at issue. What precisely is this society's conception of social and economic equality, and how, if at all, should taxation be used to achieve a more even distribution of wealth?

Seeking answers to such questions, the editors have asked a group of eight distinguished economic and social thinkers: Do our present tax laws need to be reformed?

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Our tax laws favor the rich, and complexity makes it worse.

By Ralph Nader and Tom Stanton

The time has come to simplify our tax laws. American taxpayers hand over almost $200 billion in federal taxes each year through a system of tax laws that most laymen cannot understand. A recent study funded by the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare discovered that it takes a college education just to figure out how to complete a tax return! In dismay more than forty million taxpayers annually turn for help to commercial tax–return specialists and pay them fees totaling $600 million—frequently for less than reliable services. A Harris Poll last year found 69 per cent of those interviewed sympathized with the idea of a taxpayer revolt. Frustration with the complicated system, as well as anger over unfair taxes, most likely contributed to this attitude.

Our tax laws favor the wealthy, and complexity makes the problem worse. Many a small taxpayer must give in to claims against him made by the Internal Revenue Service because he simply cannot afford a legal fight. Corporations and wealthy individuals do much better. They can use the complexities of the system to delay and harass the IRS. The IRS admits it is years behind in auditing large corporations. IRS Commissioner Johnnie M. Walters blames the "delaying tactics" of corporations and their "dabbling in tax avoidance and evasion schemes."

Public-interest advocate Ralph Nader is founder of the Tax Reform Research Group; Tom Stanton is its director.

Henry Bloch, president of the nation's largest tax return preparation service, the H&R Block Company, argues, "Taxes, in order to be equitable, must be complex," and many find this plausible. But let's take a closer look. Ironically, as Treasury Undersecretary Edwin Cohen, chief tax-policy official of the Nixon administration, has pointed out, it is the *unequal* treatment of capital gains that is "undoubtedly the single most important source of complexity in the law." Complexity results from the difficulty of determining what sorts of income can qualify as capital gains.

And do capital gains, for all that complexity, make the tax laws more fair? Only if you think that income from investments and speculation should be taxed at a lower rate than should the salaries and wages people earn from working. The $7-billion capital gains loophole benefits few indeed. In 1971, 85 per cent of those capital gains benefits went to the wealthiest 5 per cent of taxpayers.

Another argument given on behalf of complexity in the tax code is that special provisions are needed to serve social purposes. But it turns out that most special provisions greatly favor wealthy over middle- and low-income taxpayers. Take the fact that the holders of state and municipal bonds are exempt from paying taxes on the interest they receive from those bonds. Taxpayers whose adjusted gross incomes (AGI) are $100,000 or more get, on the average, $4,600 from this preference. By contrast, middle-income taxpayers in the $7,000–$10,000 AGI class receive an average of 39 cents! Although the deduction of homeowners' property taxes is called a "middle-class" tax preference, the label has more political appeal than truth. The taxpayer with an AGI of $100,000 or more gets an average benefit of better than $1,700 from this deduction, while his median-income counterpart gets an average of less than $21. A recent analysis of Treasury statistics by the Tax Reform Research Group shows a similar bias toward the wealthy in other subsidies —in depletion allowance for minerals, in provisions for excessively fast depreciation for machinery, and in deductions for home-mortgage interest and charitable contributions.

Tax-law complexity has a dangerous effect: It shields important policy decisions from public discussion and debate. Witness the recent Revenue Act of 1971. That tax-relief measure cut corporate taxes by more than $7.5 billion annually. Yet floor debate in the House of Representatives lasted a total of one hour and thirty-nine minutes, which suggests how little most congressmen contribute to tax decisions. The bill was passed by voice vote without a quorum or roll call. Only about thirty representatives out of 435 were even present on the floor for the vote.

Since the enactment of new provisions is so hidden from public view, powerful private interests can exert immense influence on tax laws. Louis B. Mayer of MGM is reported to have hired an influential lobbyist to shepherd into the tax code what is now Section 1240—a personal loophole. Section 1240 allows capital-gains treatment for income from a special executive contract. The contract is described in such thorough detail that in the end the tax privilege covers only Mayer's contract with MGM, saving Mayer—and him alone—$2 million. This is only the most celebrated of many such personal provisions now hidden in the code.

What would happen to the tax system if we simply got rid of the capital-gains preference and all the other special-interest subsidies that make it so complex? Even if some necessary complexities were to remain, major benefits such as these would result:

- Overall tax rates would go down as we would no longer need high rates to compensate for the billions in revenue now lost through tax privileges.
- Most taxpayers could use simple tax tables to compute their taxes and would no longer have to pay expensive tax preparers.
- The tax laws would be much cheaper and easier to enforce, and Treasury and IRS practices would be open to informed public scrutiny. (Few realize how hard it has been to administer federal tax laws complicated by special-interest subsidies. Last year the IRS bureaucracy spent well over $1 billion—about twice as much as did the Department of State. Our Internal Revenue Code fills almost 2,000 pages; Treasury regulations fill another 4,500, and hundreds of thousands of IRS man-hours are consumed in determining for a few taxpayers—usually for those able to afford an expensive tax lawyer—how various business dealings will affect their tax status. Last year alone the IRS issued more than 32,000 private rulings.)
- Government support of special interests could be debated on the merits, once tax preferences were removed from the obscuring darkness of the tax code. (At present tax subsidies, once written into the law, continue year after year with no public accounting on whether they in fact help the economy the way backers originally claimed they would. If Congress had to vote annually on direct appropriations for special interests, such as oil depletion, it could be expected to take a much harder look at the continuing need for such

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support. The real issues involved would stand out much more clearly.)

- Finally, taxpayers would be able to understand the tax system that takes so much away from them. They could articulate to those who represent them in Congress what they think, and their representatives, in turn, could debate tax matters intelligently. Once taxpayers could see how much various income groups really pay, they could judge more accurately whom our representatives are really representing.

In a simplified tax system the power of an informed citizenry will finally be brought to bear on these multibillion-dollar decisions. □

Money made by money is already taxed more than money made by men.

By Herbert Stein

The difference between taxes as they would be in a second term of President Nixon and taxes as they would be under a President McGovern is clear. Taxes would be higher under McGovern not only for the rich or for capitalists. They would be higher for a large proportion of all Americans.

The reason is surely not that Senator McGovern likes high taxes. Politicians dislike taxes as much as taxpayers do. The reason is that under present and foreseeable circumstances, with existing laws and expenditure programs already straining government revenues, avoiding higher taxes requires a determined fight to curb the rise of spending. President Nixon is making that fight. The President's basic view of this society assures that he will continue to do so. Senator McGovern is not making that fight. On the contrary, he is promising vast increases of expenditure beyond the plans of the present administration.

Estimates of the additional government expenditures implied in the Democratic platform and in Senator McGovern's speeches range from $85 billion to $150 billion-plus. The lower estimate was made in a study for the American Enterprise Institute, "Nixon, McGovern and the Federal Budget," published in late September. The authors of this study charitably assumed that McGovern and the Democrats do not mean everything they have said. The $150 billion figure is based on Republican estimates that assume, perhaps unkindly, that the opposition means everything it has said. The "plus" beyond $150 billion includes an estimate of what a substitute for Senator McGovern's original $1,000 per capita grant plan to assist low-income families might cost. The senator has set up a committee of economists to find a substitute, and one cannot assume that the substitute would be costless.

At first blush these figures—$85 billion to more than $150 billion—seem incredible. They become more understandable, however, when the smaller total is seen to include, according to estimates in the American Enterprise Institute's study, about $60 billion for health insurance, $15 billion for grants to states for education, and almost $10 billion for expanded welfare benefits. The higher figure takes literally McGovern's proposal for "full funding" of all authorized nondefense programs. New expenditure items are, of course, being added almost daily in the course of the campaign.

To offset this $85- to $150 billion-plus of additional expenditure, Senator McGovern has so far proposed a $22-billion tax increase. (It seems likely that McGovern's proposed $30-billion cut in defense spending will be found to be too dangerous and will therefore not be made.) The most obvious fact about the $22 billion is that it is much less than $85 billion, to say nothing of $150 billion.

At this point the McGovern program is at least $63 billion short. And there is no way to raise another $63- to $128-billion-plus exclusively, or even largely, from rich people or capitalists. It is not there. If it is to be raised at all, it will have to be collected from the average American worker.

In the United States taxes collected by all governments—federal, state, and local—equal about one-third of the total value of income. There are countries in which the proportion is higher—some in which it is around 50 per cent. It is not fantastic to think that the proportion might rise substantially in this country. There are people who think it should, and Senator McGovern's spending proposals put him among them. But President Nixon sees the matter differently. He believes that one-third of the national income is plenty, that more is governmental squalor, and that we should resist a further increase. Whether or not we in fact will is the overwhelming tax issue of this election.

Let me turn now to look more closely at the nature of Senator McGovern's proposed $22-billion tax increase. All of the increase would come, in the first instance, from higher taxation on gains of capital or earnings of capital. This is justified, in Senator McGovern's words, by the proposition that money made by money should be taxed as heavily as money made by work. However, the fact is that money made by money—more precisely, the income from capital—is probably already taxed more heavily than income resulting from work. Income from capital is taxed not only through individual income taxes—federal, state, and others—but also through capital-gains taxes, corporate-profits taxes, property taxes, and inheritance taxes. When these are added together, the tax burden on capital is probably much higher than the tax burden on labor.

The only reason for qualifying this statement with the word "probably" is that there are people who believe that some of these taxes on capital are passed on and ultimately paid by others in the form of higher prices or possibly lower wages. I do not agree with this view, but one cannot be entirely certain it is wrong. If, however, it should be true that taxes on capital are indeed passed on, there would be a paradoxical effect. The $22 billion of additional taxes on capital proposed by Senator McGovern would be passed on. And thus Senator McGovern's claim that his $22-billion tax increase would not take another dime from working people whose entire income is from wages and salaries would not be correct.

This paradox aside, my own belief is that the present taxes on capital constitute in their totality an excessive burden on capital. This is not to deny that some owners of capital may be escaping a fair share of the tax burden.

Herbert Stein is chairman of the President's Council of Economic Advisors.

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But, by and large, capital is heavily taxed, and the McGovern proposals would compound, not correct, an inequity.

Can the rest of us, who own little capital, say that this is a problem for the rich and thank God we're out of it? No, we cannot. Even if the added taxes were to be paid largely or entirely by owners of capital—which includes many low-income people as well as rich ones—they would affect the rest of us. They might affect the total supply of capital and would certainly affect the use of capital in ways that would reduce the productivity and real incomes of working people.

In summary, the McGovern program is not a tax-reform program that corrects inequities and spares the average American. It is a tax-increase program that would heavily burden the average American. □

What this country wants is more tax loopholes, not less.

By Al Capp

It is as perplexing to try to comment on George McGovern's economics as to fix the precise location of a perpetually bouncing ball. His economics of a couple of months ago won him the cheers of students and professional welfare recipients eager to soak the rich. His policies a few weeks later, before the New York Society of Security Analysts, were designed to win cheers from the very Establishment the kids and the reliefers were eager to soak.

The fact is that his "soak the rich" policy is based on what may turn out to be a fatal misreading of our national aspirations. Americans today don't want so much to soak the rich as to be rich.

Bob Owen, a twenty-eight-year-old salesman from Pleasanton, California, gave the *New York Times* the answer most of us would give McGovern: "I spent long, hard hours going to school and getting where I am," he said. "My income is just above the mean now, and I don't want to be pulled back to the mean. I don't want them to redistribute my wealth."

"Soak the rich!" was a rallying cry that aroused the bloodlust of the masses thirty and forty years ago when "the rich" was an unreachable, privileged group. Today "the rich" is what Bob Owen and millions of others with his energy hope to become part of if the government will let them. And they seem, by all signs, to prefer a government that will let them. The tragedy of McGovern's New Politics is that it is promoting ideas too obsolete to be of the slightest interest to the average American today.

When McGovern said that income earned by money should be taxed at the same rate as income earned by men, he achieved the most rounded, ringing, romantic phrase of the campaign. His students, who have never earned incomes, and his hard-core reliefers, who never intend to, were ecstatic.

Everyone else was bored. You don't have to be a graduate of Harvard Business School to know that all income is earned by men and that, when a man has acquired enough to think of risking it in a job-producing venture, he wants some extra reward for taking that extra risk. His answer to the McGovern plan to penalize risk-takers will be to say, "To hell with you, Mac," and not risk it. To end risk taking is the fastest way, of course, to economic stagnation.

McGovern has also proposed to stop up tax loopholes. Apparently, he hasn't noticed the existence, or understood the significance, of one of the fastest-growing, most lucrative businesses in America. New storefront tax "experts" are spending millions on TV commercials that assure the working man they can save him money by finding tax loopholes. What this country wants, clearly, is more tax loopholes, not less. If McGovern had noticed that, he would be a less bewildered man today. When McGovern announced his intention to set a limit of $500,000 on what a man could leave his family before taxes become confiscatory, no one was surprised to hear him add that his own total worth was only $300,000. And when he denounced the inequities and injustice of vast inherited wealth, and Teddy Kennedy agreed with him, it was proof that, for all its troubles, the Democratic party could still take a joke.

McGovern's proposal to reduce the top rate of personal taxation to 48 per cent may not win him many votes, or donations, from anyone in that bracket, although it was intended to. Anyone smart enough to earn that much is smart enough to arrange his income, legally, in a way that will keep his taxes a lot lower than 48 per cent, and he is also aware enough of the emptiness of the political gesture to say thanks for nothing.

McGovern is correct when he senses a national wish to redistribute wealth. But it is no wish to redistribute whatever anyone earns above a limit of $12,000 a year, as McGovern initially proposed. The fact is that the majority of wage earners in our country look forward to the time when they'll be making more than $12,000 a year, even if it takes two in the family to do it, and, like Bob Owen, they damned well don't want McGovern redistributing that.

Americans are tired of being told they are the most affluent society; they know they are, and they know why—they work hard. After years of watching their affluence be distributed to the surly and nonproductive both here and abroad, they want, at long last, to enjoy some of their affluence themselves. That's the redistribution they want. Americans don't, as McGovern imagines, hate their big businesses. They're proud of them. They know big businesses are the source of much of our affluence. They don't hate big wage earners. They want to *be* big wage earners.

Most decisively, however, the American people seem to be rejecting McGovern's economic policies because they are his, not because they differ very much from the President's. If McGovern, in mid-campaign, were to switch to the President's economic policies and the President to his, it is doubtful that their relative standings in the polls would be changed, and the reason is simple. The nation may not follow the changing fine print of McGovern's social financing, but most Americans do understand, operate—and vote—on the elder J. P. Morgan's investment philosophy. "When a man asks me for a loan," he once said, "I make up my mind on one basis . . . . It is his character. If I feel I can trust him, he gets the money."

The nation watched McGovern declare he would give everyone $1,000 a year just for breathing and then dump the idea. The nation watched him declare war on Wall Street and then assure Wall Street he could do them no harm because Congress would never let

Al Capp, creator of Li'l Abner, is a popular lecturer and has also served as a news commentator on NBC's Monitor.

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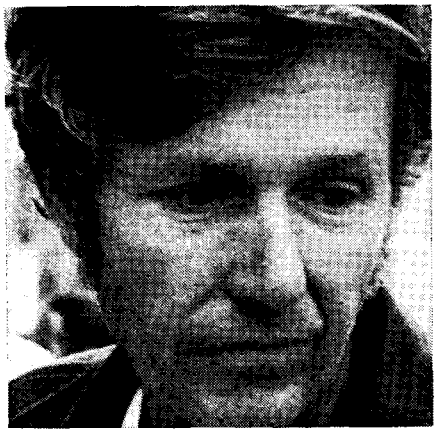
him. The nation watched him declare he would back a buddy a thousand per cent and then dump him. Most Americans feel like Mrs. Charlotte Johnson, a neighbor of Bob Owen's in Pleasanton, California: "He changes his mind overnight. He's too wishy-washy. . . . . If he can't make up his own mind in the campaign, how can he run the country?"

McGovern's "soak the rich" economics aren't the radical policies of New Politics; they're the used-ups of very Old Politics. Yet, even in a time when nostalgia is selling, the people aren't buying. Not from him. More Americans think like Charlotte Johnson than like Bella Abzug. More of us hope to gain affluence the Bob Owen way, not the National Welfare Association way. □

Ideally, we should abolish every subsidy in the Internal Revenue Code.

By Michael Harrington



George McGovern's position on tax reform is not simply right. It might make him President.

The unconscionable fact is that the Internal Revenue Code is a perverse welfare system that hands out $77 billion a year, primarily to the rich. The special treatment accorded to capital gains results in an annual governmental benefit of $14 billion for high rollers on the stock exchange. The harried worker who helps build a Vega on that speeded-up assembly line in Ohio is taxed the maximum for every dollar he earns; the speculator who makes a profit from the arduous work of selling off some of his General Motors stock gets a tax windfall from Washington, presumably because he is more productive than the man on the plant floor.

Or consider how the more than $12 billion a year in housing subsidies works. There are deductions for property taxes and for interest paid on mortgages; the rental value of an owner-occupied house does not have to be declared as income. These allowances provide no tax aid whatsoever for renters (among whom the poor bulk large), just a pittance for the man who has saved up for a bungalow, but a princely gift for the person who builds a mansion. Presumably this is fair and nondiscriminatory since the poor as well as the rich have the legal right to build a mansion.

Ideally, we should abolish every subsidy in the Internal Revenue Code. Where the government should indeed intervene—to aid housing on behalf of poor and working people, for instance—there should be a straightforward appropriation tied to need, not a concealed tax subsidy, which in fact rewards the affluent and punishes the impoverished. That position, which I share with the conservative economist Milton Friedman, is, however, too radical, perhaps too sophisticated, for any politician who wants to be elected. Small home owners, for example, might think that the ending of their inadequate tax write-off means the government is turning its back on them rather than giving them, as would be the case, more support in a new way.

So George McGovern has gone about as far as a practical liberal can go. He has focused on those subsidies that reward unearned income from capital gains, inheritance, and oil depletion. He has announced an excellent principle: There should be no further tax increases on earned income, a proposal that recognizes that the worker who builds a Vega is doing something more useful than is the speculator who trades in auto stock.

But wouldn't such policies, to borrow from that most candid apologist for the rich John Connally, send the Dow average plummeting below 500 and frighten investors out of a willingness to risk their money to promote economic growth? Such predictions assume that the self-righteous crap game on Wall Street is a prime source of new capital for corporate investment, which is not the case at all. As Philip Stern, author of *The Great Treasury Raid* and a leading expert on taxes, told the Joint Economic Committee of Congress last January, only 5 per cent of the money used to meet corporations' capital needs for investment comes from the stock market. Most comes from borrowing and retained earnings. Indeed, in the late Sixties, when interest rates skyrocketed and corporations did turn to the stock market to raise money for expansion through new stock issues, some brokers were enraged. Money was actually being asked to finance economic growth, and this was diverting money from the profitable but functionless process of buying and selling stock issued twenty years ago.

More serious than what reform might do to the stock market is the likelihood that the rich will find a way to avoid the payment of higher taxes so long as reform is less than total. It is certainly true, for instance, that increases in corporate taxes during the past generation have not affected corporate profits; the taxes have been passed on to the consumer. And normally, when loopholes are being closed in public hearings, they are being created anew in unnoticed meetings of lawyers, accountants, and representatives of the people. However, McGovern's proposals are considerably more sweeping than past reforms, and they involve so many billions of dollars that it will be hard for the experts to replace all the old injustices with new ones.

But beyond these specifics, what is fundamentally at issue is the function of the tax system itself. The Internal Revenue Code is now used to redistribute income from the poor to the rich. It is therefore an obvious liberal conclusion that tax laws should be reformed so that burdens are based on the ability to pay. That is McGovern's approach, and, in mainstream American politics, it represents an enormous political, social, and ethical advance. But there is another, more radical—socialist—view: that taxes should be utilized positively as a means of correcting structural inequities in the distribution of income in this country. From that perspective the Revenue Code should not be simply a means of collecting funds or of influencing demand in order to achieve full employment; it should also be one of the single most important ways of transforming some of the systematic wrongs of American society—of transferring resources from the slightly more than 2 per cent of the population that owns 43 per cent of the nation's wealth to the one-quarter of the people who own no wealth at all or, even more likely, have a negative wealth of debts in excess of assets.

McGovern's proposals stop short of

Michael Harrington, national cochairman of the Socialist party of the United States, is author of The Other America, The Accidental Century, *and* Socialism.

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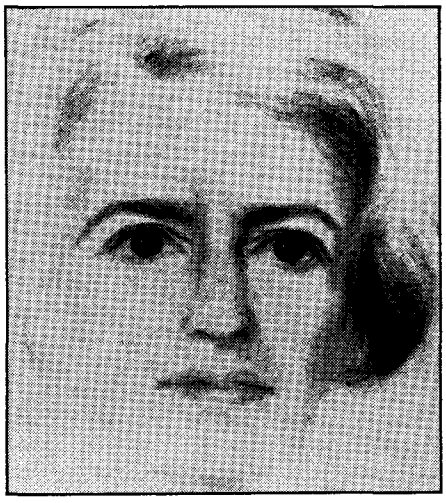
this; they are liberal and not socialist at all. But they are good politics and as much justice as we are likely to achieve in this period. At first, Americans may be perturbed and even a bit put off by the attack on Nixon as a man who uses governmental power on behalf of the wealthy. We often prefer not to refer to the existence of social classes in this country. In the longer run, however, McGovern's tax reforms have political virtue in that they promise, not simply a gain in social justice, but also an opportunity to unite the common good and the self-interest of an overwhelming number of Americans. If that providential conjunction of a program that is both righteous and advantageous to voters becomes a central theme of McGovern's campaign, it might help him to overcome Nixon's awesome lead in the polls. It might even make George McGovern President. □

McGovern is the first to offer full-fledged statism to the American people.

By Ayn Rand



It is futile to argue about how much money McGovern proposes to take away from you under his sundry tax programs, since he proposes to take it all.

Novelist-philosopher Ayn Rand is author of The Fountainhead, Atlas Shrugged, *and other works and is editor of a fortnightly,* The Ayn Rand Letter.

More precisely, he seeks to establish a claim to the total national income.

The most significant of his tax proposals was the one that got beaten before the election. It revealed his basic premises, which he is now struggling to obfuscate. It is as if he ran naked to get the nomination, and has been frantically seizing and changing clothes at random ever since, in the hope that people would not remember what they saw.

If a man proposes to *redistribute* wealth, it means that the wealth is his to distribute. If he proposes it in the name of the government, then the wealth belongs to the government. No one did or could establish a difference between that proposal and the basic principle of communism. Perhaps communism is more practical and less cruel, at least in theory: A communist government forbids men to act independently but assumes the responsibility of providing for their livelihood. McGovern's proposal was closer to the theory of fascism: It left to individual men the responsibility of production and of struggling for existence, but it let the government assume the power to dispose of anything they produce.

McGovern's original tax plan proposed to expropriate all of a man's income above $12,000 a year (which was then changed, just as arbitrarily, to $20,000). This would have stopped everyone on whatever level he had happened to reach and forbidden him to rise. It would have destroyed the hallmark of economic freedom: upward mobility. The plan was often referred to, not as "redistribution of wealth," but as "redistribution of income." It is not the "ability to pay," but the *ability to earn* that was to be crushed under an unspeakable mortgage.

McGovern proposed to slice off the top and the middle of the pyramid of productivity, thus cutting off the future, the ambition, the hope, of every individual in this country, except those on public or parental welfare. The motor of a nation's production is the middle class. The upper classes are merely a nation's past; the middle class is its future. It is against this class—and against its symbol: the self-made man—that McGovern's program was directed.

McGovern's grotesque proposal to hand out $1,000 a year to every citizen (then make him pay taxes on it) was a bookkeeper's nightmare, but it was not so funny ideologically: Its purpose was to place everyone, in principle, on the level of welfare recipients and thus wipe out the difference between an earned income and an unearned one, establishing the government's ownership of *all* income.

To the great credit of the American people, McGovern did not get away with it. I have been saying for years that the collectivist intellectuals could wreck this country but could not make it accept a totalitarian state. McGovern's plan was the first proposal of full-fledged statism ever offered to the American people *explicitly*. Popular reaction—shown by McGovern's collapse in the polls—is a magnificent demonstration of American independence.

McGovern, who had been advertised as "a man of integrity," is now doing political somersaults. His latest tax plan omits the notion of limiting income and concentrates on "soaking the rich." His goal, however, has not changed. "Soaking the rich" does not affect their standard of living; it affects yours. The wealth of the rich is invested in production; the shrinking of investment means a shrinking in the productive growth of this country. Who, then, would provide jobs for those able and willing to work?

Production is a necessity of human survival. A country that would defy reason and justice by penalizing and paralyzing the producers in favor of the nonproducers would be headed for destruction—yet this is the essence of McGovern's program. His promise to provide a guaranteed unearned income to welfare recipients is a promise to enslave the producers for the benefit of the nonproducers. Forced labor for the support of others is *involuntary servitude*—regardless of the wealth or poverty of the recipients.

Even though President Nixon introduced such an infamous proposal, the Republican party platform rejects it as "unconscionable." But the Democratic platform demands the defeat of the milder Nixon plan because "It perpetuates the coercion of forced work requirements." This means that the unearned-income recipients would have a choice as to whether they want to work, but *you* would have no choice as to whether you want to support them.

McGovern's candidacy represents a declaration of war on the American people by the intellectuals of the New Left, who proclaim a new version of the Old Left's famous slogan: "Who does not toil, shall eat those who do."

No one, to my knowledge, has asked McGovern the only relevant question: By what right?

The principle of individual rights has been ignored, evaded, and infringed piecemeal for almost a century, but McGovern's program represents its explicit and final abrogation. *This* is the fundamental issue in the coming election.

I am not an admirer of Mr. Nixon, but—as a matter of national emergency—he should be reelected. He cannot be trusted, you say? True: He cannot be trusted to save this country. But McGovern *can* be trusted to destroy it. □

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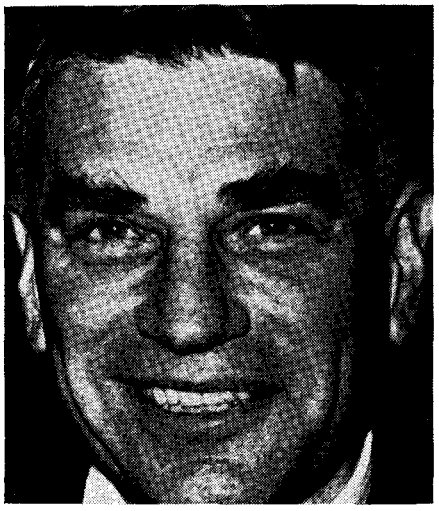
Taxes are a moral issue. By Stanley Surrey



Reform of the federal income tax is a major goal that our society must achieve. Individual and corporate-income taxes are the mainstay of our federal revenue system, providing 60 per cent of overall receipts. As a nation, we are willing to rely so heavily on this form of taxation because we consider it the fairest revenue measure yet devised. We accept almost intuitively the concept that income is a proper measure of a person's ability to pay for and contribute to the maintenance of our society.

An income tax remains fair, however, only if it reaches all income, only if there are no preferences or loopholes through which some people can escape. The very integrity of the tax system is challenged today when many persons, especially those well off, are provided with readily available escapes. All wages and salaries are taxed today. But only half of profits from investments are taxed, and indeed none of the gain is taxed if an individual dies holding appreciated investments. Yet persons who make these capital gains can use them to purchase a standard of living far beyond the level most Americans will ever attain. The savings-bank interest of the teacher or clerk is taxed but not the interest earned from state and local bonds generally held by wealthy, upper-bracket investors.

Since most of us pay our taxes weekly or monthly through withholding, we tend to think the system works methodically and inexorably for everyone else. The wealthy investor knows differently, because his investment advisers guide him to "tax shelters" through which he can become still wealthier. The high-income investor can join partnerships in oil, real estate, cattle, farms, or equipment leasing—businesses that produce large "tax losses." Interestingly enough, these "losses"—such as an investor's expenses for feeding his cattle—are losses only in the eye of the tax law. In the investor's own accounts the expenses are outlays on which he hopes eventually to make money. Meanwhile, on his tax return the "losses" can be deducted to offset income from other sources, thereby making much of that other income nontaxable.

There is something terribly amiss when, in order to provide low-income housing for the shelter of the poor, we at the same time shelter tax millionaires. We permit investors an accelerated depreciation on buildings far in excess of the real decline in the buildings' values. As a result of this loophole, and others like it, persons with actual incomes in the hundreds of thousands, even millions, either pay no income tax or pay at a rate less than that of semiskilled construction workers. This is an offense to our sense of fairness and decency. Tax reform is a moral issue.

The same criticisms hold true for corporations. We know that by law the tax rate on major corporations is 48 per cent, and yet the overall rate they pay is, in effect, only 35 per cent. Indeed, for some corporations the effective rate is still lower, sometimes even zero. Many a tax-escape path can be found by companies—quick and excessive depreciation, overly generous depletion allowances, untaxed profits derived abroad, and reduced taxes on income from exports.

The McGovern tax program would end these individual and corporate preferences. It would provide more than $20 billion of new federal revenue, and yet neither individuals nor corporations would pay a tax rate over 48 per cent. But the new rate would be a real rate, not today's paper rate of 70 per cent for top-bracket individuals whose actual effective rate now averages only 32 per cent.

Tax reform is not a new issue. The Kennedy and Johnson administrations believed in tax reform, and they worked hard and successfully to eliminate tax abuses neglected during the Eisenhower years. But the tax policy of the Nixon period has been a betrayal of that move toward equity. The Nixon administration has not made a single tax-reform proposal on its own that would end a single tax preference or close a single loophole. The few it did make were blueprinted in studies done under President Johnson, and they were prodded from the Nixon administration by Congress in 1969. Instead of backing reform, this administration has taken the path of more tax incentives for business—indefinite deferral of taxes on half of all income from exports (DISC) and even faster tax-saving write-offs for machinery. Each incentive has created a new tax escape.

The cynical may say that tax reform is a fool's game. Ingenious lawyers will open new loopholes as fast as others are closed. But the tax experts know better. Today's loopholes are not the product of tax brains fiendishly seeking hidden escape tunnels; they are sketched in the law for all to see. They are the product of misguided attempts to use tax subsidies and incentives to reach goals that could far more efficiently and fairly be achieved by direct government expenditure programs. If our social priorities require government assistance, it should be provided straightforwardly. We should, for example, assist state and local governments to meet the interest cost on their bonds directly rather than give tax-free interest income to bond buyers.

If we were to subsidize directly those efforts the government now subsidizes through the tax system, we would quickly begin to see that in most cases the financial help given through tax preferences is neither needed nor warranted. It would be difficult to imagine, for example, that the government could justify direct payments to finance the sale of exports, or to encourage corporations to invest abroad, or to enable actors to buy cattle. But that is just what the present system does.

There are those who warn that, if ever capital gains are fully taxed like other income, individual investment and risk taking will cease. They say, too, that, if business is deprived of tax write-offs for machinery far in excess of the equipment's actual decline in value, then corporate investment will greatly decline. Yet tax economists who have long studied these matters know better. It is the maintenance of a full-employment economy—an essential part of the McGovern economic program—that is the best assurance of an appropriate level of investment. Moreover, a climate in which the government takes only half of the profit from an investment—a 48 per cent top rate—and shares equally in losses is a healthy investment climate even for risky ventures. The investment credit

Stanley S. Surrey is professor of tax law at Harvard Law School and co-editor of Federal Income Taxation, *a classic work in the tax field.*

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can be at hand as a device to prompt corporate investment whenever that stimulus may be needed.

Finally we return to the matter of morality. Our social goals will require an increasing federal budget. Rational economic growth itself will provide increased revenues, and frenetic growth is not needed. But taxes will need to remain high if we want to achieve a better environment, better education, more opportunity for all, a decent income standard in place of welfare, and other social goals. Tax reform, by keeping our income tax fair, will permit us to maintain the needed level of revenues.

When asked what tax reform has ever accomplished for a society, let us remember that nations have been undermined and governments have toppled because unfair taxation destroyed the confidence of their peoples in them. Knowing what we do about the weaknesses of our own system, we do right in making tax reform a major priority today. □

Vaseline is no cure for a smallpox epidemic.

By Robert Nisbet

It is not possible to deal with Senator McGovern's proposals for tax reform except in light of his other announced plans for expanded social spending and in light of my own sense of the present state of the political community in America. I use the term "political community" to refer to the tissue of rights and obligations that represents the relationship of citizens to their government—the social contract. That contract has been breached in America by a succession of governments since the early 1930s. It has been breached by a constantly growing bureaucracy supported by a constantly rising rate of taxation—local, state, and federal—that yields, in the judgment of more and more persons, constantly diminished satisfactions. This does not overstate the matter, not if there is a modicum of reliability in the polls taken on attitudes toward government.

The disaffection flows from more than just popular perceptions of bureaucratized stultification of governmental functions. There is also a rising perception of gross inequity in the tax structure that finances government. Nothing so generates revolutionary currents at one extreme and sullen resentment at the other as does a government believed to be shot through with inequity. All revolutions in history have originated in perceptions of inequity, not, as is more commonly believed, in loss of individual freedom. Any power can, and generally will, be endured if only it is thought to affect all people equally. That point is just as true today as it was in the age of the American and the French revolutions. A dictatorship *believed* to be equitable will be more welcome than a so-called popular government *believed* to be inequitable.

It would be convenient if our present perceptions of inequity regarding governmental favoritism in taxes could be located simply in the areas of dividends, taxes on capital gains, and depreciation allowances. Alas, that is not possible. As polls and studies repeatedly show, what gnaws at Americans is the cost of governmental services and of the bureaucracy by now associated with these services. Senator McGovern is pledged to increase both of these costs, and evidently a large majority of Americans sense it, making the taste of his words about reducing taxes all the more bitter to them. Not capital gains or depreciation allowances, but bureaucratized *welfare* on a spreading scale is what increasing numbers of Americans are most deeply concerned with. Not federal income tax, but the total of taxes—local, state, and national—is what plagues them together with the heavy, centralized, aloof bureaucracy that goes with this total. *This*, not dividends or capital gains, is what poisons the heart of the political community, and in blunt truth McGovern's proposals are about as much of a cure for *this* condition as vaseline would be for a smallpox epidemic.

Not only are his proposals irrelevant; they are either naïve or knavish in their economic essentials and profoundly deceptive in their larger social and political implications. In the opinion of every economist I know who has not allowed political cynicism to govern his response, passage of these proposals would result in severe economic decline with a consequent loss of jobs, income, and, hence, tax revenues. To argue that the proposed changes in capital-gains taxation and in depreciation allowances would *increase* tax revenue is absurd; they are paper increases only. Business investment and growth would decline sharply as a result of major changes in depreciation allowances, and capital investments would be held unsold and unavailable for taxation at the new capital-gains rates. Result: *loss* of tax revenue, not *gain*. No one beyond high school can seriously believe otherwise.

At bottom, though, it is the political and social aspects of the tax proposals that I find most offensive to contemplate. If I were enamoured of the "culture of poverty" or if I could yet see anything other than totalitarianism in any full-blown socialist system, perhaps I could look with equanimity upon the certain consequences to America of a serious decline in business activity and its effects on capitalism. There is, of course, an ingenuous philosophy of history that sees either socialism or a serene and benign form of collective poverty emerging from capitalism's agonies. But what folly! What would emerge in an America, dependent as we by now are upon political/bureaucratic and, when necessary, military approaches to crises, is an intensification of right-wing politics such as we have not seen since the 1930s. Then, when the New Deal failed utterly, more and more Americans turned to Huey Long, Father Coughlin, Gerald L. K. Smith, and, finally, to that great healer of all economic ills, World War II.

It is illusory to believe that any serious change in the tax law can be made along the lines McGovern suggests without inducing a politically dangerous economic depression. It is illusory to believe capitalist America can do without private-sector wealth that finds investment attractive. It is illusory to believe that tax reform can bring about social change. It is not illusory, however, to believe that promises of the kind Senator McGovern has made in his tax and welfare proposals could, and would, lead to a popular reaction—a reaction grounded in a fresh sense of betrayal by those who run the great centralized bureaucracy that is mid-twentieth-century American democracy. □

Professor of history and sociology at the University of Arizona, Robert Nisbet is also the author of The Quest for Community *and* The Social Bond.

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TO: WHOM IT MAY CONCERN
FROM: HERBERT GOLD
RE: CALIFORNIA

When *Saturday Review* moved its editorial offices to San Francisco last summer, we asked Herbert Gold, one of California's leading writers, to tell us what to expect of the nation's most populous and, some say, most wondrous state.

As a Native Son (by adoption thirteen years ago, out of the great orphanage of Manhattan), one of my hobbies has been the classification of Californias, as Nabokov classifies butterflies and the President classifies crises. "Eureka! I have found it," is the motto of the state, and so far I have found at least five Californias:

—The ranching and farming inland valleys, where Slim and Pardner, Tex and Floyd, roam through Steinbeck legends and the morning mists are nice on the fields. When the mists burn off in the early afternoon, you will find the children of Slim and Tex at play with their Molotov cocktails in front of the Bank of America.

—The John Birch and impeach Earl Warren (never mind that he's retired) Orange and San Diego counties, Disneyland Navy straight-arrow love-it-or-leave-it slurbia, which has copious pockets wherever strong men gather to commute, even near San Francisco.

—Los Angeles, with its famous traveling mayor, an outer-space nation of its own, wrapped in its cocoon of doubt, pride, freeways, and unlaundered air.

—Movieland. Things aren't so bad now, but I've filled my glass at parties in Beverly Hills and Westwood where nobody, not a single man or woman present, had work. Oh, *tristesse.* And today not even *Love Story* brings back the laugh to everyone's lips. Gone are the happy times of the writers' strike, some ten years ago, when a proletarian in a pink cashmere sweater pounded his fist on the table and cried pathetically, "Why, there are writers in this town making less than a thousand dollars a week!"

—The lumbering north, with conservationists clinging like bugs to the logs. Some of the coastal towns used to do a lot of fishing, and they're pretty quiet. Want to start a commune? You can buy yourself a motel, an urban mansion in Yreka, or a whole gold-mining town, complete with nails from the True Rush.

—Aerospace desolation row, where the Ph.D. engineers fight over the hack licenses. Some find work busing the school kids hither and yon through barricades put up by the Militant Mother Fascists for Christ and Neighborhood Schools.

—Friscoville, everybody's favorite narcissism, the capital of the internal expatriation, the paradise of good living, with its biodegradable allies, Marin County, Malibu, La Jolla, and, on good days, Los Gatos, Big Sur, and Mendocino. Underground FM stations carry a little of San Francisco everywhere, even to my home town of Cleveland, exactly as every college town has its block or two of Berkeley's Telegraph Avenue.

—And amid all the pleasures, everything from Nirvana to fresh avocados, there's that whoosh of emigration *back* to Oklahoma, Michigan, and even dreaded Manhattan.

That's eight Californias, isn't it? And they're not even parallel categories.

Anybody else, including you and me, with a different brand of coffee coursing through our veins, could count five or eight other Californias. The liberal, the conservative, the New Left (with its antique ally, the Old Left, crying, "Callow!"), the communal, the rockal, the countercultural (now taken to the woods after the shipwrecks of Sunset Strip and Haight-Ashbury) . . . Oh, listen, I even found a surfing-and-Hesse crew in La Jolla, near San Diego, gathered with their perfect tans and off-white hair in a head-and-bookshop complex allied to a 16mm. art movie house —a Safeway of the future, giving Blue Chip stamps with purchases of Paul Krassner's collected essays. Speak on, Yuban Instant. The spicy, morose Mex-

Herbert Gold has written widely about California ways in his books, short stories, and articles. His latest work, an autobiographical study entitled My Last Two Thousand Years, *has just been published by Random House.*

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ican-American ghettos. The black powder kegs in every major California city, just like in America. And the monster school population of universities, colleges private and public, junior colleges, community colleges, extension branches, providing higher education for a number of students equal to the total population of some perfectly respectable members of the United Nations. Despite the Reaganite foreclosure of funds, the books are still cracked; many of the laboratories are still buying Bunsen burners if they promise to find a cure for cancer or what used to be called "juvenile delinquency" (now it's called "the kids"). On S. I. Hayakawa's diminished San Francisco State campus there is no cafeteria place for gathering anymore past early afternoon (cafeterias lead straight to revolution), and hungry former strikers are reduced to morose brown-bagging in the winter rains.

Where are we meeting now? is my favorite California graffito.

The blue VW buses are going elsewhere, looking for a place where the young can lay down their weary packs.

Vitamin E is supposed to solve most of your problems, but then you might think of them again. If you can't do anything about the degradation of cities and culture, there is always the internal wilderness to be enriched. Some orthopedic surgeon will soon report cases of arthritis of the wrist from twisting open the morning mess of vitamin bottles.

The blue VW buses seem to be going nowhere, just parked at the curb, dropouts from city and country dropped into the heaven of mobility. Some are in school or not in school; some work or do not work; they are just there. Dawn comes, and the civic folks in the ranch houses look out their windows to confront the rising tide of campers. It's Carnation-Instant-Breakfast-versus-yeast-and-soya time, a morning gruel countdown in the new West. It takes a while, for no one knows quite what to say. Americans are nice, Californians are nicest, and these must be someone's children parked at the curb to live in sin. At last the householders find words and zoning ordinances, and the taxpayers raise their cry: "Septic tanks! Are they littering? What about their septic tanks?"

Ecology'll do it every time. The campers slink off in mingled pride and shame. And those who don't? They get their heads knocked in by the friendly California police.

It's said that California is somehow simpler, sweeter, baby-faced, compared with the other coast—a Debbie or a Patti from San Jose State, lacking in irony, as against some Kierkegaard-reading, steam-heat-fried Barnard girl—and perhaps there is some truth to the charge. Esalen, groovy massage, and imprecise diction all have taken a certain root in this tolerant climate. There are few El Grecos in San Francisco museums, as Mrs. Sidney Hook once pointed out, asking how I could bear to live among such a paucity of tormented, elongated, greenish-mugged Spanish oeuvres.

The problem exists, I agree. But, if your itch is for irony and pathos, daily life in any of the Californias can fill in for the view of Toledo in your friendly neighborhood Metropolitan Museum.

Let me now offer a few examples:

José Ferrer Did You Ever Get Your Mail?

The Cory Gallery in San Francisco among the all-ya-can-art supermarkets. The eyes of Walter Keane were upon it, but now Walter Keane has slipped into astigmatic eclipse as the Bermuda tourists, tired of Fisherman's Wharf and the cable car rides, seek a souvenir of even more Lasting Value than those hyperthyroid eyes. Cory, the owner, follows the honorable habit of guaranteeing his stable of fast-painting stylists a living wage in return for regular doses of French Impressionism, Hudson River American, Dufy Boats and Skies, Chagallesque rabbis and violinists, abstracts dripped by Tinguely painting machines, anything that can be done reasonably quickly. As a sales lure, he has a subtle touch: a package wrapped for mailing (no postage affixed) and left for years in a conspicuous corner of the gallery is one of the most spectacular successes The name on the sticker, writ large in India ink, is "José Ferrer, Hollywood, California." Ferrer played Toulouse-Lautrec, you may recall, and came to painting in this stumpy phase. I seem to recall packages also addressed to Vincent Price but am not sure this is not my symmetrical mind once again looking for perfect symmetry.

The star of the Cory Pantheon is Pat Cucaro, the future Old Master. He is said to be on a retainer of $50,000 a year, which means he must produce a painting almost every hour during a forty-hour week. Publicity for the Cory gallery exploits the syllogism: Picassos once sold cheaply; now those who bought them are rich. Cucaros are now relatively inexpensive; therefore, those who buy today will have a thing of beauty, a joy forever, and a powerful hedge against inflation.

The proprietor sometimes offers friends and purchasers his own paintings gratis, as souvenirs. Prayer: May they triple in value and also may the Messiah come soon.

Compassion It up a Little, Brucie

A distinguished American actor from the misty island of Manhattan wished to meet a distinguished American playwright in the far countree of Beverly Hills. The actor had appeared in the playwright's play at The American Place Theater; the movie would surely need him. Hearing that the playwright was star-struck, with the innocence of a boy—his style at forty-two was that of a wise but detached eleven-year-old—the actor got his number from Celebrity Service and telephoned.

"Please come right over," said the Playwright, in a fragment of forthright dialogue counterphobically opposed to his usual ambiguous and allusive circumlocutions.

The wise but detached forty-two-year-old had uttered, and having uttered, hung up. The Actor jumped into his Avis Impala and found his way through canyon and across firebreak to curving driveway leading to Greek Revival First National Mainstream Redwood Academy Award Ranch House. Playwright's wife rested upstairs, recovering from hysterectomy and reading *Variety*. Playwright himself greeted handsome, jut-jawed—and here real life brings us a remarkable fictional touch

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— *intelligent,* distinguished American actor. Host ushered guest to a comfortable cast-iron chair by a cozy pool, all the while chatting of early Ford grant, mid-career community theater hits, late bonanza in low-budget sleeper drawn from voice-over prosification of verse tragedy first offered as a Hopwood Prize Play at the University of Michigan.

Actor, with the shrewdness usual to his kind, but excessive in this case, noticed that Playwright was nervous about meeting *him.* Actor relaxed. Playwright paced, offered refreshment, made joke about President Nixon, volunteered recent gossip about independent production, longed for independence of poets and novelists, mentioned illness in family, told of daughter away at expensive school, asked if Actor would like to see writing studio, award citations, letter files, scrapbook.

The telephone rang. Actor overheard the following conversation while tossing coasters into pool and watching them float away amid widening chlorine ripples that symbolize, here, as in a film-institute Super-8mm. Movie Project, a choked anxiety and sinus condition. "What? Oh, hi, Carlene. What? He did? *What?* But I just saw him on the tennis court this morning. He looked wonderful. Slim. Tanned. Are you sure? That's terrible. Oh, I'm sorry, Carlene . . . . Gee, I'd like to come over, but I have a friend here now, sort of business—maybe if you're sure, you should just call the police—"

He looked puzzled at the phone. The party at the other end had hung up.

A clatter of slippers down the outer stairway. It was Playwright's wife, who had also heard enough of the conversation and was on her way next door, where a neighbor had just dropped dead. Playwright watched his wife sprinting past the pool, heedless of her recent surgery, and gradually it dawned on him that discussion of his telephone etiquette was in order. He cleared his throat.

"Well," he said, "it's not as if we were close friends. He does realistic drama, TV scripts, Odets, Robert Anderson, Paddy, that sort of thing—I'm into black humor with more of a poetic touch, you know, lots of spaces between the words—Pinter, Beckett, Albee . . . pauses . . . ."

Actor was getting up to leave.

"I don't get a chance," said Playwright, "out here in lotusland, to talk with a real representative of the serious American theater like you . . . ."

He was following the actor to his Avis Impala. Actor was unable to think of words to put pauses between. He slipped into driving position, a big man but intelligent. He said goodbye.

Playwright burst out: "Christ, man, he just happened to live next door!"

36,000 Books Published This Year, Not Counting *Anna Karenina*

Beverly Hills long ago supplanted Manhattan as the all-purpose favorite No Soul Country of myth and dream. Of course, that's a variety of genocide; everyone on this earth has feelings, privacy, desire for intimacy and community, mortal dreads, birth visions, love fantasies, truth ambitions.

But some places put special burdens on the deepest human intentions. California is one such place. Southern California is another. Zen contemplation, consciousness-raising, communal force-feeding of hearts, touch encounters, franchised sorcerers' apprentices, nude beaches, and four-track stereo are all worthy efforts to get in touch with depth. California is a champ among depth seekers. Over the years, a whole host of English depth-seekers, plus strange-*eaters* from Hungary and Poland, have come to California to find sophisticated truths along with year-round water sports.

Crowding has bruised some of the blooms. The problem is acute and getting acuter.

Sometimes it seems merely a subdivision of the problem of knowledge and intelligence. A professor at UCLA delivers a lecture on *Anna Karenina,* and a tall, handsome, blond lad with surf-dried skin and the dropout moustache — suave, countrified, hip — comes up after class and comments, "I like that book, especially because it's about Russians. We got to know all we can about the Russians. Sputnik made that clear to me when I was a kid. He write other good things?"

It turned out, under closer questioning, that the young Slavophile had read *War and Peace, Resurrection,* and maybe *Hadji Murad* and *What is Art?* during his Evelyn Wood Reading Dynamics phase. But the only book by Tolstoy he really remembered was *Crime and Punishment,* because he saw a revival of the flick with Yul Brynner.

This young man, you say, can be found all over the land?

But not so handsome, serious, blond, and honest. And not so likely to be a speed-reader.

And Now Some Psychology to Go With the Aforesaid Social Philosophy

The Flavor of the Month at your local Baskin-Robbins ice cream outlet is Identity-Crisis Blah. California itself, like the character of the graduate student bank robber in a recent San Francisco novel, is Not Guilty by Reason of Jumpiness.

Those students who slip into their backpacks in the morning, while their older brothers and sisters (now Mr. and Ms.) put on their Peace buttons, are looking for Arcadia within the Dream of Arcadia. If they find only hepatitis, it's clearly not for lack of poignant search, guided by the honest primitive instincts of Herman Hesse and Alicia Bay Laurel.

Meanwhile, in the cities, the penitential agonies of the liberals continue. A recent article by Peter Drucker has revealed his analysis of current demographic studies: *Americans aren't as young as they were only a few years ago.* The same thing is true of the cur-

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rent-events activist freaks who throw themselves into every yearly third-world fad (remember Frantz Fanon? Eldridge Cleaver? fish-ins for the Indians, starring Mr. Brando and Ms. J. Fonda?). A middle-aged Jewish writer with a Sephardic name recently insisted on reading during an Evening of Third-World Poetry at Occidental College. Getting radicalized is a minor cottage industry in California.

As is getting Polarized to the Right. Some traditional Cold War liberals have been converted to new irritabilities by the disrespectful monologues of black students, who thereby convince them that they must and, of right, ought to accept jobs as Presidents of California State Colleges under the New Right alliance, which doesn't yet have any head other than Ronald Reagan's mysteriously glossy blue-black one and S. I. Hayakawa's rapturously jaunty Tam O'Shanter. Sorry about that lengthy sentence. A lot on my mind. Where are sixty-one-year-old Ronald Reagan's gray hairs?

The novelists Herbert Wilner and Leo Litwak, both teaching at San Francisco State, have written a book, *College Days in Earthquake Country*, about the crisis of education in California and the crisis of the American spirit, in which progress was thought to be continual. They also outline with some rue the voyage of S. I. Hayakawa, from popular semanticist, columnist on jazz for the *Chicago Defender*, admirer of Louis Armstrong and Bessie Smith, toward his odd contemporary estate as the darling of Orange County and hardliners everywhere.

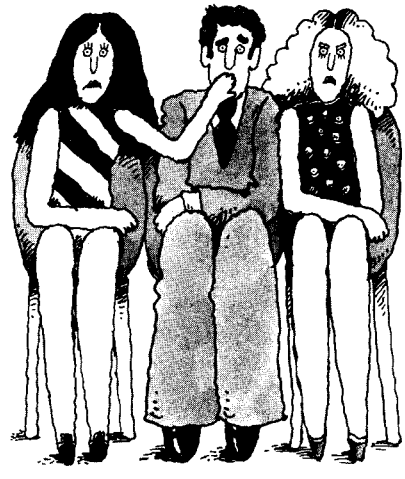
Hayakawa would also like to be loved. Together, we served a few years ago as cochairmen of An Anti-Digit-Dialing League meeting on a Sunday afternoon at the Condor in North Beach. (Now we use digits like everyone else, and the Condor has gone from Topless to Bottomless to Desperate, and Carol Doda droops, and Hayakawa was briefly considered as a conservative Democratic candidate for governor.) Last spring I was invited by a friend to dine with Hayakawa if I would promise to behave myself, and I promised, and I nearly kept my promise. After dinner he showed me a large fish wrapped in plastic on the back seat of his official state automobile. He had just gone off to think about things, he said—to be alone, you know, just like other poets and semanticists and anti-digit-dialers. And he had sat alone with his pole out over the water, and he had caught this fish. How can you not feel warm about a man who takes such pleasure in fishing? And isn't it interesting that a man who genuinely wants to be loved breaks promises, drives away professors and drives off students, and rides a lively school down into a concrete, vocational training academy?

"Don" Hayakawa wants to be loved by whom?

Another Pitiful Sexist Pig Goes Oink

On another campus the Ms's of a consciousness-raising klavern, out of some residual cultural exhibitionism, invited a visiting male lecturer to sit at one of their closed meetings. *Silently* was the rule. Perhaps they were trying to tell him something.

There was free discussion of the recent proposal that new pronouns be found to replace the sexist he and she, him and her. Tentatively, it was hoped that "man" and "woman" might be replaced by something more equal, such as "cock-person" and "clit-person." They were placed on the agenda.



Then the visitor watched a placid-faced, sweet and pretty, heavy-hipped, full-breasted, and un-California-stomached sophomore, who was condemned for "having a relationship" with a sexist weaver, climb uneasily to her feet. It was time for her declaration. "Well, I think, to me, personally, clit-people have been enslaved in this country throughout our history here, just as much as blacks . . . Indians . . . gay people—people into the gay trip . . . students. All I ever learned at home"—and she gazed soulfully at the representative of the nuclear family—"was cook, clean, and be nice. That's my rap, sisters." And she fell back, exhausted by intellection. From her place on the paisley pillow she said, "I feel sorry for men, too. After all, they're our brothers."

Hear, O Israel

The history of Judaism contains a fair share of miracles and marvels, though not so many, of course, as Christianity, which specialized. Here is one true version of California Judaism respectfully submitted for the annals of modern piety. Away down in Orange County, far from Jerusalem or Kamenets Podolski in the aerospace slurb that stretches through the ghosts of fruit groves from the L.A. basin toward the Mexican border, there stands a lonely, dusty, stucco synagogue, surrounded by fading billboards pleading for the impeachment of Earl Warren. Flat-topped citizens sow what they reap; if there are speed freaks in town, they are only the twice-born kids of once-born parents, supplementing a diet of pizza and softie ice cream with a little methedrine crystal for the nerves.

These people may be different, but they are still people. Their conventions about food stamps, blacks, Southeast Asia, cities, country, and fresh air may be different from yours. But soothed by the times and irritated by history, they are human beings.

A small group of Jews lives among them in the bent pocket between two cloverleafs and an Interstate.

This lost fragment asked me to come to speak to them of Things Jewish, Things Novelistic, Things in General. The man who picked me up at a feeder airport had only one arm. He drove a special car and also, he informed me, flew his own plane. He was a temporarily unemployed aeronautics engineer. He was also, as he said . . . "I'm the Deacon of the Synagogue."

I cite that in full.

We drove and drove though the gathering winter dark. Yes, there is a sort of winter in Southern California—grayness, damp chill, early nightfall. It was more than fifty miles to the synagogue. After my talk there were drinks and food, bagels, cream cheese, corned beef, mint patties, and then he loaded me into his special car and drove me fifty miles back to catch a midnight flight home to San Francisco. Round trip for him would be over 200 miles this evening. He said he does it for all the synagogue speakers.

"Why?"

"Oh, I like to meet celebrities from the outside world. Two months ago we had a Hasidic rabbi from New York, and last month we had the chief test pilot from Lockheed, and now—you."

For it was indeed I who was consuming the freeway at a highway-patrol-safe speed of ten miles above the limit in that car with the one-armed Jewish

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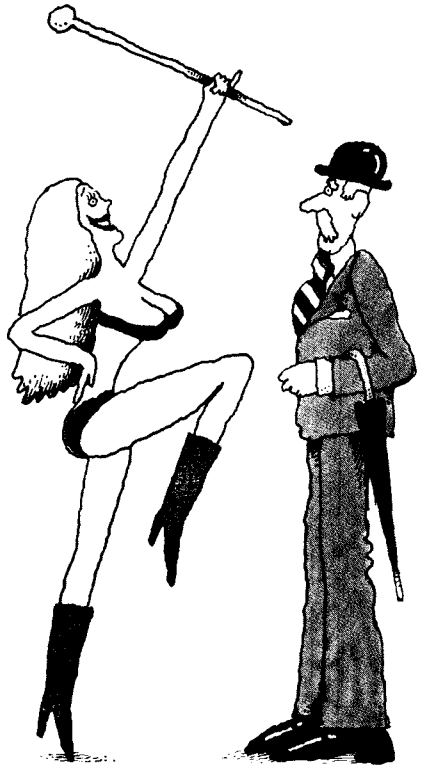
deacon from Orange County.

"I get to talk privately with the individual," he said. "I get to exchange ideas and feelings. I'll drive or fly a million miles, sir, if only I can get in touch with some serious persons of the Jewish persuasion."

The Eternal Return (Triste Irony in the Age of Media Overload)

This girl. This lovely thing who carried the Twist from the Rhythm Room of the airport Holiday Inn straight into my heart. She was once a luscious majorette and Lockheed Tri-Star Queen of Burbank, then went to Stanford and told of ancestral swimming pools converted to fallout shelters (Oedipal rejection of her parents), wrote poetry which she submitted to *The New Yorker*, had a book review printed in the *Berkeley Barb* (she wanted to publish her collected review), enlisted in the legions of flower childery in San Francisco, departed after several simultaneous unhappy love affairs with men who all did her wrong during the same long summer of 1967, joined Swinging London as that delicious item as exotic in Europe as the Duck-Billed Platypus—a California Girl—and finally came back to California to take root with her teaching credential. She married a young lawyer. She still works out with her baton. They are living happily ever afterward in Encino (condominium, football weekends, and a swimming pool, which her daughter may someday condemn as a revised fallout shelter).



In a few years her daughter will pass through the majorette and Minuteman Missile Queen phase. And listen with grotesque sighs of boredom while her mum tells how Sno-Cones and Acapulco Gold tasted better in the old days. What she'll do about it is still a mystery. A story, even that familiar one about fate —Vico, Plato, and the eternal return— should always end in mystery.

Envoi

George Jackson is dead. Grass is not yet legal, despite predictions by the various soothsayers of the past decade. Tim Leary and the Black Panthers are yesterday's game, sometimes brought out for the Sunday paper like your old Frisbee or psychedelic black-light poster. (And where are the Diggers now?)

That rumble outside my door is the sound of Californies packing up their Pontiac station wagons, heading east on the interstate, back to Oklahoma. When it's dust versus smog, that old dust tastes just fine.

The Beach Boys are alive. You can almost say as much for Troy Donahue.

The surf is still up.

Aerospace experts in the southland, L.A. and Orange, are talking about mass transit, trains, subways, hydrofoils, as they drive those Yellow cabs just for a little spending money. San Francisco is bringing ferries back to the Bay and still promising to tear down freeways. Some smart boys are buying vineyards for use in the actual growing of wine grapes. When the first housing development is leveled to convert the land to viticulture, the decisive step will be taken, turning history backwards in this last outpost and glory of American optimism. Time and mortality, friends, have gained on the West Coast.

California still dreaming.

"Eureka, we have not quite found it!"—motto of California dreamers.

What Words Prove

Words prove nothing. They are mere arrows into the blue—which is itself merely a trick of our optic nerves and our imaginations. (Sometimes, of course, the California sky can also be *smelled.*) Need I draw conclusions about California from anecdote and evidence, from the immersion of my time here? All things are related, the mystics tell us; they also tell us that all things are also unrelated.

Nevertheless, it means something to the American spirit to move all the way west. There are still some Brooks Brothers in California, but the brothers dressed like Brooks in New York, Boston, or Chicago tend to dress like the Brothers Freak after a term in San Francisco. The changes of sea and prairie across the Donner Pass, where some ate others, produce a certain intensity of commitment to pleasure, sense, and variety. Often, alas, this is mere dress and intention—gray-flecked lads of forty playing their old Byrds records for chiclets who want only to get high. The herd of Independent Minds becomes an independence of herded minds.

The great issues—war, work, family, and their corollaries and opposites—are national ones, but the color of assault on them is more vivid in California. It's not all advantage, of course. Some of it comes down to avoidance; winter is missing. But the liveliness of place and trial—and also the ugly man-made winter of freeways among the smog—have given America a new perspective on itself. The final turning is not yet in sight, despite the many failures and demolitions along the way. What America was—freedom and adventure, eternal youth and inevitable mortality—California still is.

The anticommunards living by the side of the road in the VW buses, the wise but detached eleven-year-old playwright, the Tolstoy-loving surfer, the sweet weaver's old lady who doesn't want to be a sexist slave anymore, like blacks and students, S. I. Hayakawa, the one-armed Orange County synagogue deacon, the luscious platypus—they are all bemused and lonely, they are just the plain folks of California. I know I haven't mentioned the potato farmers of Shafter, the longshoremen of Stockton, the masses in the ghettos and the masses trying to keep them there. I haven't mentioned drugs, except for a little speed, or the War. I've only hinted about the cycle of inflation and depression.

California is special, typical, hopeless, and still full of hope. A part of the main. Traveling on nerve. Making out the weird best way it can. If that fails, it might even try for a better way.

And that, too, is a lesson for the rest of the nation. The spectacle of California's striving to define itself provides a continuing challenge for those heading west to feast on its peculiar, nervous, and generous soul. □

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THE DEVELOPERS ARE COMING,

The alarm is being sounded in secluded communities across the country, but perhaps nowhere with greater apprehension than on Nantucket Island, the site of a famous fictional "invasion" by Russians.

BY J. ANTHONY LUKAS

NANTUCKET, MASS.—Several years ago Nathaniel Benchley wrote a novel called *The Off-Islanders* about the chaos that ensues when a Russian submarine goes aground on a small island off the New England coast (the novel was later made into a droll movie called *The Russians Are Coming, The Russians Are Coming*). The island was never identified, but it was clearly Nantucket, where Benchley then summered and now lives year-round. If by nothing else, those familiar with Nantucket's ways would have recognized it by the scene in which an islander named Palmer implores the elderly proprietor of a sporting goods store to break out his supply of hunting rifles:

"Palmer shouted 'Russians have taken over the airport.' 'I told 'em it would happen,' the old man said. 'I told 'em once you start running those excursion steamers the place'd fill up with off-islanders. It's a wonder they didn't take over a long time ago . . . Who was it you was going to shoot?'

" 'Russians—paratroopers—invaders.'

" 'You mean off-islanders?'

" 'Yes!'

"Why didn't you say so? . . . While you're at it, shoot a couple for me.' "

This summer another cry has gone out across Nantucket Island—"The Developers Are Coming, The Developers Are Coming!" It warns Nantucketers about another kind of off-islander: the mainland subdividers who are threatening to cover the island's moors and dunes with thousands of homes and condominiums. The weapon that Nantucket's self-appointed defenders have devised—the Nantucket Sound Islands Trust Bill, introduced in Congress last April by Senator Edward M. Kennedy —would prevent such developments by blocking new construction on most of the island's remaining vacant land. Its opponents, however, compare the bill, not to a high-powered hunting rifle that could knock out specific invaders, but to a shotgun whose splatter of buckshot would wound islanders and off-islanders alike. And a fierce debate over the weapon's suitability has raged across the island this year, dividing neighbor from neighbor, the rich from the not-so-rich, "summer people" from "year-rounders."

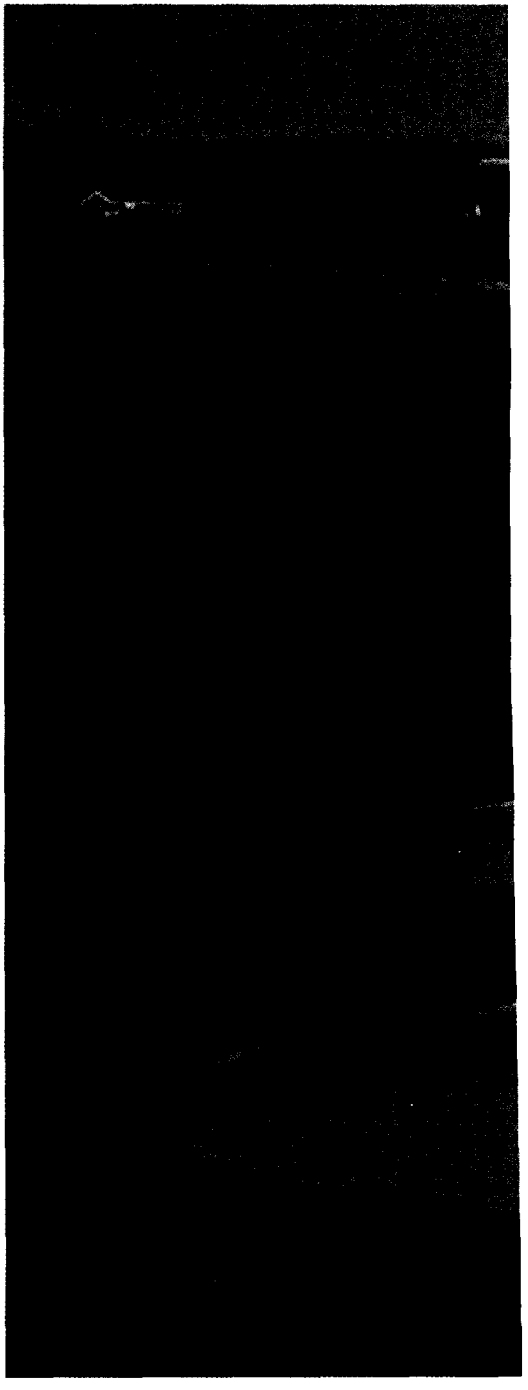
In many respects the battle over the "Kennedy bill" is part of a national debate over rural land use and development. As the nation's population has swelled in recent years—with income and leisure time growing simultaneously —more and more Americans have sought out areas that preserve some natural grace and beauty. And, increasingly, the second home—whether a seaside cottage, hunting lodge, or remote farm house—has replaced the second car as the prime American status symbol (the 1970 census showed 2,889,771 households with second homes, compared with 1,700,000 in 1967).

In turn, these encroachments on the ever-diminishing stock of undeveloped land—and the accompanying destruction of forests, pollution of waters, and crowding of quiet places—has aroused a fierce reaction.

The warning cry "The developers are coming" now sounds in scores of communities across the country, from the inlets of Maine to the hills of Oregon. But perhaps nowhere has the anxiety over development been more acute, and the clash of interests more dramatic, than on Nantucket.

Nantucket's chic as a watering

J. Anthony Lukas, a Pulitzer Prize winner, is a freelance writer and a contributing editor of (MORE), *the New York-based journalism review.*



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THE DEVELOPERS ARE COMING

ground of wealthy and famous easterners—such as Gloria Vanderbilt, Clark Clifford, and Hugh Downs—has added a certain glitter to the battle here, and Senator Kennedy's sponsorship of the bill to slow development has cast the glow of national limelight on the fray.

But the special intensity of the struggle here stems, in large part, from Nantucket's very insularity. The competing designs on its island territory vie for an absolutely delimited space. As an island it enjoys a disproportionate abundance of water-front sites and spacious vistas, which today's urban refugees so avidly seek. And Nantucket's isolation has helped preserve the cobblestoned charm of its historical past—another prime selling point in the second-home market.

To some extent, of course, all islands develop a sense of particularity, of nonconformity, of independence from the powers and preoccupations of the mainland. A few, like Muscongus, off the Maine coast, have actually seceded for a time. Nantucketers have often flirted with secession—they remained neutral during the Revolutionary and 1812 wars—and political autonomy is a recurring theme in their fantasies. Mitchell Havemeyer, who runs Mitchell's Book Corner on Main Street, has been having fun with a series of advertisements entitled "When Nantucket Secedes." Havemeyer speculates

Nantucket's Main Street bustles, but its moors have, so far, largely escaped intrusion.

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that the island could become a constitutional monarchy, with ranks and titles derived from Indian or settler names—among them Lord Monomoy, the Earl of Polpis, and the Grand Duke of Rotten Pumpkin Pond. And Nantucketers often refer to the mainland as "America." For some—like the secretary of the Unitarian church who recently made her first trip to the mainland in ten years—it is almost a foreign land. For others the phrase may be only a playful needle at mainlanders (one storekeeper, just back from a weekend in Boston, told me, "America is getting uglier all the time").

Nantucket's sense of its own specialness has solid geographical roots. Its name, in the Indian tongue, means "land far out at sea," and it is, indeed, the most remote of New England's islands—twenty miles south of Cape Cod and a full thirty from the mouth of Buzzards Bay. That may not be much by jet and ferry, but it was a lot of water to traverse in the Indians' birch-bark canoes or even in the tiny craft in which the first settlers landed here in 1659.

In the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries Nantucket's great whaling ships broke out of this isolation: roving the world's oceans, calling at exotic ports, carrying cargoes of sperm oil to Europe. By 1835 Nantucket was the third richest municipality in the state, after Boston and Salem, but gradually New Bedford replaced it as the center of the whaling industry. By 1870 not a single whaler sailed from here. The town was destitute. Building stopped. The population, which had reached 9,700 in 1840, fell to 4,100.

For two-thirds of a century, then, Nantucket sank back into remote isolation—and that is one of the roots of the current struggle. For the graceful antiquity and unspoiled wilderness that is now threatened by development is not the result of conscious preservation or deliberate restoration, as at Williamsburg, but the natural legacy of the island's abandonment. And when the "summer people" rediscovered Nantucket early in the century—first theatrical folk at Siasconset, then the affluent gentry at Brant Point and Monomoy, later the "day trippers" on the excursion steamers from Hyannis and Woods Hole—they were received with deep ambivalence. Their dollars were a welcome infusion to the depressed economy, but they were viewed as interlopers, if not invaders. Similar tensions can be found at any summer resort, but they were probably more acute here because of the island's special history; fist fights between "island" and "off-island" youths were not uncommon, and one long-time "summer person" told me a weird tale about finding glass on his driveway and holes in his boat. Some of this animosity has dissolved in a sea of common concerns. But, as the year-round population of about four thousand balloons to nearly thirty thousand in August, with the accompanying crush of bicycles and cars along the cobbled Main Street, the epithet "off-islander" has a special bite—bred of resentment, pride, and prickly iconoclasm.

This ancient tension shadows every aspect of the fight over the Kennedy bill—but with some ironic twists. For the bill's most vehement support comes from summer people bent on preserving the fragile beauty and privacy of their island refuge ("They're saying, 'We've got ours, now stop the island,'" complains one winter resident). And most of the die-hard opposition comes from year-rounders ("Guys who've made shrewd land deals and now hope to reap handsome profits," says one of the bill's supporters). To be sure, there are summer people who oppose the bill —among them, Morris Ernst, the civil-libertarian lawyer. And there are winter people who favor it—among them Howard Jelleme, one of the island's major builders. But clearly the bill has exacerbated old resentments.

Moreover, these tensions determine the battle's rhetoric. For both sides justify their positions in terms of defending Nantucket against outside intrusion. The bill's proponents say only federal legislation—and an element of federal control—can protect Nantucket from mainland developers. Opponents say Nantucket can defend itself against developers without federal intervention, which they see as the real threat to the island's integrity.

On the surface the bill's supporters have a compelling case—for the other side of the islanders' resistance to outside control is their long-time reluctance to impose restraints on themselves. For years Nantucket, like many small towns that have recently undergone a siege of development, had no town plan, no building code, no zoning law —and rejected all suggestions that it enact them. Such bureaucratic devices

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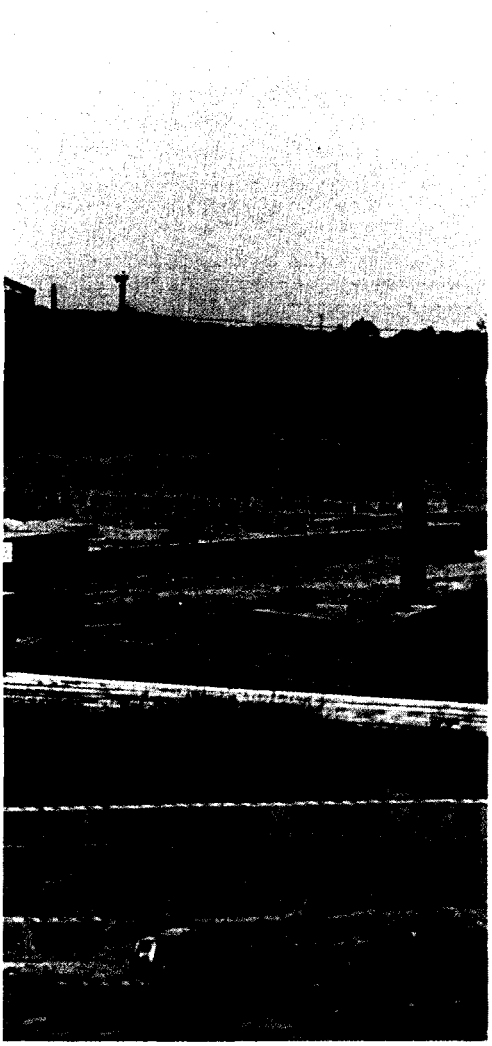

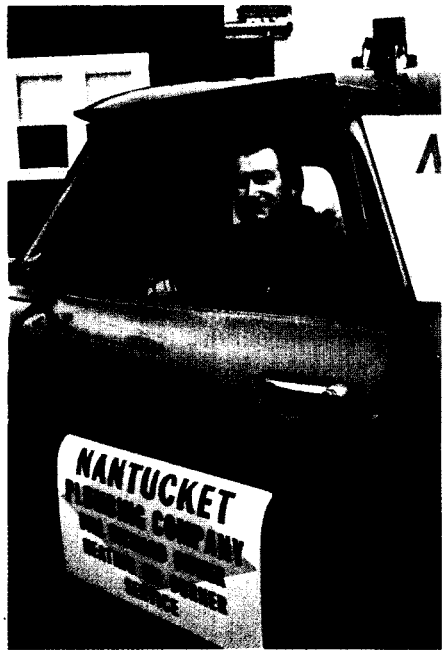

Preservationists are afraid that developments like Tristram's Landing (left) will spread. Even "tasteful" developing by Walter Beinecke (lower right) has been attacked. But many islanders, like Bill Richard, oppose federal restrictions on building.

might be acceptable to abject mainlanders, but here they were regarded as unbearable shackles on the traditional liberties of Nantucketers. "No bastard's going to tell me I can't keep lobster pots in my front yard" was the typical reaction every time a zoning ordinance came up in Town Meeting. When I asked James Bartsch, a planning-board member, why the town didn't install parking meters to control the runaway traffic, he said with genuine horror, "My God, they'd never stand for them! They'd rip 'em up by their roots." There isn't a single traffic light on the island—and nobody expects one soon.

For years what control there was came largely through private conservation efforts. The Nantucket Conservation Foundation (headed by summer resident Roy E. Larsen, vice-chairman of Time Inc.), the Nantucket Ornithological Foundation (headed by another summer resident, ex-diplomat Arthur Dean), and several smaller groups now own nearly four thousand acres. Walter Beinecke, Jr., the S & H Green Stamps heir, bought up much of the town's commercial property and developed it tastefully (not without stirring up widespread animosity; several years ago many Nantucketers sported a button with the legend "No Man Is An Island" emblazoned on an S & H Green Stamp).

Finally, under grave warnings of imminent chaos, the town was induced to impose a few regulations. The Historic District Commission now requires all new construction to be "compatible" with the architecture of 1846—ensuring the traditional restraint, simplicity, and weathered gray cedar shingles. With a private foundation grant the planning board hired a Rhode Island consultant to draw up a town plan. And, after a herculean effort, zoning and building codes were adopted by last March's Town Meeting. But Jackie Gardner, the stolid printer who heads the planning board, sounds a plaint heard in many other localities that have moved to stem the tide of development: "None of the regulations we've got now can stop a developer who really wants to build here. They put a few obstacles in his way, but nothing he can't hop right over." Moreover, Gardner and others who have studied the matter say that under Massachusetts law there is probably no legal zoning or planning that could stop large-tract development of the island.

But the passage of the zoning code did have one effect—it forced many prospective developers into the open. Some tried to get their plans filed before the code went into effect, others began coming in for approval, and, all of a sudden, Nantucketers found out what was being planned for their island. Jim Bartsch, the planning board member, recalls: "One day Jackie Gardner and I counted up the house-lot applications already approved or awaiting approval. We didn't even bother with the small ones—a house here, a house there—and we came up with 2,264. If you realize we only have about 3,000 houses on the island now, you see we could have twice that many in a couple of years."

Among the first projects to be smoked out was a 125-unit apartment development for "low-income and elderly people" proposed by a local group called the Nantucket Development Corporation. Perhaps because the project smacked so much of mainland development, it stirred a furor on the island. The *Inquirer and Mirror*, Nantucket's weekly newspaper, said the discovery showed "how very nearly defenseless we are against this kind of thing," and a week later it warned grimly, "The island we have all loved is slipping, slipping away from us while we mumble and grumble and sit on our hands."

Even more ominous rumors began circulating. One island woman told of coming back on the ferry and watching a group of "very slick city types" poring over plans at a nearby table. "When they got up to leave, one of their maps rolled under my bench. I picked it up, and they had the whole island laid out in a huge grid—like Staten Island or Westchester!" Meanwhile, ten miles west on the larger resort island of Martha's Vineyard, development was proceeding even faster. In August 1971 planning consultants issued a report that concluded that the Vineyard was rapidly contracting "environmental terminal cancer."

In this atmosphere of growing apprehension the Kennedy bill was born.

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"I feel like an Indian about to be sentenced to a reservation."

The weekend after the Vineyard report was issued Senator Kennedy and one of his former aides, a 31-year-old Boston lawyer and real estate man named K. Dun Gifford, were sitting on a beach at Muskeget (another, smaller Nantucket Sound island) discussing the Vineyard situation. Kennedy recalled that his brother Jack had once talked of adding Martha's Vineyard and Nantucket to the Cape Cod National Seashore, President Kennedy's own project to protect the Cape from rampant development. Within a month of that conversation on Muskeget, Ted Kennedy had introduced a Senate bill calling for a six-month study to determine if the Seashore should be so extended (ironically, purchases of land for the National Seashore have contributed to a shortage of good building sites on the Cape and thus spurred developer interest in the two islands).

Before the resolution could be acted on, distressed summer residents persuaded Kennedy that the situation was too urgent to put off with another study. So, instead, the senator turned to a concept proposed in 1970 in an Interior Department study: so-called Island Trusts, administered by joint federal, state, and local commissions, which would assume responsibility for the controlled development and preservation of islands "where traditional techniques for the protection and enhancement of island values are not practical."

On April 11 Kennedy took the Senate floor to introduce the Nantucket Sound Islands Trust Bill. "Today Nantucket and Martha's Vineyard stand on the brink," he warned. "If unchecked development continues its current course, then there will be no turning back, and the generations which follow us will find these offshore islands, in the years to come, little different from today's sprawling suburbs."

The bill divided the islands' land into three broad categories: forever wild, scenic preservation, and town (or county) planned land. In "forever wild" lands—areas "so noteworthy from a scenic, historic, conservation, or other viewpoint that they should be preserved in a natural or wild state forever"—owners could occupy present houses for twenty-five years, after which they would have to be demolished or moved elsewhere (the land could then be acquired by the Trust for fair market value). "Scenic preservation" land—noteworthy areas already partially developed—would be "frozen in their current state of development." In "town [or county] planned lands"—the built-up areas of both islands—development could continue under local control.

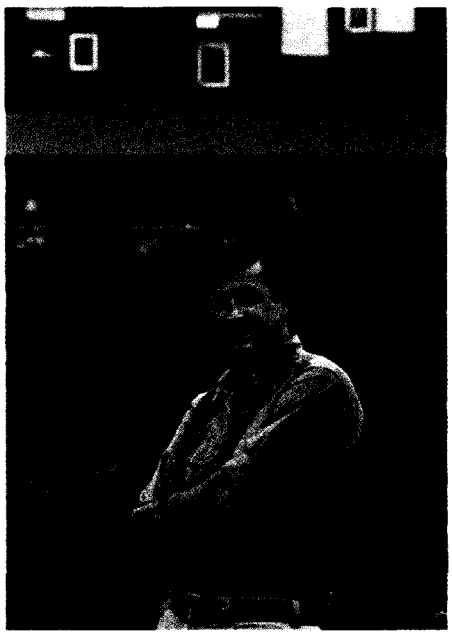
The bill hit like an off-season hurricane on the unprepared islands. Although a few summer people had known what was going on, no island officials had been consulted. Gifford explains: "Advance disclosure of legislation involving land acquisition is a very tricky legal thing. Many of the selectmen are in real estate, or their brothers or wives are. We just couldn't say a thing." To the selectmen, of course, that was no excuse (several quickly pointed out that Gifford himself is an executive in a large real estate firm). "We're the elected representatives of the people," thundered Bob Haley, a chubby ex-state policeman-turned-liquor dealer who is chairman of Nantucket's Selectmen. "We damn well should have been consulted."

Moreover, quite apart from any mass developments, there were many land owners who had planned to build homes for themselves or their children and now found their land in "forever wild" or "scenic preservation" areas. Not surprisingly, they were livid. The most renowned case was that of a teacher whom the Nantucket School Board had just managed to lure from the Midwest after two years of effort. He had purchased a lot in the Tom Nevers Head area only a few months earlier, but, before he could begin construction, the area was designated "forever wild." The teacher threatened to leave the island until a lot was found for him near the school. Another outraged land owner wrote the *Inquirer*: "I feel like an Indian about to be sentenced to a reservation." And some reacted with vintage Nantucket defiance. A scallop fisherman who planned to build a beach cottage on his "scenic preservation" land told me: "I'll be building my cottage; you can be sure of that. The first damn federal agent who comes to tell me different will get his pointy little head blown off."

But the section that aroused the most outrage was the one that dealt with a predictable economic consequence of limiting development—the loss of jobs in the construction trades. The bill suggested that unemployed Nantucketers be retrained in oystering, lobstering, or cultivating grapes. Some islanders wrote the *Inquirer* to argue that the island waters were too cold for oysters and not rocky enough for lobsters. But others exploded. Wrote Kay Mack of Polpis Road: "Who does he [Kennedy] think he is that he can trample over people's lives? Train our carpenters to be lobstermen? Take away their right to work and get rich in the profession they choose? . . . I'm sorry, dear Nantucketer, you can't be a plumber anymore—you'll have to sit and weave baskets all day. . . . The nerve, the colossal gall!"

Indeed, opposition to the bill is fueled by suspicion and resentment of Kennedy. Nantucket, after all, votes heavily Republican, and none of the Kennedys have been particularly popular here. Teddy's troubles at Chappaquiddick (a small island off the Vineyard) did nothing to help; the bill's opponents bring up the incident frequently, and one of them keeps threatening to distribute a cartoon showing Kennedy driving off a bridge in a car with two women, one labeled "Martha Vineyard" and the other "Nan Tucket." Moreover, some islanders resent Kennedy's dispatching his former aide Gifford to sell them the bill. The Giffords are an old island name ("My family has been coming here since 1880, and I've been here every summer since I was one," says Dun), but they're still regarded as off-islanders, and snooty ones at that. "Dunnie's a yachtie, he lives up on the cliff, and he's a rich guy who hasn't worked a day in his life," says a restaurant owner. "He was the wrong one to sell us a bill of goods."

Two of the main antagonists in the battle over development are Dun Gifford (below), a long-time summer resident and one-time Kennedy aide, and Abe Glasser, a large property holder who has vowed to stop Kennedy's anti-development legislation.



Gifford found that out in mid-April when he made selling trips to both islands. His reception on the Vineyard was downright icy, and it was not much warmer when he walked into the Nan-

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tucket High School gym on the evening of April 25 to face about 1,200 islanders, many of them clearly spoiling for a fight. The tall, elegant lawyer began by assuring them that the bill was intended only as a "working document" and inviting them to send proposed amendments to Kennedy. "Hey man, I feel like I'm talking to a carrier pigeon," a young man shouted from the audience. "I want to talk to the big chicken." And they were off.

Roy Barrett, an island builder, said he had already lost four houses since the bill was announced and predicted that construction would be off 40 per cent. "Who's going to pay my crew a weekly salary? Is it going to be you and Mr. Kennedy, or do we go on welfare?" "If there were no problems, none of us would be here," Gifford suggested. "That's a hell of an answer!" roared Barrett.

Much of the outrage focused on the threat of "dictatorship from Washington." Dr. Wylie L. Collins warned that, when you got federal control of anything, you got "a federal takeover." He said he'd found that out through painful experience with Medicare and Blue Cross. "They tell you what you are going to do!" A woman rose to cry, "We've been in the habit of governing ourselves for years. We don't want Washington in control."

State Rep. Arthur Desrocher asked "whether you or Senator Kennedy dealt with any year-round residents in drawing up this bill?" Gifford said some year-rounders had contacted the senator about it, "but I won't mention any names, because of what happened on the Vineyard. The few people there who identified themselves as being interested in the bill have been abused and mistreated. So I'm sure you wouldn't want me to play God with their names." "But you're playing God with us!" an islander shouted.

Before it adjourned, the meeting voted roughly two to one against the bill, and in the weeks that followed island sentiment clearly seemed to be running in that direction. A resolution urging Congress to reject the bill was adopted at a Special Town Meeting, 392 to 12, and a Home Rule Committee (composed of the five selectmen, Representative Desrocher, and three Chamber of Commerce representatives) was formed to fight it. Later a Nantucket Citizens Council—made up exclusively of year-round residents—was formed to oppose efforts "to bind us and our beloved island indefinitely to the inept ministrations of the growing bureaucracy in Washington." (The Council opposed "massive development" but preferred to combat it through state and local action.)

Meanwhile, however, the pro-bill forces were mobilizing. Late in May they united in a Committee to Preserve Nantucket, which favored the Kennedy bill if amended to provide for more local control. The committee boasted some prominent year-rounders—among them, Tom Giffin, editor of the *Inquirer and Mirror*; Howard Kehlenbeck, vice president of the Pacific National Bank, and Marland Roundsville, a member of the planning board. But it was headed by a summer resident, Boston real estate man Bernard Grossman, and much of its support came from summer people, who by then were flocking onto the island.

Curiously enough, on an island with few year-round Jewish residents, the forces for and against the bill for a time this year were both led by Jews: Grossman for the bill and Abraham Glasser, a New York lawyer who has recently moved here full time, spearheading the opposition. This was noteworthy only because there has long been an ugly streak of anti-Semitism on the island. For years visitors with Jewish names found it difficult to get rooms in Nantucket hotels, and those who lived here could not get into the Yacht Club or the 'Sconset Casino. This discrimination has eased considerably—David Deutsch, a Jew married to one of the prominent Sanfords, is now assistant commodore of the Yacht Club—but some Jews who summered here this year think they detect some anti-

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"None of the regulations we've got now can stop a developer."

Semitism behind support for the bill. "Some of these people think that, if they can stop development, they can keep this a nice, private little WASP enclave," one New Yorker told me.

The Jewish issue has been kept alive in part by Abe Glasser's fierce determination and flamboyant personality. A former Justice Department lawyer and Rutgers law professor (he was forced to resign in 1953 for refusing to answer questions before the House Un-American Activities Committee), Glasser began summering in Nantucket in the Fifties and found it to be "an Elysian Fields, a Garden of Eden." In 1964 he bought part of the Sexton Dairy Farm and over the next seven years painstakingly accumulated the rest of its 400 acres. ("Paris had to have Helen of Troy. I had to have this place. It was my passion.") But, deeply in debt to a Cape Cod bank that holds a $1.2-million mortgage on his land, he faced the "pure financial necessity" of selling off 125 acres. And then the Kennedy bill put his land in "scenic preservation." Understandably enough, he plunged into a frantic campaign against the bill. In a recent interview he denounced his enemies on the island as "writhing, excremental midgets," called Dun Gifford a "feline, jungle predator," accused Kennedy of attempting "a Chilean-Allende type of expropriation program," and pledged, "I will singlehandedly defeat the Kennedy bill in the courts." Aware that he was not exactly popular on the island, he said, "It doesn't bother me any more than it bothered Moishe Dayan that Nasser didn't like him."

But, if Glasser's style makes him the least popular developer on the island, most people I talked to consider his development plans (forty-four lots averaging three acres in size) far from the most noxious. That distinction was reserved for a development already partially under way—Lindsay Perry's Tristram's Landing. Named for Tristram Coffin, one of the island's earliest settlers, the project near Madaket Harbor now boasts several dozen cramped condominiums and another thirty houses in wildly exuberant styles—plenty of A-frames and slanting windows—all scattered across unlandscaped terrain crisscrossed by raw, red roads. "If that's the future," says Tom Giffin, the newspaper editor, "I'm going to find myself another island."

Without the Kennedy bill or comparable legislation the future will also hold "Hummock Pond Village," 157 units of "cluster housing," which something called American Leisure Homes proposes to plunk down beside one of Nantucket's most beautiful salt ponds; "Tuckernuck Village," 160 more cluster units off the 'Sconset Road to be built by a New Jersey syndicate; Nantucket Beach Properties' proposed development of 200 to 300 detached houses in the wild, rolling Tom Nevers Head area; a projected construction of up to 1,200 homes on some 1,300 acres in Surfside; and several smaller developments on the island's moors.

Until the zoning ordinance and the Kennedy-bill fight most Nantucketers knew little of these projects. As they have learned more about them, sentiment has begun to swing in favor of the bill, which places virtually all the projects in "forever wild" or "scenic preservation" areas.

Several other factors have stirred support for the bill of late. One was the disclosure last May of the district attorney's investigation into possible fraud in the sale of land by Nantucket town officials. The real estate involved was so-called "owners unknown" land, tracts once held as "common" grazing land but gradually split into individual "commons shares." When whaling ceased and islanders deserted for the mainland in the middle of the last century, this land was essentially abandoned and became of interest again only with the tourist and development boom. According to the preliminary investigations, some town officials sold such land off to friends or relatives for the back taxes and then may have participated in the immense profits. One 625-acre tract that went for a mere $326.86 in 1966 is now valued at over $500,000. Some land sold in this fashion has ended up on the developers' drawing boards.

Such disclosures have shaken many Nantucketers' faith in the capacity of their time-honored town meeting-selectmen form of government to deal with the complex problems now facing the island. The five part-time selectmen (two former policemen, a carpenter, a commercial painter, and a dry cleaner) do not have the time or training to deal with the technicalities that come before their Wednesday-night meetings. Many town ordinances, challenged by an aggressive new defense attorney, have been found ill-drawn and unenforceable (the latest flap came when a zealous new dog officer, enforcing the town's leash law, picked up hundreds of stray dogs. When the courts threw the law out, the dog officer resigned—with some townspeople charging that she had used her own Portuguese water dog—in heat—to "entrap" unfortunate mutts). Two committees—one appointed by the selectmen, the other by the Committee to Preserve Nantucket—are studying reforms in town government. Some people have even urged switching to a "town manager" system, and many critics apparently see the Kennedy bill as a lever to force more efficient town government.

Finally, Senator Kennedy has attracted support for his bill by revising it to meet many island protests. On July 27 he submitted in Congress an amended bill that, among other things, dropped the requirement that houses in "forever wild" areas be torn down or moved after twenty-five years; set aside 10 per cent of "scenic preservation" land for town expansion (at a rate of 5 per cent every year for the next twenty years); provided that lands acquired by the Trust should be taxed as if privately owned; and split the Trust Commission into two—one for Nantucket and one for Martha's Vineyard—with more power given to local and less to the federal government.

The amendments have not satisfied everyone. The Nantucket Home Rule Committee angrily charges that it has been bypassed in favor of the Committee to Preserve Nantucket ("the summer people with a real pipeline to Kennedy"). It demands that far more land be set aside for town expansion and still greater powers granted to town officials. But apparently many Nantucketers have been won over.

Kennedy has pledged not to press the bill in Congress until a majority of the islanders favor it. The best guess now is that the proposed legislation would win such a vote on Nantucket, if not on Martha's Vineyard, and Kennedy is expected to start formal Senate hearings on the bill early next spring.

Meanwhile, large-scale construction on Nantucket has come to a halt. The bill bans all new construction in the prescribed areas as of April 11, 1972, the day the bill was introduced. And, while this prohibition has no legal force in advance of possible enactment by Congress, banks are unwilling to lend money for construction that might have to be removed if the bill is passed.

Thus an uneasy stalemate prevails, with development on Nantucket (and Martha's Vineyard) substantially slowed. Meantime, those xenophobic islanders horrified at the prospect of federal intervention to contain development might consider the more tangible consequences if the developers' invasion is not resisted. As Anthony Huxley once wrote, "The fascinating and peculiar faunas and floras of remote islands depend in many ways on their isolation, and when that isolation is broken down, as is happening in many places through human agency, the days of the original species are numbered." □

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SINCE GRANTSMANSHIP DOESN'T WORK, WHY NOT ROULETTE?

The present system of federal money giving is neither fair nor rational, says an expert. Accordingly, we should take a tip from the Selective Service System and award federal grants on the basis of a lottery.

BY JAMES ABERT

The recent debate over inequities in the draft system has not been without its moral lesson for other areas of government. Years of argument about who should or should not serve in the armed forces have resulted finally in the conclusion that there is no way to make the system rational and equitable. Should college students be deferred? Should exemptions be provided for those working in essential industries? Such questions have been bypassed, and the country has reverted to a time-honored system of random selection—the lottery. Selection by chance at least spreads the disbenefits evenly. And, if such chance selection can work to distribute disbenefits more fairly, then possibly it should be used to bestow government's benefits more fairly as well.

For those who seek science in public policy, using a lottery system to dispense government funds may seem like a reversion to irresponsibility. But what critics must recognize is that today, in the absence of meaningful and agreed-upon criteria for awarding money, many government programs give funds with a blend of arbitrariness and favoritism. In 1970, $11.7 billion in federal project grants were distributed to applicants, but the structure built up to dispense these funds in a so called equitable manner in itself costs perhaps hundreds of millions of dollars. It is doubtful that such expense has been justified, either by the fairness the present system has achieved or by its success in meeting social needs. A simpler system of random selection for funding would be far less costly and would work equally well, if not better.

The most important problem in the way we currently award government grants is that in many areas of public policy there are simply no generally accepted criteria for making choices between competing needs. Where standards have been set forth, they are generally multiple, and there is little or no agreement as to their relative importance. How does one know, for example, which city is a "better" candidate for a Model Cities grant? Does a combination, citywide, of poor garbage collection, poor schools, and poor mass transit better qualify a city for help than, say, a costly localized riot in the ghetto? How does one weigh the importance of poor health services against that of inadequate housing? How does one judge which child is a better "bet" for the Title I funds available to assist the underprivileged in gaining equality of education? Should one assist the worst students, who may be hopeless? Or should one aid those just not quite good enough, those who might make it with some help, even though, among the underprivileged, they are least in need?

It is often supposed that government could overcome its inability to answer such questions if only enough statistics could be gathered and analyzed according to some as yet unformulated calculus of social justice. But our inability to find "right" answers to such questions does not come simply from a lack of knowledge about needs and the efficacy of federally funded programs. The real problem is that there can never be a completely objective statistical basis for making social and moral judgments. Such judgments are always subjective. Better data, better statements of objectives, larger, more expensive, and more sophisticated research and decision-making tools and organizations might lead to more knowledgeable choices. But the choices between competing needs will inevitably remain based on value judgments.

Similarly, better statistics can inform but not resolve dilemmas that arise out of the sometimes conflicting nature of our goals. If, for example, the government is to see that social services are delivered at maximum convenience to users, this may mean locating day-care centers in the ghetto. But what about the goal of achieving desegregation? The greater the convenience, the greater the segregation. Information alone cannot give a right answer about where to put a day-care center.

Then there are the dilemmas created by limited resources. If a town has the money to build only one library, should it be built in a relatively prosperous area where the books are likely to be read? Or should it be built in a poor area where reading is less common—in part because there are so few books available? Similiar questions arise over the locations of such facilities as mental health, drug-abuse, and job-training centers.

In the absence of "right" answers on how to distribute funds, government often establishes criteria that are arbitrary, pseudoscientific, or politically expedient. The procedures set up to ensure meeting these criteria involve vast amounts of time and money. Funds that might be used to benefit the consumers of programs—the third-grader who cannot read, the unskilled laborer in job training—go instead for grant-selection panels, analytical reviews, and public hearings. In turn, those who apply for funds pour large amounts of money and energy into passing—or attempting to pass—the government's review.

The grant application or proposal is the keystone of the present review system. Because grants themselves are given as a result of the evaluation of proposals, fancy proposals have become virtually a requirement for getting funds. The evaluation is duly conducted, even though it is well known that evaluation of a project is a difficult task after it is completed, let alone before it starts.

Proposal writing has become an art in itself. Often proposals are written by consultants, or by moonlighting professors either for pay or on the contingency that their research will be financed through the grant. Private companies promote technical-assistance programs to train state and local groups in writing "professional-looking" applications. While expertise in grantsmanship is more far flung now than it was, say, a decade ago, it has been learned at great cost and with perhaps little gain in social justice. Too often a large city school system will receive educational funds, not necessarily because that city needs them most, but because it has a large staff adept at writing applications and its lobbyists will see the application through local, state, and federal bureaucracies. The harshest critics say that the aggregate cost of proposal writing by winners and losers in some grant programs may actually exceed the amounts of money to be awarded. Examples so extreme are hard to find, but it is *not* unusual for a group of applicants for labor or education grants to

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spend $1 million just to get $4 million.

The process of deciding who will get grants is not only costly; often it also causes long delays in the start-up of programs. From the time Congress approves an appropriation for urban renewal until the point at which bricks are actually moved, months—sometimes years—can drift by while towns and local groups labor over their applications, while the government reviews them, and while the selection panels meet. Meantime, of course, needs go unmet. While we are deciding who will be served, no one is served.

One alternative to the lengthy process of weighing the merits of individual proposals is the so-called formula grant. The formula grant is one in which the recipients are entitled to their money by law. In programs like Federal Revenue Sharing, Congress itself determines how the money pie it creates shall be sliced. Predetermined factors such as population size and income level are the considerations that guide the hand of Congress in slicing the pie. This procedure may be a more democratic way to allocate funds than through bureaucratic review, but in practice the formula grant has shortcomings of its own.

Formulas, once determined, are difficult to change. As a result, funding is not readily adaptable to changing needs. More importantly, formulas generally lead to such a wide dispersion of funds that it is virtually impossible to focus money in any one area or to maintain its flow long enough for it to have a significant impact. Because there are never enough funds to begin with, what happens, in effect, is nothing. If HEW divides a $2.5-million grant for educational planning and evaluation among fifty states and American territories, for instance, each state gets less than $50,000. A drop goes in the bucket, but, before the next drop arrives, the first has evaporated.

For funds to have impact there must, normally, be a sufficient amount of money applied over a sustained period of time. In their attempts to be equitable, in their continual attempts to balance funds available for competing needs, neither the proposal nor the formula approaches to funding seem able to create that impact. Under the Model Cities Program one hundred and fifty communities are now receiving federal grants that will total $7.3 billion over five years. Consider what might have happened if instead only five cities had been made recipients of government money and those five had been funded steadily over five years. It is likely that the concentration of funds would have noticeably changed the five cities—restoring all dilapidated housing, providing large numbers of neighborhood health clinics, and financing local businesses to hire job trainees. In the process we might have learned something about urban rehabilitation. One of the factors that keeps funds for renewal of our cities at their present level is the lack of positive results in Model Cities. But, ironically, this lack of results is the necessary consequence of money spread too far or applied to individual projects over too short a period of time.

So long as the granting of funds is subject to the political process, the broad scattering of funds and frequent changes in recipients are inevitable. Politics is the art of compromise, and, in a situation in which there are too many claimants for the funds available, the political solution is to give a little to everyone. Moreover, congressmen who stand for election every two years seem wedded to short-term funding. They must show constituents that they have been active each term, and the practice of appropriating on an annual basis allows them to fight visibly for funds for their districts on a year-by-year basis.

What is needed, then, is to begin divorcing the process of government funding from bureaucratic and political entanglements. This is exactly what a lottery system would do. Awarding funds at random to those who meet only the broadest criteria and doing so only at meaningfully long intervals would immediately relieve the executive branch of the nearly impossible task of selecting worthy claimants for federal funding and would relieve Congress of some of the burden of annual appropriations log jams. If carried on down to the local level, the impersonal mechanics of a lottery system would also relieve local officials of the politically difficult task of distributing funds to fewer than all qualified recipients. Even now, with compensatory education funds fragmented by distribution all across the nation, some students might still benefit if funds could be concentrated in a single school or neighborhood once they reached the local level. Unfortunately, local pressures similar to those existing at the national level force yet another fragmentation of grants. The result is that nationally, on the average, only $100 of Title I funds is spent on each child, rather than the $300 that some authorities have deemed essential to make a difference in any one child's basic learning skills.

A lottery-selection system for grants is not likely to prove popular among those responsible for the present system. Fierce opposition would no doubt be found in the federal executive branch itself, where there is a general belief that those who give out the money do, in fact, know how to pick worthy recipients. Furthermore, at the local level a fairly large role in implementing the present selection system has been entrusted to local administrators, who may not cheerfully part with their power. A local school superintendent may well resist the withdrawal of his authority to make Title I awards to particular students or schools, and a state health official may well dispute the validity of a system that would deprive him of the power to select a site for a mental health clinic.

A lottery system might also find resistance among congressmen who would object to the loss of some opportunities to fight for their constituents' "fair share." But Congress is, or should be made to be, profoundly disturbed by the waste and inefficiency of the present selection process, by the arbitrariness of its awards, and by the dependency of those awards on the technical finesse of application writing.

Consumers of federal programs ought to be the natural constituency supporting a new system promising more results than the present system achieves. In recent years citizens' rights groups have wielded some influence on questions of social policy. Unfortunately, however, such groups tend to view issues involving their welfare in terms of how many billions are allocated, not in terms of how the billions will be divided among a number of relatively worthy claimants. In essence, citizens' rights groups have the same political problems as do congressmen. It is easier for these groups to endorse the spreading of wealth among the many than the concentration of it on the few, even if the many now gain little as a result of the wide dispersion.

But convincing Congress and those who benefit from federal spending of the merits of a lottery is perhaps not impossible. Both congressmen and the people themselves—the parents of school-age children, the users of local clinics, migrants, blacks, and Chicanos—are deeply cynical about the present system of federal funding. Social welfare programs have come and gone, and so many have done so little. Random selection of those to receive sustained help would promise, if not equality of benefits, at least equality of hope. It would promise an equal chance of getting money, more positive and useful results, and savings of the time and money they now waste trying to get money.

Just as a draft lottery is serving to bridge the time gap between the demise of a draft army and the acceptance of a volunteer force, a grants lottery could minimize inequities in government aid from now until some future time when our commitment to social welfare will match our great wealth. Until that time comes, random selection for aid is a way in which the government can do a better job with the limited resources it has to share. □

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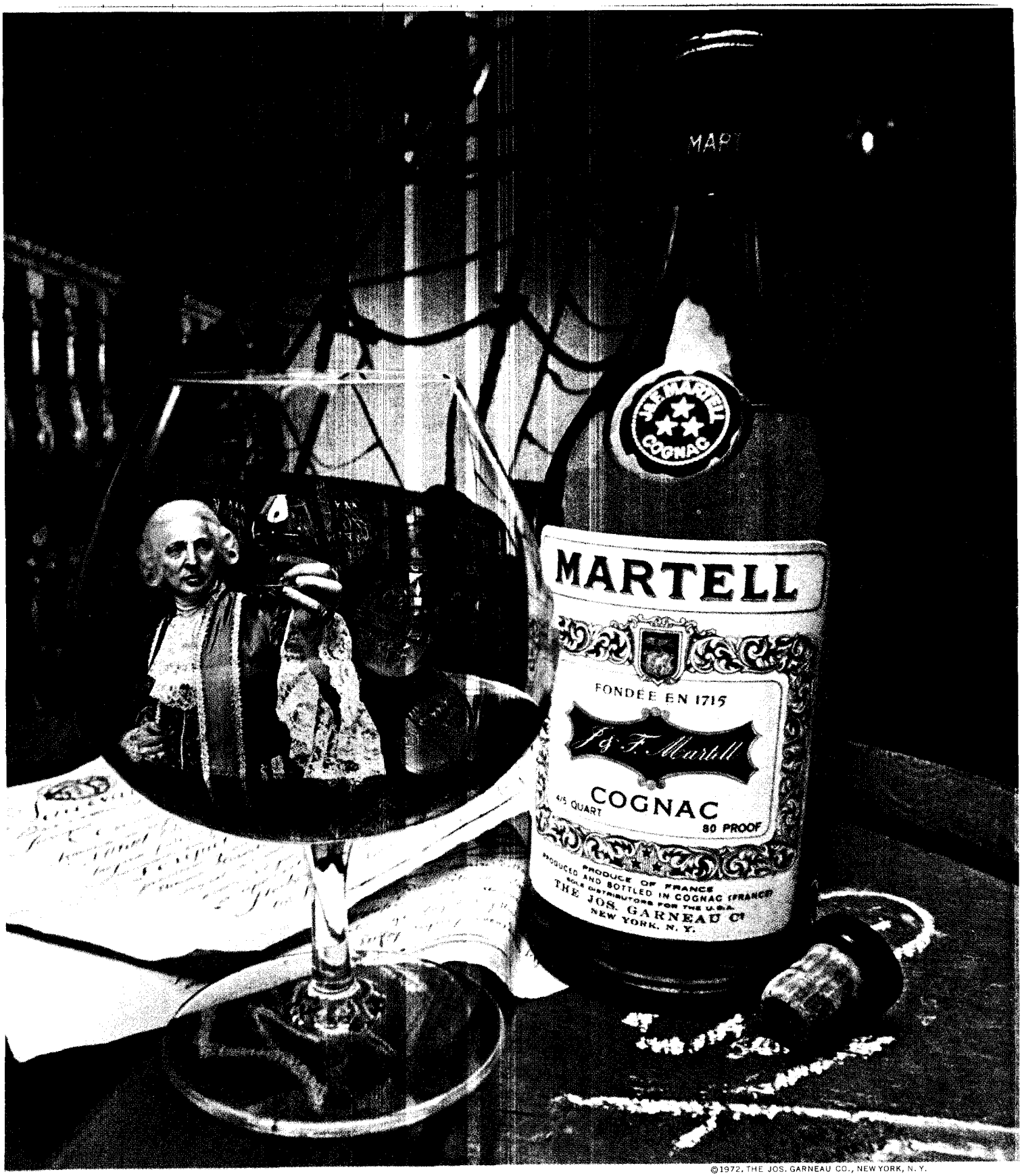

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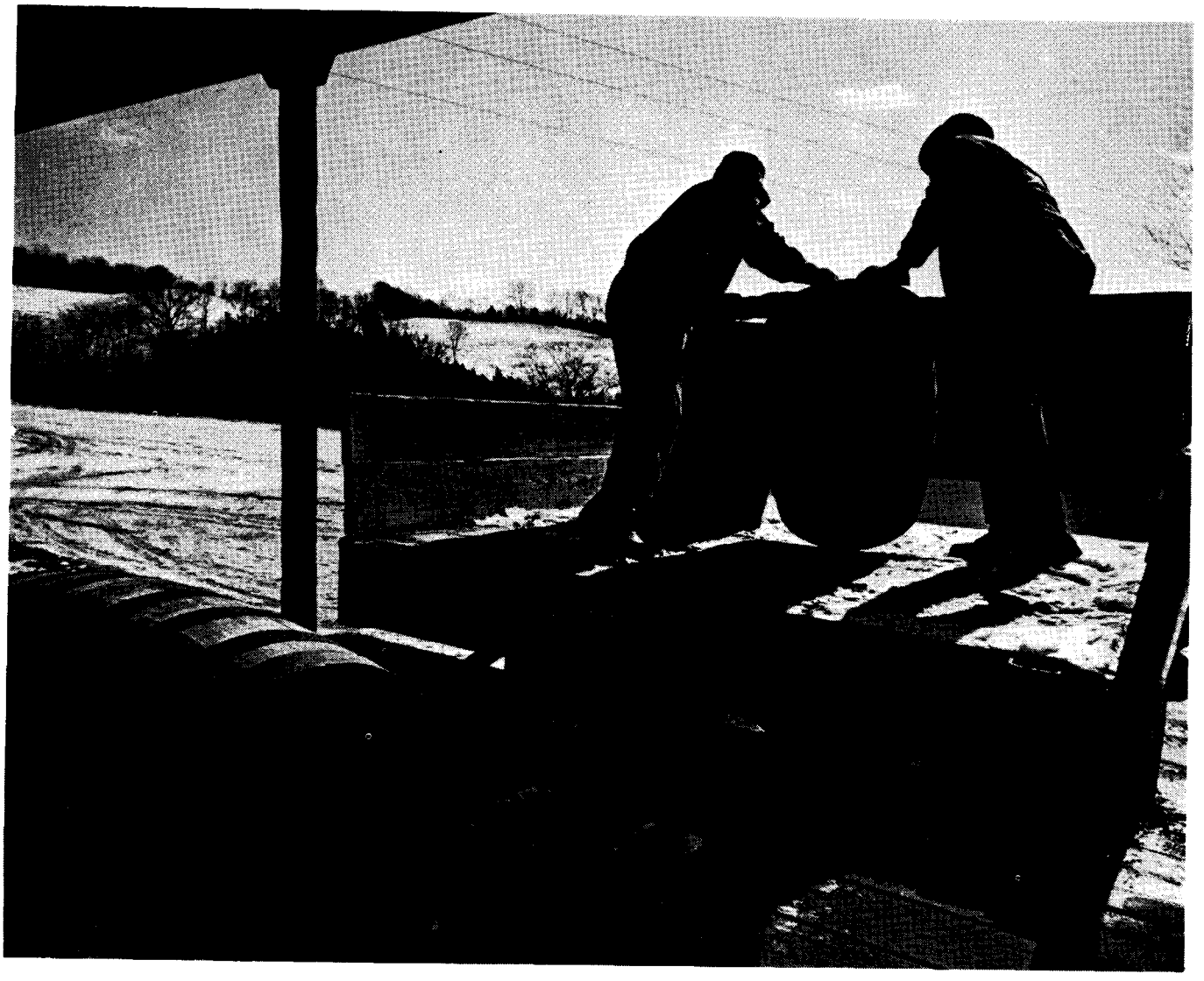

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The Carrot and the Stick

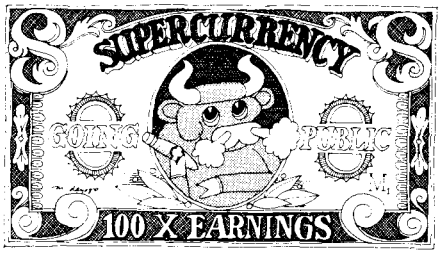
BY ELIOT FREMONT-SMITH

SUPERMONEY. By 'Adam Smith.' 301 pages. Random House. $7.95.

Four years ago, George J. W. Goodman, novelist, student of finance, and former editor of the Wall Street magazine *Institutional Investor*, wrote a book that he signed "Adam Smith" and called *The Money Game*. It was a witty, resourceful, and delightfully irreverent romp down the Street and through the theories and patterns of (very human) behavior of those who play the game on the New York Stock Exchange (the "gunslingers," the "go-go" boys, etc.). The timing of the book was perfect (the boom was on, the bust yet to come), the message a model of eye-popping and actually rather comforting good sense (nobody really *knows* how to play the game), the style sophisticated and irresistible (it made money funny). *The Money Game* zoomed to the top of the bestseller lists and stayed there for a year.

Supermoney is its long-awaited sequel. It is written in the same zesty style and includes some of the earlier book's unforgettable characters—"the Great Winfield," who invested in cocoa and waited for the inevitable cocoa shortage that never came, "Poor Grenville," called "poor" because he's always in cash when he should be in stocks. But the new book is jumpier, less sure of itself, and the tone is more somber; nervousness licks at the edges of its charm. The message of *Supermoney* is not simply that nobody really knows how to play the game, but that the game may be ending.

Supermoney is, in effect, a four-part report. The first part outlines, rather briefly, the growing gap between the haves and the (relatively speaking) have-nots, due to the multiplicity factor



of what Goodman dubs "supercurrency." ("Supermoney," an easier word, seems to be the publisher's, not Goodman's.) Supercurrency is what you are into if you start or buy a business and then sell/merge/go public with it at x times earnings. Compounding net worth, not just increasing income or finding new tax-shelters, is the name of this particular game, and it is what has made the recently really rich really rich.

The second part—by the nature of its subject far more entertaining and dramatic—recounts how the whole system nearly fell apart during the bust of 1970. There were, in fact, two near-misses. The first was a liquidity crisis for the banks over the weekend of June 19–23, when the sixth largest enterprise in the United States, the Penn Central, went bankrupt (on a Sunday, naturally) and $6 billion "fell away from the commercial paper market," and the Federal Reserve had to step in (actually, make phone calls till its fingers went bloody) and guarantee loans across the country to prevent, literally, a run on the nation's banks and panic in the streets. The second near-miss came in September, when several very prestigious brokerage firms suddenly went to the wall. They were not merely overextended; computer foul-ups, unreal accounting, and just plain stealing were rampant, and more than $1 billion was simply *missing*. In this crisis the Securities Exchange Commission was at the helm; mergers were hastily forced and money pumped in, and the day (and the Stock Exchange) was saved. But, again, a very near-miss. As Goodman notes, 1970 was a rather sobering year for the money boys; the system that couldn't fail came twice within a hairbreadth of collapse.

In the third part of the book, almost an interlude, Goodman describes his own "sure thing" mistake, his partnership (out of earnings from *The Money Game*) in a Swiss bank. Virtually by definition, Swiss banks don't go broke. This one did. And—irony upon irony—it did so by acting out almost to the letter the "Great Winfield" script in *The Money Game*: It tried to corner cocoa. His own object-lesson given, Goodman goes on to dissect and appraise the influence (high) and effectiveness (questionable) of security analysts, "beta" quantifications of risk factors, the notion of "generally accepted accounting principles," and a variety of philosophies of successful investing. Perhaps chastened by his Swiss adventure, Goodman is especially respectful of the number-one rule, almost revolutionary in its old-school plainness, of a very and consistently successful trader who operates out of Omaha without even a stock ticker: "To win, the first thing you have to do is not lose." But all the while in this interlude, Goodman is slowly circling in on some very tough questions, which form the final part and the heart of the book. The money game is back in business, only slightly altered; some of its players are a little more humble than they were and perhaps a little wiser; certain worries persist, but they are "normal" worries, nothing to get alarmed about. . . . And yet, there is this creepy feeling, this pervasive nervousness, as if some crucial factor had been mislaid, as if *something else were going on.*

Well, there *is* something else going on, Goodman says, and it's not just happening here, but in Russia, too. What is going on is a profound erosion of a value-system that has been the fundamental underpinning of our economy. Simply put, it's the carrot and the stick —the carrot being the expectation of reward and success, of bitterment and

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possible riches, if not for oneself then for one's children and one's children's children, the stick being the fear and shame of the opposite. Well, they are beginning not to work so well anymore.

Here's a conversation Goodman had with a young assembly-line worker in General Motors' modern, model Vega plant in Lordstown, Ohio. Goodman: "Hi there." Worker: "Hi." G.: "What is that?" W.: "That's the window trim." G.: "Is this a good place to work?" W.: "Well, it will be, as soon as we get it shaped up." G.: "Would you buy one of these cars?" W. "Sure, if it wasn't so expensive; it's a well-engineered little car." G.: "Wouldn't you rather be out on your own, say, a garage?" W.: "Naw, a garage don't have no benefits." G.: "Say, I don't want to bother you, two of those Vegas just went by without window trim." W.: "Well, they all go by without somethin', this line is moving too fast." G.: "That's productivity, man." W.: "Oh, is that what they call it?" And then, as if in explanation, the worker added: "I am not going to bust my ass for anybody. I don't even bust my ass for myself, you know, working around the house."

And more. At the Harvard Business School ("the West Point of capitalism"), questions are raised about pollution, population control, the social goals of business, and finite resources. And these are people headed for the money game, where growth is God. The social goals of business? The first social goal of business is to maximize profits! But business itself is schizophrenic. It exhorts us to honor the essential work ethic, but only until five o'clock. After five we are exhorted over television to forget all that work-ethic stuff about deferring gratification: Fly now, pay later—we are told—you only go around once in life, try it, buy it, you'll like it. Moreover, work itself is denigrated, shown as something to avoid (if shown at all): the White Tornado or the Man From Glad will do it for you, so why indeed bust your ass? The fellow at the Vega plant drives a car. Does he need another car? Does he *want* another car? No? Then what is the value, to him, of that guru, "productivity"? And where is the motivation to report to work Monday morning? Why not take the day off and come in Tuesday? (In Lordstown a lot of people do just that.) So, in part anyway, "it is affluence itself that has taken the edge off our edge." And then there is that spectre of a polluted and finite world: What more for our children if there isn't going to be any "more," or if the "more" isn't worth having? If it is the now that counts, something has got to give, and what is giving are some of the old assumptions and imperatives of sacrifice, hard work, eventual reward.

George Goodman is a realist. Something else is going on, he says, and it's no chimera; it's going to change a lot of things, and we ignore it at our peril. We also inflate its awesomeness at our peril. Most change is slow and complicated, both modifying and being modified as time passes. The traditional carrot is becoming less enticing—or harder to recognize—and the stick less fearsome. But these are not the only motivations for work. People like to be needed and like their efforts to have meaningful effect. There is plenty that needs doing, and real social need, coupled with the expectation of real effect for the social good, can be a very powerful motivation. And so, Goodman notes, can pleasure: People like to work. As they say in the money game —but it's true for all of us, no matter what game we play—hope does spring eternal. □

Counterculture Preview

BLACK MOUNTAIN: An Exploration in Community. By Martin Duberman. Illustrated. 527 pages. E. P. Dutton. $12.95.

BY JUDSON JEROME

Were Black Mountain going today, it would be called a commune. In its own day (1933–1956) it was called a college. Martin Duberman calls it: ". . . an experimental community located in the foothills of North Carolina, the forerunner and exemplar of much that is currently considered innovative in art, education and life style. It is known, too, as the refuge, in some cases the nurturing ground, for many of the singular, shaping talents of our time: John Cage, Merce Cunningham, Buckminster Fuller, Willem de Kooning, Franz Kline, Charles Olson, Josef Albers, Paul Goodman and Robert Rauschenberg."

In any case the phenomenon of Black Mountain was of seminal significance, worthy of Duberman's ground-breaking venture in historical method, perhaps the most intimate, tender history an institution (if that is the word for Black Mountain) has ever inspired. This is not to say that the book is an apologia for Black Mountain. One might more accurately call it an exposé, for it explores with painful candor all the gossip and scandal, the reckless private correspondence, indeed even the minutes of faculty meetings—usually glossed over in histories of institutions. It resembles more than anything else a biography of a mate of twenty-three years, one who was often hated, often only dimly understood, often nearly divorced, who finally died under ambiguous and vaguely embarrassing circumstances, and who is now poignantly remembered and painstakingly reconstructed with all the delicate flesh tones and psychic shades of gray.

Duberman was not Black Mountain's mate in anything approaching a literal sense; he seems never to have been there while it was going on. Best known as a playwright (*In White America*), Duberman is a well-established, widely published academic historian, teaching at City University of New York. But living—via his imagination—at Black Mountain through the fortunately voluminous records and the sensitive, articulate memories of its survivors, Duberman found himself increasingly, centrally drawn to writing a book "about the impact of Black Mountain on *me*." I wonder whether any good historian can, in truth, do otherwise. But I have never read a history in which that delicate, personal relation between writer and subject was so explicit and moving.

This is not to say that the author's presence is intrusive or distracting; it is just always, like a man by your fireside, vibrantly *there*. In the meantime what the man is saying is as objective, coherent, chronologically related (often with neat, novelistic creation of suspense), fair, and judicious as one expects the discourse of a good historian to be. He includes a passage from his journal about his use of encounter methods in a seminar at Princeton: "What I'm aiming for is a way to bring *ourselves* to a topic; I don't think we should make ourselves the topic." That fragile balance is exactly what he achieves in the book. Only by making it a book about Duberman could he make it honestly a book about Black Mountain, but Black Mountain remains the topic, seen in the clear medium of the author's involvement.

As Duberman learned from Black Mountain, especially from the gigantic, dominant force of Charles Olson in its last years, so I find myself learning from Duberman. During twenty years of teaching at Antioch, a college whose history runs agonizingly parallel to (but, to my surprise, somewhat behind) that of Black Mountain, I have given much of my life and emotional energy to studying and participating

Judson Jerome is the author of Culture Out of Anarchy *and is at present writing a book on the contemporary commune movement.*

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in educational experiments in which, as at Black Mountain: ". . . there were no fixed regulations . . . no required courses, no system of frequent examinations, no formal grading. . . . Responsibility, in other words, was placed on the student himself for deciding what shape his education would take—though the faculty made itself available for consultation."

I have finally decided that institutions are not withering away rapidly enough and have removed myself to a commune, where education, life, and art are inextricable—and pursued intensely, with no holds barred. At Black Mountain, from the very beginning: "The one idea most commonly agreed upon was that 'living' and 'learning' should be intertwined; education should proceed everywhere, not only in classroom settings, which in fact—at least as usually structured—were among the worst learning environments imaginable. A favorite slogan at Black Mountain was that 'as much real education took place over the coffee cups as in the classrooms.'" By the end, in fact, classrooms had virtually been abandoned. Distinctions between students and staff were obliterated, and many of the significant people who were there were members of neither group. Though the book is about Duberman and Black Mountain, it seemed also, as I read it, to be exactly about me. And it raises terrifying questions, illuminating the tragic, at times almost manic, quality of utopian quest.

The specter one pursues like Moby Dick is that word *community* in Duberman's subtitle. The taste for community is like the taste for blood—ineradicable. John Andrew Rice, who started and long dominated Black Mountain, recognized early the threat that community posed to the idea of a college: ". . . in any community which you set up, the idea is that people shall live in and continue to live in that community, and the aim of that community is the achievement of happiness. Whereas the job of a college is to provide a place into which people may come and get the kind of development which will enable them to leave it."

To the extent that a college becomes a community, people come and fall in love with it, undergo a blistering, ego-dismembering initiation, and then do not want to go away. Rice himself had to be almost forcibly removed. The interests of the permanent members (or faculty, in college settings) conflict with those of transients (or students). The place as place begins to take precedence over people as people. A religious commitment to ineffable but compelling ideals dominates humane consideration of individual differences:

Dan Rice and Robert Creeley, Black Mountain, 1955

"And so Black Mountain had again proven unable to assimilate significant differences, had retreated to a presumed need for 'consensus'—a need which . . . usually ends not in 'community' but only in 'bad provincialism.'"

Above all, for one who sets out from society to find community, there is a relentless urge to demolish artificial structures in the hope that organic ones will flower in their place. Most of us begin that quest, as did the people at Black Mountain and as do most modern communards, already badly weakened by, and dependent upon, the structures we are rebelling against. Insofar as Black Mountain was stable at all, it relied upon conventions and expectations (e.g., those pertaining to academic and artistic achievement, sexual mores, public relations) that were Old World values dressed up in progressive language. As the college became more honest about and put more intensely into practice its real goals and its differences from surrounding society, it fell apart. In retrospect, the old guard at Black Mountain (such as John Andrew Rice and Josef Albers) seem hypocrites compared with Charles Olson, who prevailed over its last years. But under the influence of Olson the Black Mountain community dwindled to a tattered band of fewer than a dozen freaks, fiercely individualistic and indifferent to the beautiful landscape, the farm, the buildings, the surrounding citizenry, and one another. Community, indeed. When socialized man pursues Nature, he seems to encourage the forces of entropy.

And yet, when one knows such a phenomenon intimately, he weeps for its passing (as Duberman literally does at the end of his history). In the first place, the individuals involved, for all their outrageous failings, are precious and astoundingly creative, courageous and self-sacrificing. Duberman is at his best in sensitive delineation of character, and the characters in *Black Mountain* combine the subtleties of those of Henry James with the color of those of Charles Dickens.

More importantly, the quest itself, for all its tragic potential, is not only noble but necessary. If Black Mountain did not quite open the way, it certainly permitted to emerge a new cultural pattern that in the Seventies seems destined to change the very nature of Western civilization: "The case can be overstated, but I think it's true that Black Mountain in its last years prefigured today's emerging 'counterculture'—prefigured it both in its life style of a loosely related tribal council, and in a value structure that em-

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To Live in Freedom

HUMAN RELATIONS TODAY AND TOMORROW

By George Henderson

The author, a human relations practitioner, provides a clear-eyed and uncompromising view of the "human condition" today — of racial and ethnic strife, the plight of the poor, the confrontations triggered by women's lib and gay lib, ecological warfare, and the other crises pressing in upon Americans. *To Live in Freedom* scrutinizes the overriding issues and offers trenchant suggestions for building a truly humane society. Illustrated. Cloth $8.95. Paperback $3.95.

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phasized honesty in human interaction, distaste for an ethic of possession and accumulation, and the reserving of highest respect not for the abstract intellect, but for how it showed itself, was used and useful in one's life." Duberman quotes a Black Mountaineer: "A seed may sprout or may not sprout, but if it's a daisy seed it's going to grow a daisy. . . . The fact that you watered it, isn't what made it turn into a daisy rather than a radish. But you helped grow that daisy by watering it. . . . It's not important whether a particular daisy grows, but if there were none, it would be a catastrophe. . . . And in a sense, Black Mountain watered the post-historic plant that *was* growing . . . the last flourishing of the human spirit before the end or . . . the beginning of the flowering of what one of the founders of SNCC used to call 'the beloved society.' The beloved community. The decent society. Goddam it—sooner or later human beings *are* going to live in a decent society!"

I call it Eden rather than Utopia that those of us involved in such life-giving and life-destroying communities are trying to achieve—that is, the good life achieved through rediscovery of something lost rather than the invention (and control) of something new. This book is testimony to the incredible pain and foolishness and sacrifice that search entails, and also to its absolute necessity. In our present proliferation of experimental educational programs and communal forms, no book could be more relevant than this record of our intrepid predecessors, who bumbled about in the blackness of their mountain with all the magnificent error of Homeric gods. □

Free and Nervous

THE NEW CHASTITY AND OTHER ARGUMENTS AGAINST WOMEN'S LIBERATION. By Midge Decter. 188 pages. Coward, McCann & Geoghegan. $5.95.

BY LINDA WOLFE

This morning I have had two chores: one to sign over a donation to the Coalition for a Free Choice, the organization that will be defending New York State's threatened abortion law, and the other to evaluate Midge Decter's arguments against Women's Liberation. I like neither of these necessities—neither having to give money for what should be my inalienable right nor having to admit even a pinchpenny of admiration for a woman who sees birth control as the first step on the Women's Liberation path toward total sexlessness.

Still, I must confess, I admire Midge Decter's classic counterrevolutionary stance, her fervor to see the worm in every sweet, ripe ideological argument, the antithesis in every juicy thesis. Her technique is to show that nothing about the women's movement is as it appears to be. Quoting frequently from liberation writers, with her ear to their pronouncements on housework, sex, marriage, and childbearing, Decter concludes that, although the women's movement may seem "to embody a new wave of demand for equal rights," it is actually "about something else altogether; it is about, in fact, the difficulties women are experiencing with the rights and freedoms they already enjoy."

The reason why women are having such difficulties is, in Decter's view, that they long to remain irresponsible little girls. Thus they eschew housework, not because it is dullard's work, but because it is perpetually decision demanding and women simply aren't up to it. If women seem to be moving away from sex (a highly debatable point) and becoming resistant to men—"the new chastity"—it is "not so much because of women's difficulties with the performance of its [sex's] specifics as because of the larger entanglements it represents: a life in hostage to the rhythms of time and mortality, to the needs and thus the ephemerality of flesh, and to the risks of opening oneself, making oneself available to the demands of others." Similarly, the movement's negative attitudes toward marriage stem, not from the fact that women feel overburdened, but instead from the fact that they cannot stand to give. And, finally, all this fuss about birth control is actually a cover-up. Women do not desire the right to say when and how many children they may have, but they actually want to put an end to the reproductive process altogether.

Behind these various *shandas*, Decter warns, lies the dirty secret that women are self-hating. It makes them life-denying. With almost Biblical prophetic grandeur she writes, "There is no more radical nor desperately nihilistic statement to issue forth from the lips of humans than that there are no necessary differences between the sexes. For such differences both issue in and do in themselves constitute the most fundamental principle of the continuation of

Linda Wolfe, a contributing editor of New York *magazine, is working on a book about women's extramarital affairs.*

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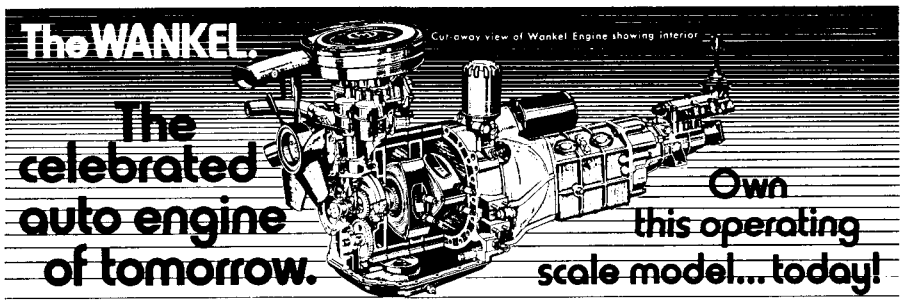
life on earth. Denial of that principle —no matter how nobly, or on the other hand, how trivially uttered—becomes the denial of oneself, one's nature and one's true possibilities: becomes, in other words, the denial of life itself. . . . And as people learned in the past —and seem to need to learn over and over again—should the seeds of such denial take firm root, we shall all of us, men, women, and babes in arms, live to reap the whirlwind."

Well, yes, of course. It would be cause for despair if that were what the women's movement is about. But Decter, a magazine editor (formerly with *Harper's*, now with *World*), supports her argument on the flimsiest evidence, on bits and pieces of quotations gathered helter-skelter; she is happiest with fringe and freakish elements of the movement. Frequently we are told that something is "understood" or "said" in the women's movement without ever learning who understands it or who says it. "Sex understood as a coming together between two autonomous consenting adults," she writes, ". . . is said to be an entirely male conception, propagated for the sole purpose of keeping men sexually supplied." Or, "Women's Liberation has seen fit to characterize the professions in which the majority of professional women engage as housework in disguise." Who? Who? one keeps questioning. Who said it? Which women?

Decter's most publicized argument, the one that holds that Women's Liberation finds men sexually distasteful and, maidenly, is seeking an end to sexual freedom, cannot be documented at all. She is forced to admit, "Though its source is never directly alluded to in any document of the movement that I have seen (one would wager half a lifetime that it is a recurring theme in private and in the meetings of consciousness raising), the evidence is lying all about, unmistakable." But the only evidence we ever get is the slogan scrawled on some placards carried by a handful of young women at a liberation demonstration: "Don't fuck—masturbate."

Curiously, it is Decter who seems the most maidenly of all women. In a voice all too clearly her own she insists that young women experience no lust, that orgasm is basically inessential since "pleasure in sex is not found in, or determined by, explosive release," and that coitus, while for a man an "attainment," is for a woman "a happenstance, roused and dispensed with on the same occasion . . . it speaks very little one way or the other to the rest of her life." Who are *these* women? one wonders. But these assertions are all of-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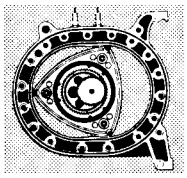

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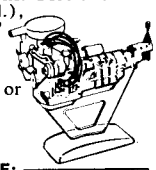

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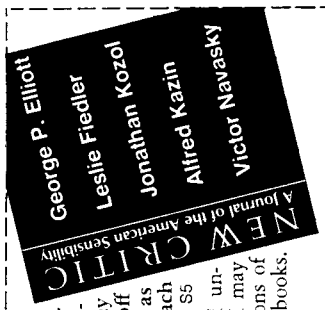

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fered as gospel, no sources quoted, and, to arrive at them, Decter overlooks sexual studies demonstrating that orgasm affects the entire well-being of women and she dismisses Masters and Johnson as "busy sexual engineers." Clearly, if women were as asexual as Decter sees them, a liberation movement might be wise to push chastity. But, since the premise of the sexually deadened female is here so absurd and undocumented, it hardly seems worth saying that of course this is not what the women's movement is about.

Nor is it about irresponsibility, being little girls again, or stopping the reproductive process. When Decter isn't damning the entire movement but using her unique abilities to dig at the underside of specific noble pronouncements, she unearths some chilling tendencies in some members of some liberation phalanxes. But in the end, like most of history's counterrevolutionaries, Decter finds the movement she attacks too broad, too grand; it eludes her. She has written a sonorous, investigative, but ultimately fallacious book because she has kept mistaking her own trees for the whole branching forest. □

Horror and Struck

THE CLOCKS OF COLUMBUS: The Literary Career of James Thurber. By Charles S. Holmes. Illustrated. 331 pages. Atheneum Publishers. $10.

BY WILLIAM HOGAN

James Thurber wrote fables, memoirs, reports, satires, fantasies, complaints. He ventured into the drama (*The Male Animal*, with Elliot Nugent). The movies smoked him out (*The Secret Life of Walter Mitty*). As his friend and colleague E. B. White once noted, Thurber "littered the world with thousands of drawings." Some were among the funniest in the annals of cartooning ("All right, have it your way—you heard a seal bark!").

He was not merely a clever writer for *The New Yorker*, which he joined in 1927 and helped to illuminate until his death in 1961 at age 67. He was a major American comic artist, whose puzzling Thurber country was as haunting as Faulkner's Yoknapatawpha County, populated by resigned dogs, predatory women at war with bewildered men, creatures whose wheels were set in motion by the damp hand of melancholy. The melancholy was Thurber's.

William Hogan is book review editor of the San Francisco Chronicle.

James Thurber, before he became totally blind

Much autobiographical material appears in Thurber's books, notably in *The Years With Ross*, in which Thurber becomes as vivid a character as the book's ostensible subject, the late editor of *The New Yorker*, Harold Ross. Thurber's Columbus, Ohio, years—the McKinley era and later—were well documented in *My Life and Hard Times* (1933), a collection of stories that were fundamentally true, like the night the ghost got in and similar adventures in a family that was obviously addicted to absurdity.

In a 1957 collection, *Alarms and Diversions*, Thurber recalled his young manhood and his first trip abroad, as a code clerk in the American embassy in Paris. "The City of Light during most of 1919," he wrote, "was costumed like a wide-screen operetta, the uniforms of a score of nations forming a kind of restless out-of-step finale. . . ."

Charles S. Holmes does not deliver lines of this Matisse-like quality in his anecdotal biography, which concentrates chiefly on Thurber's role as a literary stylist. An Ohioan himself and a professor of English at Pomona College in Southern California, Holmes is a dedicated Thurber scholar who has done his homework exhaustively and with affection for his subject. The fact that, in a retelling of many familiar tales (from *The Years With Ross*, among other sources), his prose generates less magic than Thurber's did is not the biographer's fault. Thurber wrote like some unicorn in a garden, and Holmes is merely a mortal scholar, a solid writer rather than an exciting one, who is only able to suggest a world that constantly explodes into confusion and chaos, or the Thurber quality of fantasy, which was so delicate and thoughtful.

The Clocks of Columbus might send a multitude of readers back to the originals—from *The Owl in the Attic and Other Complexities* to the children's fantasy of 1950, *The Thirteen Clocks*—and that in itself is a favor to us all. Yet the story is here, told chronologically—many Thurbers brought into perspective as a single phenomenon: the college days; newspaper days in Columbus, New York, and on the old Paris edition of the *Chicago Tribune*; his two marriages; and *The New Yorker*, on which Thurber became one of the most distinguished writers of his time.

And his blindness, which developed in the spring of 1940. For decades, as it turned out, he had seen without the normal apparatus of vision. We see the tormented artist becoming resigned to a distressing, but not defeating, affliction. His essays and children's stories continued to appear, as well as acid comments on the decline of America and the human race in general.

"People don't read any more," he observed in his late days; "they just develop a TV mouth and a TV stare." He added that ours is the age of mental illness, "of tranquilizers, sleeping pills, women-chasing and drink—everybody in the United States is trying to escape from reality."

Yet Thurber made a career of escaping reality, and Holmes shows this in many stories. In 1926 Thurber covered the Helen Wills–Suzanne Lenglen tennis match at Cannes in a style that resembled a Henry James novel (he had been through a James period). The impish Thurber was on hand, too.

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WIT TWISTER NO. 294

Edited by ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

Above all others, he — — — — — — — — her;

Her image long — — — — — — — — in his breast.

Years passed. His passions changed from what they were.

He now — — — — — — — — the love he once professed.

A.S.

Answer on page 80

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When things were slow on the *Tribune*, Thurber made up parody news features involving international figures in mythical tales of burglary, rape, gambling, and gunfighting. He sneaked Thurberisms into the paper as phony filler items; one, under a Washington dateline, had Calvin Coolidge telling a Protestant Churches of America convention that "a man who does not pray is not a praying man."

Years later Samuel Goldwyn told Thurber he didn't like the ending to the *Walter Mitty* screenplay his writers had prepared for Danny Kaye. "Too blood and thirsty," Goldwyn said. Thurber read the whole script and replied that he was "horror and struck."

Holmes does not neglect Thurber the cartoonist; the cockeyed drawings, as well as the captions, were part of the literary pattern. There was what today might be called an antifeminist strain in Thurber's work, notably in the cartoons, where even courtship was a species of warfare. Women in Thurber's world were almost always in charge; his men were furtive, frustrated types, "vaguely striving to get out of something," as E. B. White described them.

Primarily a literary person, he was never a political spokesman, but in the McCarthy era, as Holmes makes clear in an especially revealing sidelight, Thurber was distressed that America seemed to be inviting a dictatorship of the Right. He saw the United States in the early 1950s as "the most frightened country in the world." When the State Department confiscated Arthur Miller's passport and a congressman asked Miller whether he really thought "that the artist is a special person," Thurber protested in the *New York Times* that "a nation in which a congressman can seriously ask, 'Do you think the artist is a special person?' is a nation living in cultural jeopardy."

Thurber, American artist, comes alive again for a while in this book. Though "horror and struck," he remains a man of good sense and sensibility and nostalgia—a boy who continually searched for the normalcy and wonder of his youth in Columbus. "The clocks that strike in my dreams are often the clocks of Columbus," he said upon receiving a medal from the Buckeye State in 1953.

Thurber might have written his epitaph in his own classic lines: " 'To hell with the handkerchief,' said Walter Mitty scornfully. He took one last drag on his cigarette and snapped it away. Then, with that faint, fleeting smile playing about his lips, he faced the firing squad: erect and motionless, proud and disdainful, Walter Mitty, the Undefeated, inscrutable to the last." □

SHORTER REVIEWS

LUCE AND HIS EMPIRE. By W. A. Swanberg. Illustrated. 529 pages. Scribner's. $12.50.

There is something right and a great deal wrong with W. A. Swanberg's massive new press-lord biography. (After *Pulitzer* and *Citizen Hearst*, who else but the beetle-browed publisher of *Time*, *Life*, and *Fortune*?) What's right is that you can open Swanberg's latest tome to almost any page and find some intriguing and delightfully ludicrous snippet about Henry Robinson Luce (1898–1967). Famous for his naïveté, his insatiable and indiscriminate curiosity, his literal-mindedness, his missionary's assumption that God was Christian and had a special interest in America's destiny and that he, H. R. L., was chosen to speak for both—Henry Luce presented (and still presents, in part and to some) an absolutely irresistible target for instant comic deflation. Not for nothing did Wolcott Gibbs, in his 1936 *Time*style-parodying *New Yorker* profile, refer to him as "Baby Tycoon." (True to form, Luce objected strenuously to the piece, arguing that not only was it unjustifiably unkind but that, contrary to the impression it gave, he did *too* have a sense of humor.) Swanberg is no Gibbs; but, still, there is a lot of amusingly deflating material to draw upon, and Swanberg has done his determined, level best to get every tidbit of it in, willy-nilly. (The willy-nillyness, in this case, is a convenience; as you can open the book at any page, so you can, likewise, with a head-shaking chuckle or two, close it.) What is wrong with the book is not simply that Swanberg doesn't know when to stop with the funny stuff (too much ridicule can breed respect), but that it isn't meant to be funny. It is meant to be very serious. It is meant, in fact, to be an indictment of Luce and his empire. Prosecutor Swanberg (as opposed to Compiler Swanberg) would have us believe that perhaps Henry Luce really did have some pipeline to the Almighty, that he was, anyway, more powerful than Presidents and therefore primarily responsible for, among other ills, the Cold War, McCarthyism, and Vietnam. This is crediting even a grown-up tycoon with a bit much—especially when he is otherwise portrayed as a buffoon. Luce and his magazines were, of course, influential; just how influential is hard to measure, but, in their heyday, let's say quite (which is less than Swanberg would say, or Luce, for that matter). The magazines were often, as charged, sanctimonious, cruel, propagandistic, and self-serving (and sometimes idiotic;

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*Time*style is still catching, as Swanberg amply demonstrates). But they also filled a need, gave lots of information, were snappy reading, got rich because they were popular. And they were—man and magazines—very much, and interestingly and complexly of their time—not just acting upon it but reflective of it too. Unfortunately, in this book the real substance and meaning of the story of Henry Luce and the empire he built and ran are only barely discernible beneath the distorting waves of anecdote and gossip and the shifting sands of hamhanded hindsight judgment.

THE ORIGINAL SIN: A Self-Portrait. By Anthony Quinn. 311 pages. Little, Brown. $7.95.

Celebrity autobiographies come in all shapes and sizes, but this is probably the first that is an actual account of its author's psychoanalysis. Rich, successful, but tortured, Anthony Quinn went through analysis to delve into his past, and the book is set up along such flashback lines—accounts of childhood alternating with conversations with his psychiatrist and an eleven-year-old Ghost of Quinn Past, a personified figure of the world he left behind, who haunts him like a bad conscience. Because this is the sort of public wound baring that often passes for courage these days, the objective was probably unparalleled honesty, but the effect is to make the book read like a scenario, with some of the heaviest-handed Freudian bits since Ingrid Bergman played a shrink in *Spellbound*. The irony is that Quinn's story is a good one, dramatic and colorful enough to stand on its own without the psychiatric window dressing. Quinn was born to a Mexican mother and Irish-Mexican father, and his early years were filled with poverty, prejudice, and a remarkable family—from the noble grandmother who helped raise him, to a charming, Micawber-like uncle who once invented a ludicrous device for refrigerating bananas. Growing up in Los Angeles during the Depression, Quinn tried his hand at professional boxing, entered dance contests, and did a saxophone stint with evangelist Aimee Semple McPherson. He fell in love with a girl, only to become educated and loved by her mother; hoboing around the country, he was seduced by a Texas ranching widow and then thrown into jail when he threatened to leave her; he got his first movie speaking part in *The Plainsman* by pretending to be a real Cheyenne and ended up telling C. B. DeMille how to direct the scene (later he married C. B.'s daughter, Katharine). The account of his early years in Hollywood is filled with wonderful anecdotes and personality snapshots: Carole

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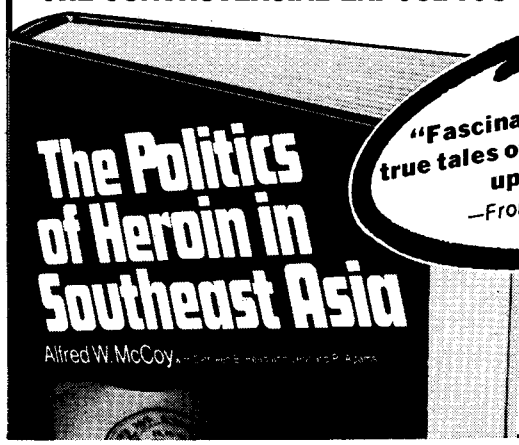

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Lombard helped his career, John Barrymore gave him advice, and Mae West tried to seduce him under her mirrored ceiling. But clearly this is no ordinary star autobiography, and the movie chit-chat is never allowed to override the larger story at hand—Quinn's wrestling with his past, his success, and the *machismo* that is at once his strength and the source of conscious frustration. And, surprisingly, all this is involving for the reader, largely through Quinn's sheer force of character. For all the melodramatic frills and trumped-up montage, there is a real story here.

ST. GEORGE AND THE GODFATHER. By Norman Mailer. 229 pages. New American Library. $1.50.

If it is true that a writer is only as good as his material, then perhaps it is not Norman Mailer's fault that his latest convention reports, much of them first published in *Life* magazine, make such dull reading. Even for this adept tilter at windmills the effort, apparently, was too much. The Democrats, he decided early on, were obliged to be boring because "there was insufficient evil in the room." The Republicans, on the other hand, provided plenty of evil for him, but of such a laundered, sanitized variety that it hardly seemed worth the bother. The result is a fairly dispiriting account of some fairly dispiriting events, a prose spoiling for a rattling good fist fight and finding only committee minutes. Mailer's familiar approach—to work around the fringes of the action—seems only viable when, as in Chicago four years ago, there is something exciting happening on those fringes. Here, it causes him to miss or gloss over whatever potential drama there was: Mayor Dalev's fracas takes place off stage, the California vote remains mired in parliamentary statistics, the women's role in the Democratic Convention merely serves as a springboard for yet another announcement of his neomystic views on sex, and there is nothing fresh or illuminating about the Eagleton affair (other than the extraordinary observation that "now Wallace folk loved Eagleton because he was a rich boy with a bad secret who was going through a crisis and not giving up"). The Republicans fare a little better because their convention, at least, was a phenomenon of sorts, a new step in media staging and political control, but this hardly makes for hot copy either. "I like McGovern," Mailer's alter ego, Aquarius, says at one point, "but I just wish he spoke with a little metaphor from time to time." This sort of writer's frustration runs through the entire book, and, inevitably, its best parts are those in which Mailer can hone his own metaphorical tools on capsule descriptions. On Wallace: "He was indisputably a national figure. With all 'the grabs' of an abdominal pain." On Larry O'Brien: "He seemed born with the ability to walk through a barnyard on his way to the cotillion and never have to wipe his pumps." On pro-McGovern youth: "While certainly nice, [they] had the subtly wan look (beneath Florida tan) of kids who get their kicks by replaying on tape recorders conversations they have just lived through." But all this is sparring, and the unwritten complaint of Mailer's book seems to be that our political conventions are designed, not for writers—much less for a sensible political process—but for television cameras. These most hysterical of public events, this book suggests, are rapidly trading in their human conflict, color, and immediate give-and-take for the organized, inoffensive blandness of a thousand electronic dots punctuated only by the inventiveness of commercials. The book is published originally in paperback, as was *Miami and the Siege of Chicago* four years ago.

FAREWELL TO THE SOUTH. By Robert Coles. 408 pages. Atlantic–Little, Brown. $7.95.

Bostonian Robert Coles first went south in 1958 and has been going back ever since—as observer and participant in the early civil rights struggles, as a child psychiatrist, and, always, as a friend to the families he "visits" with. The visits led to his three-volume work, *Children of Crisis*, which included not only the initial studies of southerners involved in school desegregation but, later, those of migrant workers, sharecroppers, and northern ghetto families. *Farewell to the South*, his latest offering, is a collection of essays, reviews, and interviews selected from his prodigious output of the last ten years. It is not so large in conception as *Children of Crisis* was, but neither is it the usual scrapbook gathering assembled by publishers of important authors. What it presents is a panorama of major social change seen through the eyes of a most informed, open, and compassionate "Yankee visitor." Dr. Coles's concern is to see how people are "getting along," and to read his book is to participate in the human drama of such change, to be taken from the headlines into the kitchens where the change is being lived. His subjects include not only black families and civil rights workers but Ku Klux Klan members and the people caught in the confusion of in-between—none of whom he sees as a "type." And he is as alert to the complex cultural background as to the more obvious political chicanery. The essays contain their share of anger and sometimes what seems in retrospect an overly generous hope; but, overall, they are moving human documents, chronicles not only of a time passed and a place still changing but of a sensibility that is reflective, fair, and open always to the human heart.

A WHALE FOR THE KILLING. By Farley Mowat. 239 pages. Atlantic–Little, Brown. $6.95.

Some animals may be more equal than others, but whales are clearly in a class by themselves. Their size, of course, is awesome; their brains, studies suggest, are comparable to and perhaps even superior to ours in both complexity and capacity; and they are among the handful of animal species around which we have created a folklore. They are also being slaughtered at such a rate that their existence beyond this decade is in most serious jeopardy. In 1967 one of the noblest of these, an eighty-ton pregnant fin whale, was trapped accidentally in a tidal pool, which happened to be near Canadian author Farley Mowat's home, on the south coast of Newfoundland. A rare opportunity for study became an excuse for senseless violence as the town spivs fired hundreds of bullets into the whale, threw rocks, and made running dashes with their motorboats. Outraged, Mowat tried to save the whale by any means at his disposal—primarily press releases and highly connected friends. This grim tale of his efforts is largely one of frustration, political chicanery, and an ever increasing sympathy for the whale. The townspeople became divided, the governor of Newfoundland fudged on his promise to send help, interested scientists were delayed by storms, and all the while a guardian whale cruised the entrance to the pond, dutifully trying to direct herring to his dying mate. The drama is well prepared by Mowat with leisurely sketches of the town and people and a brief history of the whaling industry; and the prose is suffused throughout with the passion of lost causes. Mowat makes the reader root for the whale and feel angry at its terrible death; he does so because he is up to more than telling a good story. His book is a plea for environmental sanity, an effective chapter, let us hope, in the larger saga that is already a tragedy and may well become one of irreparable loss. □

Answer to Wit Twister, page 78: desired, resided, derides.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1530
It is impossible for a man to be cheated by anyone but himself. Emerson

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Films

Thanks for the Memory

BY THOMAS MEEHAN

Any movie star who, like Bob Hope, associates himself with one political point of view or another inevitably runs the risk of having his performance in even the most apolitical film judged from the standpoint of whether one is for or against his politics. Most of my left-wing friends, for example, wouldn't be caught dead at a John Wayne Western (even though they might have nothing against the same Western with a different actor in the leading role), and I suspect that right-wingers are staying away in droves these days from any movie that stars Shirley MacLaine. Bob Hope, of course, is something of an American institution, like Flag Day and the oil depletion allowance. But in the past several years he has closely identified himself with right-wing, Middle-American conservatism, the Nixon-Agnew administration, and a hawkish position on the Vietnam War.

Maybe partly because I tend pretty much to disagree with his politics, but mainly, I think, because Hope seems to me nowadays to be a worn-out performer, mechanically spieling out stale, predictable jokes, I found his latest film, *Cancel My Reservation*, not just one of the least funny but one of the most depressing movies that I've seen all year. Is there anybody left anywhere, including Bing Crosby himself, who can still laugh at a Bob Hope joke about Crosby's golf game?

It genuinely saddens me to knock Hope and his movie, for I'm one of that generation of Americans who were young in the late 1930s and 1940s and who grew up listening to Hope on the radio and going to his movies on Saturday afternoons. In those days Hope was just about my favorite comedian, and each week, I remember, my brother and I would cajole our parents into letting us stay up late on Tuesday evening to listen to Hope's radio show, which came on at ten o'clock. It would open with Hope's theme song, "Thanks for the Memory," brassily played by Skinnay Ennis and His Orchestra, and then the announcer, Bill Goodwin, would shout, "It's *The Bob Hope Show*, brought to you by Pepsodent, starring Bob Hope, with Frances Langford, Jerry Colonna, Vera Vague. . . ." A brief reprise of the theme song, and then Hope himself—to the raucous cheers of an audience of servicemen at whatever military base the program was coming from that week—would come brashly on the air: "How do you do, ladies and gentlemen? This is Bob 'Broadcasting from the Stockton Air Field' Hope. Well, here we are at the Stockton Air Field in the San Joaquin Valley—San Joaquin, that's Spanish for 'Don't fly so low, you're splashing grape juice in my eye.' We came up here in a Greyhound bus—It must have been a Greyhound, it kept chasing rabbits all the way." And so on, as the audience of servicemen broke up with laughter. At the time such stuff broke me up, too.

In those same years I don't think that I missed any of Hope's movies, and they, too, broke me up—*The Cat and the Canary*, *Ghostbreakers*, *My Favorite Blonde*, *My Favorite Brunette*, and, of course, all of the *Road to* —— movies with Crosby and Dorothy Lamour. As Hope himself would probably admit, he was never much of an actor, but he had a kind of exuberant, youthful charm that more than made up for his lack of acting ability. And, as a result of a combination of remarkable timing and the casual likability of everybody's favorite wisecracking brother-in-law, he had a singular knack for making even the most feeble gag seem amusing. Bob Hope was funny then, but he certainly isn't anymore.

Hope and Saint in Cancel My Reservation.

Cancel My Reservation has to do with a husband-and-wife TV talk-show team, played by Hope and Eva Marie Saint, who go off on a vacation to Arizona and get mixed up in a series of unlikely murders that Hope, of course, is accused by the local sheriff of having committed. Most of the movie consists of a series of dull and improbable adventures through which Hope and Miss Saint frantically race in search of the real killer—with whom, naturally, they eventually catch up.

In *Cancel My Reservation* Hope is supposed to be forty-two, or twenty-seven years younger than his actual age, sixty-nine, which he is more and more these days growing to look. And Hope's elderliness is one of the main things that depressed me about the movie—and embarrassed me, too. There is something both sad and almost obscene about his trying to pass himself off as a man of forty-two. Miss Saint, meanwhile, who remains one of the loveliest-looking women in the movies, is also, I'm afraid, beginning to show her age, which she admits to be forty-three. At the end of the picture she is pregnant for the first time and so cheerfully gives up her high-paying TV job and some obviously dopey ideas she'd had about Women's Lib to fulfill her God-intended role as a housewife and mother. This is presented to us as a happy ending, but both Hope and Miss Saint look so advanced in years to be first-time parents that one seriously questions the advisability of this couple's going ahead with having a baby.

All in all, *Cancel My Reservation* may be a movie that only Spiro T. Agnew and his admirers could love—which, to judge by the latest polls, should make it the biggest box-office hit of the fall season. □

SOLUTION OF THIS WEEK'S KINGSLEY'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (NO. 2011)

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aller skyscrapers to save space.
ower buildings for a view of the sky.

ore parking spaces.
o more parking lots.

espect for civic law.
reedom to do exactly what I want.

aried neighborhoods.
eighbors who are just like me.

etter garbage collection.
ower sanitation costs.

place to walk my dog.
ogs prohibited.

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A city that's easy to drive around.

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More and better sewage treatment.
No treatment plants in my neighborhood.

Solutions in ten years.
Solutions now!

ıe ideal

he ideal city will happen when people
ith different—even opposing—ideas
an work together to build an environment
ıat balances human diversity.

ıe real

ur cities are threatened with chaos
the degree that groups and individuals
nore their interdependence
ı one another.

There are no simple solutions to urban problems. Because modern cities aren't simple places. They're concentrations of diversity—different people with different attitudes, backgrounds, skills. Their interaction makes a city stimulating; their interdependence on one another makes the city workable. We must find solutions that respect human diversity and balance it in a mutually supportive environment. Not a simple problem. But the solutions are worth working for.
Because the city is the future.
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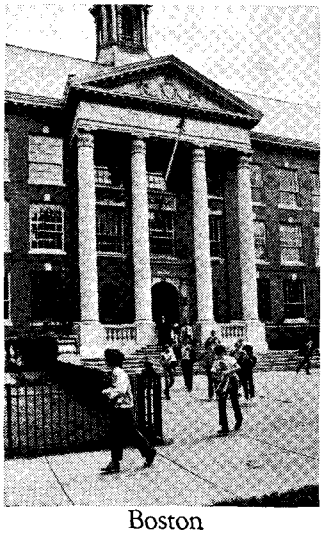
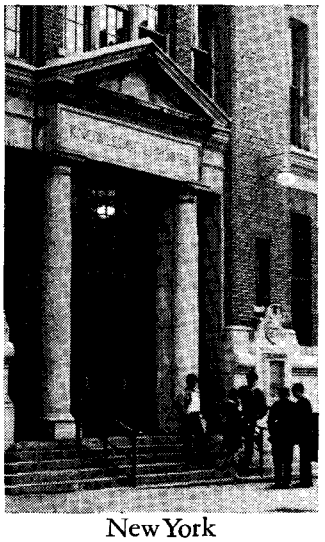
Which of these cities has the highest rate of high school dropouts?



Boston



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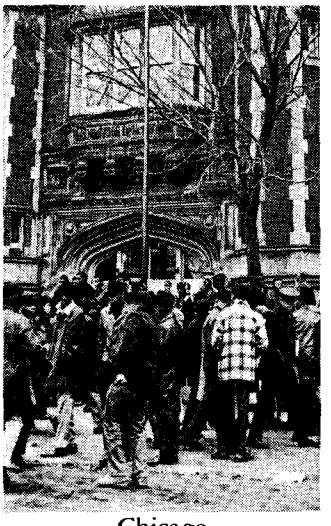
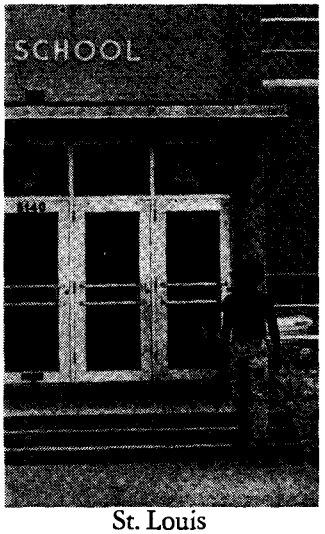
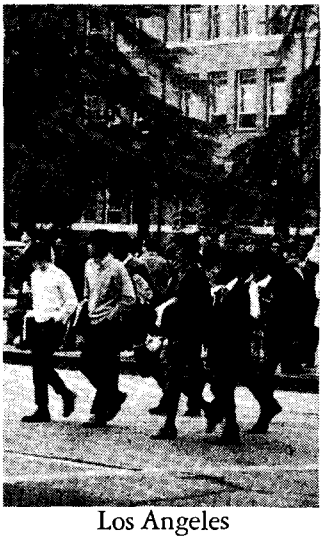


Chicago



St. Louis

San Francisco



Los Angeles

Give New York the booby prize.

Almost half its students entering sophomore year of public high school don't graduate, the highest dropout rate among these seven cities.

But even Los Angeles' lowest-ranking rate is a substantial 26%.

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KNX Newsradio 1070, Los Angeles
Represented by CBS Radio Spot Sales

Source: Percent of 1968 full-time public school tenth graders who did not graduate three years later (1970-71). Based on statistics from the National Center for Educational Statistics, Office of Education, U.S. Department of Health, Education, and Welfare.

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Theater

Off Is On

BY HENRY HEWES

It is getting difficult to know when the new theater season has really started. On Broadway there have been a few openings, but the two best of these were Broadway extensions of productions that had long and successful Off-Broadway runs.

Jason Miller's *That Championship Season* (*SR*, June 3), has deftly made the transfer from Joseph Papp's Public Theater to the Booth. During the four months of playing Off-Broadway the cast has considerably enriched this portrait of corruption and decadence in a small Pennsylvania city. Dialogue that previously seemed a little too much an obvious effort by the playwright to stack the cards against his characters now emerges as more self-revelatory and less melodramatic. This ensemble excellence was confirmed a week after the opening when every member of the cast—Richard A. Dysart, Paul Sorvino, Charles Durning, Walter McGinn, and Michael McGuire—was voted a Drama Desk Award by New York's drama critics and drama editors (five of the top thirteen awards for outstanding performances in the 1971–72 season). The Drama Desk also named the play's director, A. J. Antoon, its designer, Santo Loquasto, and its author, Jason Miller, as the best in their respective categories.

Jacques Brel Is Alive and Well and Living in Paris (*SR*, April 27, 1968) closed Off-Broadway in July after a run of more than four years. Now the producers are offering it for a limited engagement at the Royale Theatre, with Elly Stone, the most important member of the original cast, and Joe Masiell, the strongest replacement in the Village Gate presentation. Although this theatricalized parade of songs loses a little of its impact in the larger Broadway house, it is still very much worth experiencing by those who never ventured downtown to discover its delights.

Off-Off-Broadway, at the Judson Memorial Church, Al Carmines has unveiled his latest work, *The Life of a Man*. This new musical ambitiously follows an American male from womb to deathbed. Like all Carmines's works, it is a marvelous combination of irreverent humor and reverence for life as it is, rather than for the artificial and decorous model that society pretends to follow.

The play begins with a chorus of noticeably pregnant women frantically singing, "What the hell is happening to my body?" A little later an uncomfortable nursing mother comments, "Lullabies are written by men." Then a father sadly explains that the American way of fatherhood is a kind of silent relationship that forbids the expression of any real feelings for his son except occasional anger.

Carmines, who exuberantly relishes the challenge of writing songs about traditionally unmentionable subjects, proceeds to astonish and delight his audience with a hymn in which a mother, solemnly reinforced by a choral ensemble of fifty, sings an emotional aria, "I found come on the bedsheets this morning."

The trip from adolescence to adulthood and marriage is neatly accomplished. First the sex-symbol ideal is demonstrated by a Coca-Cola girl who sings sensuously about a bottle of the beverage as if it were a delicious phallus. Then a prostitute, acting as a substitute for the real thing, teaches our young protagonist a sense of tragedy, which Carmines here defines simply as "the discovery that uniqueness does not exist."

Karl Marx appears and tries to convince the young man that money is the only antidote the world has found to the prospect of death and that people who expect to go on living count their money every day. Sigmund Freud shows up and cleverly proves that sons do not find themselves by being part of a family with their fathers and mothers. Finally, Albert Einstein concludes the educational charades by explaining that he is in love with what he *doesn't* know.

Now the young man meets a girl who sings about how she likes to break men's hearts, and he immediately announces, "She's an empty-headed, frivolous little bitch. I've got to marry her." He does, but the marriage is troubled because she finds him too real.

The second act attempts to capsulize the benevolent ruthlessness of the international business organization our breadwinner has joined. In a parody of "God Bless America" the firm's executives sing, "From the mountains to the prairies/To the oceans white with foam/No place on earth is safe/From America—our home, sweet home." In the same office two cleaning women sing an amusing duet about the rather minimal qualifications of the kind of a guy they'd like to have. Then some of the junior executives voice their discomfort with our individualistic man—because they settled for their routine, comfortable lives, and they don't like to be reminded by him that it is possible to live without settling. The executives sing, "He's a peculiar guy/He doesn't want to lose/but he doesn't try to win./God damn it/Why doesn't he give in?"

Now we see the unhappy couple going to a Broadway show. The husband is disappointed and asks his wife if the show was supposed to make them feel anything. She replies, "You are supposed to feel something and then despise yourself for feeling it. That is sophisticated theater." They proceed to a night club, where a comedienne makes vicious, self-devouring fun of the rather sordid and unreal existence some celebrated big-name performers lead. The wife finds it honest wit. The husband finds it brutal.

The wife takes up a sexual liaison with a young stud, to whom she gives money. At first the husband regards this new turn in his marriage as an opportunity to develop a more mature relationship. But the loss of his wife's love is too much for him. He becomes sick, and, as he dies, the chorus sings a hymn of despair, which concludes, "The miracle of continuity/that things continue to happen is the/unbelievable and only grace."

Stu Silver as Freud and Lee Guilliatt in a brief parody of an Upper East Side woman who has a thing about being too fat stand out. And Reathel Bean is attractive in the leading role. They and the rest of the huge cast contribute faithfully to Carmines's gigantic effort to sum up his attitudes and experiences in contemporary America. At this stage of its development *The Life of a Man* is a rich notebook of inspired glimpses with only a nominal dramatic focus. What the work needs is to involve us a little more deeply with the quest of its American Everyman to find a meaningful existence. This could be achieved by giving the protagonist's responses equal time with the events around him. □

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Music

New Symphony

BY IRVING KOLODIN

When a composer has written fourteen symphonies, the advent of a fifteenth risks the verdict of "more of the same." When the composer is Dmitri Shostakovich, whose Fifteenth Symphony was introduced to New York by the Philadelphia Orchestra under Eugene Ormandy's direction in Philharmonic Hall, the question must be raised: which "same"—the lesser or the greater?

Happily for all concerned—and there can be few with an interest in music who are not "concerned" when a new major work of this very major composer is introduced—it is definitely the greater Shostakovich who has written No. 15. Not since the Ninth, of the immediate post–World War II era, has he written an orchestral work so much infused with his spirit and his skill, his broad view of the world as well as his narrow view of the part of it in which he lives. Above all, No. 15 is sharply attuned to the winds of humor that played about his ears when he was making his reputation.

He makes no attempt to hide the symphony's autobiographical character, though for the present it is the listener's challenge to sort out such meanings for himself, with little verbal guidance. The key is contained in two unabashed quotations, of which the first is a repeated reference to the Rossini phrase in the *William Tell* Overture known to Americans for its "Hi Ho, Silver" associations. This galop (to give it a scholarly identity) has a natural relationship to the enigmatic flute phrase with which the Shostakovich symphony begins. Its prominence could be attributed to a form of mischief native to more than a few composers, Stravinsky included.

The other quotation, which threads through the finale, cannot be so easily explained. It takes up where the scherzo leaves off and thus derives from no immediate antecedent. It is out of Wagner's *Ring* and, in my opinion, is misattributed by annotator George K. Diehl to *Die Walküre*. It does appear in that score, but surely the context in which Shostakovich quotes it is *Götterdämmerung*, after Siegfried has been slain and his funeral music is about to begin. The dim recollection that this music was played again and again on the German radio after Hitler's death could give it a place in Shostakovich's life not suggested by anything in *Walküre*.

In any case these oblique, or not so oblique, references are but a part of the work's fabric, not its main design. That design, in my view, is the large, clear signature of Dmitri Shostakovich, asserting itself after subjugation to others in his two preceding works. In No. 13 it was Yevtushenko and "Babi Yar" that prompted him to a bitter commentary on the life around him. In No. 14 it was a series of macabre poems by Federico García Lorca, Guillaume Apollinaire, and Rainer Maria Rilke that held his attention.

Now he has returned to the use of his craft and his imagination to celebrate music as an art possessed of a life of its own and the composer as one of the privileged few whose identity can survive bodily extinction. He is concerned with no ism but humanism, no ideology but the biological urge to survive that unites all who inhabit the same planet. At sixty-six Shostakovich has compounded a commentary on his life's work that should make absorbing listening for years to come.

Ormandy's direction of the new score was searching, expository, and often possessed of exceptional beauty of sound. A long-time student of Mahler's symphonies, Shostakovich has clearly comprehended some secrets of tonal colorations and combinations buried in his predecessor's late scores. The finesse of the Philadelphia woodwinds and brass enabled Ormandy to make much of such opportunities. It is unlikely that one will soon hear the slow movement as vibrant with string sound as it was in this performance.

The remainder of the program was, by no conceivable prearrangement, alternately Germanic and Russian. By much the best of it was a finely fashioned, highly articulate performance of the D-major concerto of Prokofiev, in which Isaac Stern was a violin soloist both muscular and meticulous. It was preceded by two performances more notable for energy than insight: the Mozart B-flat concerto (K. 207), with Stern as soloist, and the first of Beethoven's three *Leonore* overtures.

Periodically the New York City Opera presents Beverly Sills and Norman Treigle in the same production, and the results, as in the case of the well-remembered *Coq d'Or*, are something special. This time it is Offenbach's *Les Contes d'Hoffmann*, permitting the stars to come out in eight different guises during the evening.

It is nothing new, of course, for a soprano or bass-baritone to play four roles apiece in the sequence of "cameos" Offenbach's masterpiece provides. It is also a recurrent practice for two such specialists to play against each other throughout. But it is rare indeed for a soprano of Miss Sills's versatility to be matched with a basso of Treigle's resourcefulness. Together they provide a remarkably complete illusion of the difficulties that beset Hoffman, played by Michele Molese, in his pursuit of the "ideal woman" (Sills), thwarted each time by a bête noire (Treigle.)

If one refines the standards a bit to embrace virtuosity in characterization as well as vocalism, top honors must be awarded to Treigle. In differentiating the sinister Lindorf from the grotesque Coppelius and the Dantesque Dappertutto from the Conrad-Veidtish Dr. Miracle, Treigle musters a grace of movement, clarity of enunciation, and mastery of make-up that typify the art of the singing actor at its best. Miss Sills is steadily alluring and entertaining in her impersonation of Steffa, the doll, the courtesan, and the doomed Antonia, but she takes the kind of vocal risks that result in pinched tones as well as brilliant passages.

Scenically, this *Hoffmann* is a triumph for Ming Cho Lee, who has devised a unit set (featuring a stage-ringing balcony, a central turntable, and metallic-faced drapes that reflect projection as well as lighting) of admirable adaptability. It does, indeed, work so well that it is apparently impossible to make a shift back to the opening in Luther's Tavern, and the epilogue is omitted. This leaves the informed observer hung up with a curiosity about how long all those students will have to wait to hear the end of Hoffman's bobbed "tales" and deprives the newcomer to Offenbach of the work's rousing finale. José Varona has dressed the cast attractively. Tito Capobianco's staging was a typical combination of the fanciful and the frenetic. Julius Rudel's conducting provided a beautifully steadying influence on all those who participated in one of the company's most memorable accomplishments. □

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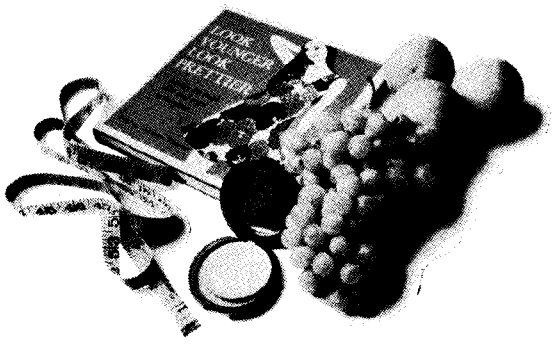

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(Continued from page 93)

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HOPETOWN, BAHAMAS—For Rent—New, 1-bedroom cottage with bath and kitchen. Private beach. Four people or couple with two children. Write SR Box I-754.

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JAMAICA—Duncan Bay Villa. 4 bedrooms and baths. Staffed. Private beach. $375 week in season. C. DeWan, Mill Road, Westboro, Massachusetts 01581. 617-366-4647.

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"CARIBE PLAYA"—Patillas, Puerto Rico. Remarkable seaside efficiency resort. Economical.

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BAHAMAS COTTAGE on Man O'War Cay—the quaint, quiet, colorful boat building center of the Out Islands. Readily accessible to stores, medical clinic and scheduled airlines. 2-bedroom vacation house, modern furnishings, private dock on harbor side. Private beach and palm grove on ocean side. Sailing dinghy, skiff and outboard included. $200 per week for four. Contact P. R. Swank, 201 South Jefferson Avenue, St. Louis, Missouri 63166 or 314-534-6300.

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SUMMER STUDIES ABROAD

GERMANY—FRANCE—SPAIN—ENGLAND. SCHILLER COLLEGE—See "Studies Abroad." Liberal arts, language, theatre.

STUDIES ABROAD

HEIDELBERG - BERLIN - PARIS - MADRID - LONDON. SCHILLER COLLEGE—Liberal Arts; B.A., M.A. curricula; academic year programs. American credit system. Special programs: music, theatre, fine arts. International business administration. Graduate, undergraduate, and high school summer courses. Write: Schiller College U.S. Office, 429 N.W. 48th Street, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma 73118. (Phone: 405-842-5979) or 7121 Kleiningersheim, Germany.

LEARN SPANISH IN MEXICO. If you really want to learn Spanish intensively and economically, start any Monday at CIDOC. For catalogue on language school and de-schooled academy, write: CIDOC, Apdo. 479, Cuernavaca, Mexico.

STUDY IN GUADALAJARA—Spanish language, art, Mexican culture. Study abroad programs organized for U.S. schools and colleges. IMNA, Tolsa 300, Guadalajara, Mexico.

LIBERAL ARTS IN ROME. *Temple University's College* of Liberal Arts offers full credit courses at its Rome campus for the spring semester, '73. Courses offered: Art History, Literature, Italian, Anthropology, History, Political Science, Archaeology, Urban Studies and Independent Studies. Contact: Temple Abroad, Mr. Dennis L. Tarr, Temple University, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19122. 215-787-8444.

SPANISH WINTERIM: University credit programs, 3*/4 weeks, (December 28th-January 19th*, 26th). Classes, Tours, Madrid/Seville. Total: $495*/$555. ACADEMIC YEAR IN SPAIN, College Apt. 1084, Seville, Spain.

GRADUATE STUDIES IN ENGLAND—Alvescot College now offers tailor-made programs for graduates. Candidates pursue their studies under the guidance of highly qualified advisors especially appointed to assist each graduate. The Oxford University System for graduate studies is followed. For more information write to: Alvescot College, Alvescot, Oxfordshire, England.

STUDIES ABROAD

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SPANISH: High school, adult and college level.

WORKSHOPS: Watercolor Painting, Archaeology, Ornithology, Human Relations, Creative Writing, Mexican Investment and other programs as requested. Dr. Richard Hancock, 555 East Constitution Avenue, Norman, Oklahoma 73069.

TRAVEL

LIVELY FRENCH FAMILY welcomes paying guests. Top hill, 18th century ultramodernized mansion, in the heart of France. Thevenin, Solignac, Haute Vienne, France.

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WORLDWIDE FREIGHTER GUIDE — $1.75. Rates, schedules. 700 passenger carrying Freighters. TravLtips, 40-21Z Bell, Bayside, N.Y. 11361.

THIS AD + $7.00 per person, double occupancy entitles you to real value New York. Next time try CENTURY-PARAMOUNT HOTEL, 235 West 46th Street, convenient theatres and everything; 650 rooms, with bath, TV, air conditioning. Single-$10.00. Don't delay, reserve now. This is a "sleeper" in every sense.

AMAZON JUNGLES—"Green Hell Tour" of the Amazon. 18 days, $565 land portion. "Jungle Railroad" an unusual 19-day adventure through the virgin jungles of the Amazon. $695 land portion. Write for brochures. Amazon Explorers, Dept. SR, Professional Building, Route 9, Parlin, N.J. 08859.

OFFBEAT EUROPE GUIDEBOOKS. "EUROPE'S FLEA MARKETS," 80 markets, 10 countries, drawings, maps. "WHERE THE ANTIQUES ARE," shops described. 70 towns in Britain, Ireland, dollar-pound prices, shipping, maps, index. $3.10 each postpaid. Robert Long, 634s Bellmore Avenue, East Meadow, N.Y. 11554.

BASKETVILLE—World's largest basket stores. In Vermont—Putney (Rts 5 & 91); Manchester (Rt 7); in Massachusetts, 200 Hudson Street, Northboro; Florida, Venice (Rt 41). Browse among our incredible selection of baskets, bucketware, woodenware, gifts. Beautiful artificial flowers, foliage. Imported and domestic. Write: Folder.

TONGA—South Pacific islands, ancient customs, friendly people. Sail, feast, snorkel with MA'AFU CRUISES, Box 132, Nuku'alofa, Tonga. From $20 daily inclusive.

ANTIGUA, WEST INDIES—Modern Falmouth Harbour Beach Studio Apartments. Maid, shopping service. Private white sand beach. Swim, sun-bathe, fish, sail, snorkel. No charge for use of boats. Write for color brochure. Hancarib, 770 Welch Road, Palo Alto, California. 415-325-5627.

KASHMIR TREK—Jungle safari. April. $2,850. CAPERS 400 CLUB, 960 Larrabee, Los Angeles, 90069

HOTEL TUDOR. New York at back-home prices. Singles from $12, doubles from $15. On N.Y.'s fashionable East Side. Near UN, theatres, Empire State, Radio City and famous 5th Avenue shops. Comfortable rooms with TV, phones, air conditioning. Cocktail lounge and English Pub. Write for brochure. 304 East 42nd Street, New York, 10017. 212-YU 6-8800.

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ROME CHRISTMAS SPECIAL—7 nights, M.A.P., first class, Hotel Caesar Augustus, $59 per person. Extra nights $8.40. Valid December 9th-January 9th. Caesar Hotels Italy, 152 Progress Parkway, Maryland Heights, Missouri 63043. 314-878-9800.

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Kingsley Double-Crostic

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Janet Elliott Cameron

No. 2011

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Pentateuch (3 wds.)	45 75 101 132 57 69 177 36 65 110
B. Breaking point (4 wds.)	144 76 66 37 115 58 87 46 150 162 99 217 82 158 107
C. Doctrine that all knowledge is derived from experience	83 195 31 160 59 189 128 203 154 212
D. Scorn (colloq., 2 wds.)	188 38 108 198 185 206 151 116
E. (Formerly in India) the encouragement of domestic production and the boycott of foreign goods as a step toward home rule	208 157 77 100 213 227 67 192
F. Followed by Word U; novel by William Faulkner	184 78 205 84 32 153 68 117
G. Art of drawing up laws	152 70 60 182 39 143 109 131 102 79
H. In the meantime (2 wds.)	103 159 61 202 40 209 71 181 211
I. Winged sandals on the feet of Hermes (classical mythology)	200 129 33 136 112 215 145
J. Quahog (2 wds.)	232 41 111 62 197 230 146 34 138
K. Counteracting agent	220 130 42 210 63 80 104 72
L. Aromatic or herb-flavored tea	73 199 85 105 183 64

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
M. Handle of any weapon or tool	43 226 147 81
N. Protagonist lacking the finer qualities (comp.)	201 219 106 86 74 44 35 156
O. Moth of the family comprising the clothes moths	26 21 207 218 141 13
P. Head of hair	94 55 149 22 186
Q. Marie _____, English novelist: *Belinda*	173 214 23 175 167 114 98 14 27
R. Gorgeous	121 9 47 127 1 15 229 193 88
S. Sweetheart	56 126 118 16 225 24 176 28
T. Impressive	52 137 223 48 17 122 2 204 194
U. See Word F (3 wds.)	10 3 161 155 89 187 134 93 180
V. Method of treating disease, using heat, food, exercise, etc.	190 4 164 139 90 95 29 123 221 172 113
W. Notable flagship (2 wds.)	140 216 53 5 224 124 231 169 18 196
X. Hindrance placed in front of a fortification (comp.)	233 6 30 179 91 119 49 168 222 133
Y. City in western R.S.F.S.R. on the Volga	148 7 174 50 11 135 54 96 170
Z. A disparaging reference to an intellectual	178 163 19 191 165 120 92 8
Z¹. Tendency toward greater variety and density of plant and animal population in an ecotone (2 wds.)	12 171 20 97 125 25 51 166 142 228

DIRECTIONS

Don't let the definitions scare you. If you can guess five or six of these WORDS correctly, you should be able to solve the Double-Crostic . . . When you've guessed a WORD, fill in the dashes, and also write each letter in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When all the squares are filled in, you will have a quotation from a published work. Dark squares indicate the ends of words. If there is no dark square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . You should be able to see words and phrases begin to form in the diagram on the basis of having just a few letters. Enter the letters you can guess into the diagram and the blanks in the defined WORDS, and you'll find yourself working from WORDS to diagram and back, solving the puzzle . . . . The initial letters of the defined WORDS spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation was taken. This acrostic feature can be very helpful to the solver.

	1 R	2 T	3 U	4 V	5 W	6 X	7 Y		8 Z	9 R	10 U	11 Y	12 Z¹	13 O		14 Q	15 R	16 S
	17 T	18 W	19 Z	20 Z¹	21 O	22 P	23 Q		24 S	25 Z¹		26 O	27 Q	28 S		29 V	30 X	31 C
32 F	33 I	34 J	35 N		36 A	37 B	38 D	39 G		40 H	41 J		42 K	43 M	44 N		45 A	46 B
47 R	48 T	49 X		50 Y	51 Z¹		52 T	53 W		54 Y	55 P	56 S		57 A	58 B	59 C	60 G	
61 H	62 J	63 K	64 L	65 A	66 B		67 E	68 F		69 A	70 G	71 H	72 K		73 L	74 N	75 A	76 B
	77 E	78 F	79 G		80 K	81 M	82 B	83 C	84 F		85 L	86 N	87 B	88 R	89 U	90 V		91 X
92 Z	93 U	94 P	95 V	96 Y	97 Z¹	98 Q	99 B	100 E		101 A	102 G	103 H	104 K		105 L		106 N	107 B
108 D	109 G	110 A	111 J	112 I	113 V		114 Q	115 B		116 D	117 F	118 S	119 X		120 Z	121 R	122 T	
123 V	124 W	125 Z¹	126 S	127 R	128 C	129 I	130 K		131 G	132 A	133 X	134 U	135 Y	136 I	137 T		138 J	139 V
140 W	141 O	142 Z¹		143 G	144 B	145 I	146 J	147 M	148 Y		149 P	150 B		151 D	152 G	153 F		154 C
155 U	156 N	157 E	158 B	159 H		160 C	161 U		162 B	163 Z		164 V	165 Z	166 Z¹		167 Q	168 X	169 W
170 Y	171 Z¹		172 V	173 Q		174 Y	175 Q	176 S	177 A	178 Z	179 X	180 U	181 H	182 G	183 L	184 F	185 D	186 P
187 U		188 D	189 C	190 V	191 Z	192 E	193 R	194 T		195 C	196 W	197 J	198 D		199 L	200 I		201 N
202 H		203 C	204 T	205 F	206 D	207 O	208 E	209 H		210 K	211 H	212 C	213 E	214 Q	215 I	216 W	217 B	218 O
	219 N	220 K	221 V	222 X	223 T	224 W	225 S	226 M	227 E	228 Z¹	229 R	230 J		231 W	232 J	233 X		

Solution of this week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 82 of this issue.

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New Caprice Estate. Everything you'd want in a car, in a wagon.

You'd want a new car to look like a new car. You'd want it to ride like a fine car should.

You'd want it a pleasure to drive with automatic transmission, power steering and power front disc brakes.

You'd want exactly the same in a wagon. Plus.

And that's where the 1973 Caprice Estate Wagon fits in.

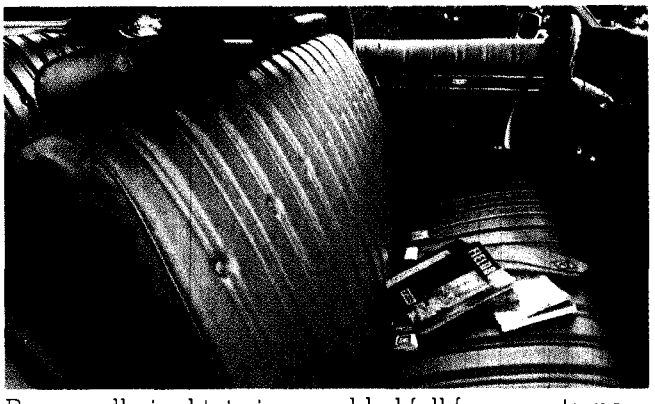
With more room for more people, luggage, boating and camping essentials. Room for 4' x 8' plywood sheets as well.

We've made Caprice Estate a better way to handle the load and the road.

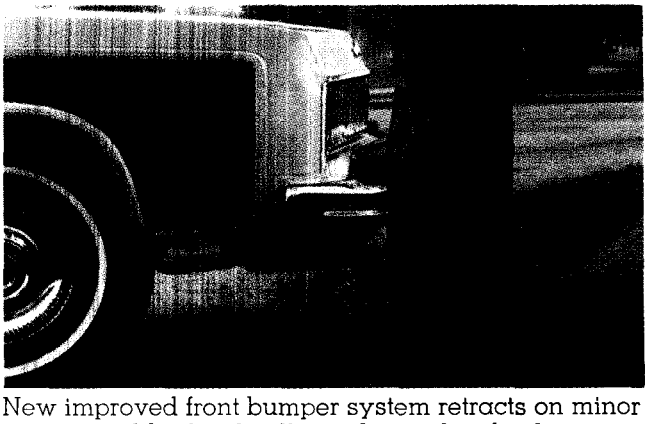
We've given it a roomy third seat facing forward, with storage space behind. We've improved its flow-through power ventilation and provided an electrically powered clock.

Caprice Estate.

One wagon with everything. To go.



Roomy all-vinyl interiors, molded full-foam seats, new soft rim steering wheel are all standard.



New improved front bumper system retracts on minor impact and hydraulically cushions the shock.

1973 Chevrolet. Building a better way to see the U.S.A. Chevrolet

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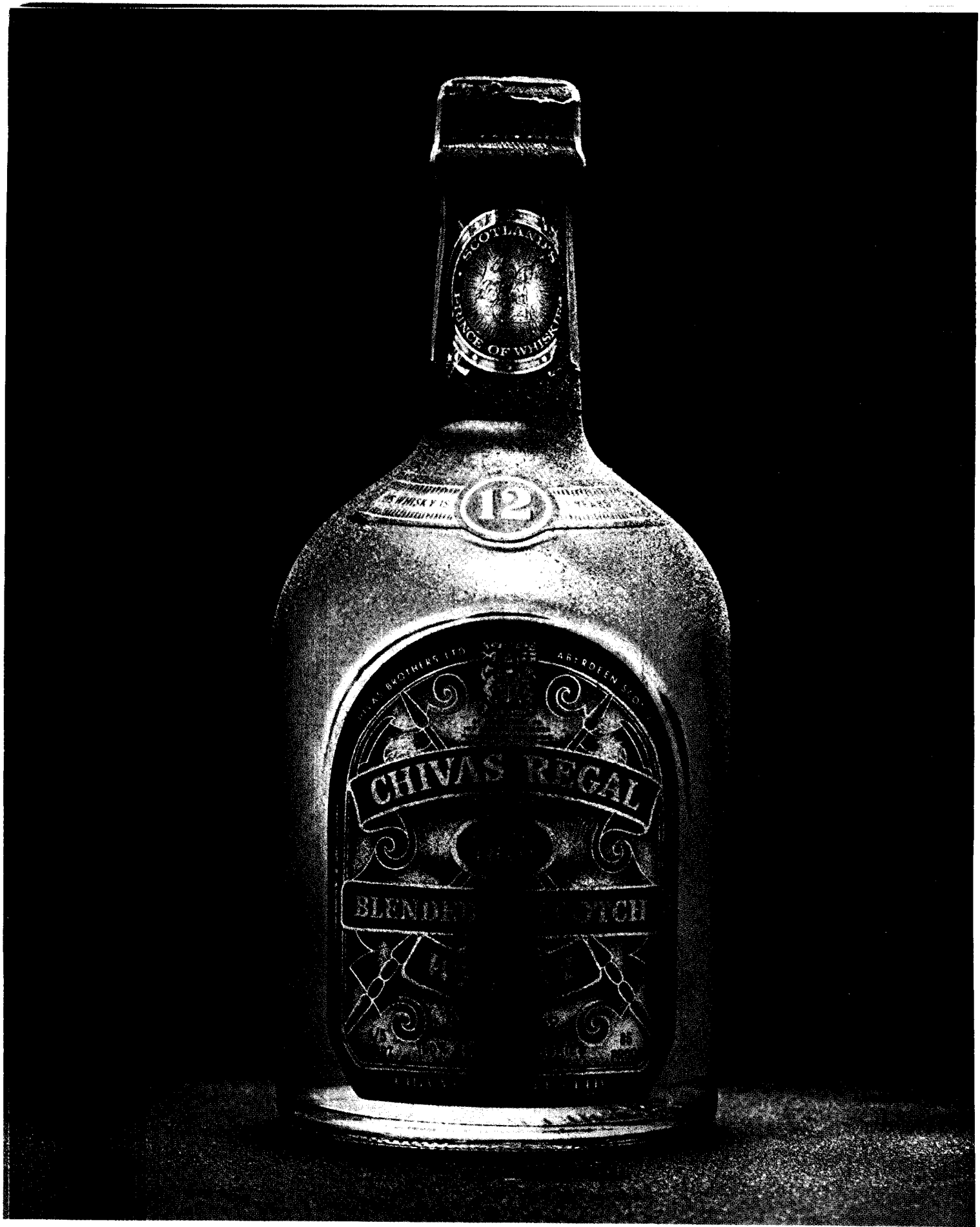

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It doesn't age in the bottle.

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